A Man of Velvet The Life of E. Francis Winters

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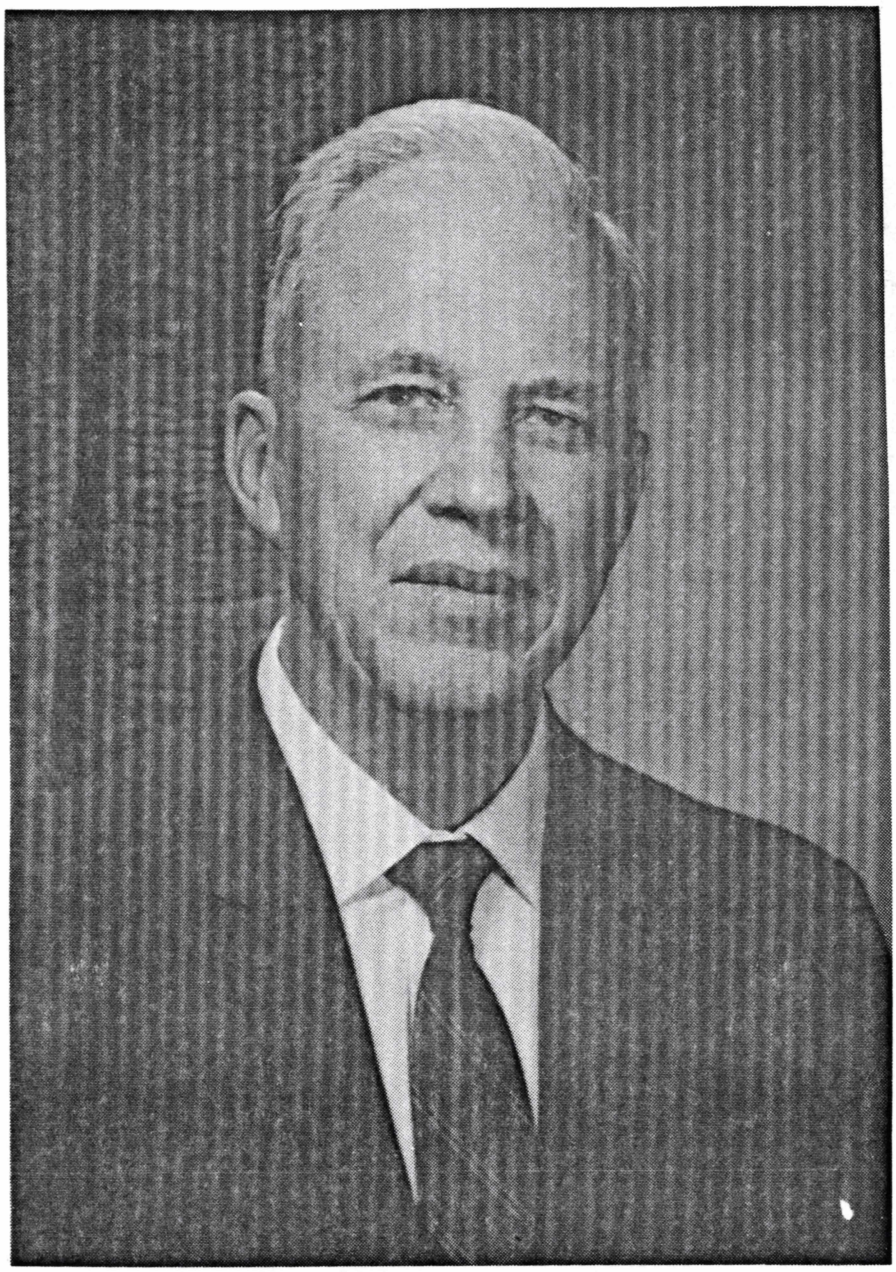
ERASTUS FRANCIS WINTERS

10 Jan 1907-8 July 1984

Age 75



Dedication

This book is lovingly dedicated to our Father, Husband, Brother and Grandfather. It was something he had wanted to accomplish before he left for a better world. I am deeply grateful he had all of the material so well organized. I do hope he, as well as you, the readers are pleased with it.

The following taken from Richard L. Evans "Quote Book" is so applicable to Francis, I would like to quote it:

> "Among the greatest blessings in life is to be safe with someone. Someone who wouldn't violate a trust, who wouldn't take advantage of innocence or ignorance; someone who isn't planning in his heart to compromise principles... We may have all else in life, but if we can't count on character, or integrity, if we haven't the sense of being safe, we have little that matters much."

Erastus Fancis Winters was just such a man.

This book is also dedicated to Burton, Allene, Kathleen, Evan, John, Bruce, Mary Esther, Margaret Ann, Wayne, and the many grandchildren and posterity of Francis and Margaret Winters. May we achieve the Celestial Kingdom.

ACKNOWLEGEMENTS

Deep appreciation is extended to Marsha Ashby Winters for her untiring efforts in typing the material for this book.

A great appreciation is also extended to Kathleen Winters Call for her meticulous proofing of the manuscript.

Thank you family members for tributes, genealogy, and suggestions, which added much to the history. I am also grateful for the childhood incidents, and pictures contributed by Francis' sisters, Arlene Findlay, Marian Shakespear and Leona Stewart. Without the help and encouragement of all I would not have been able to accomplish this.

Our grandson, Robert Daniel Cluff voluntarily offered to print and put this book together. He will never know what happiness he brought to us with this suggestion. Thanks Robert for the beautiful work you did!

Margaret Burton Winters

God Left The World Unfinished

God left the world unfinished,
For Man to work his skill upon,
He left the oil still in the earth,
The electricity still in the clouds,
He left the rivers unbridged,
The forests unfelled, and the cities unbuilt.
God gave to man the challenge of raw materials,
Not the ease of finished things,
He left the music unsung, the pictures unpainted,
And problems unsolved,
That man might know the joys and glories of creation.
God provided the quarries but he carries the statues only by the hand of man.
God also left the world of men unfinished,
He left the lessons unlearned, the testimonies unformed,
The abilities undeveloped, that man might share the work and glory of God.

(Anonymous)

LIFE STORY OF ERASTUS FRANCIS WINTERS
By Margaret Burton Winters

Erastus Francis Winters was like Nephi of old, "born of goodly parents," and taught in the ways of the Lord by his worthy and righteous father and mother. His life reflects the lives of his righteous progenitors. His great-grandfather, Niels Christensen Winther or Winters, and his grandfather Frantz Vinther, Winther or Winters were born in Aalborg, Denmark.

Quoting Uncle Alma James Winters, "People sometimes ask how we can be of Danish extraction and bear the name of Winters. From some source which I Alma J., commonly called A.J., cannot remember, this explanation has been given to me. Father's name was Vinther, his Patriarchal Blessing spells it Winther, but after coming to America he was advised to Americanize his name to Winters. I cannot vouch for the accuracy of this explanation." (Frantz Martin Winters and Johanne Kirstine Larsen Winters book, page 8. The following history is abridged or quoted from the same source.)

Niels Christensen Winters' father was a school teacher. Niels had two marriages; first, to Marie Elizabeth Dortea Jensen, and of this union one daughter was born. We have no record of this daughter. Some years following the death of Marie he married Maren Pedersen. From this marriage a boy and girl were born. The daughter died in childhood, leaving only the son Frantz Martin Winters to represent the family.

Great-grandfather Niels Winters died when Frantz Martin was two and one half years old. We know very little about his childhood. He apparently did attend school and acquired proficiency in accounting and bookkeeping. After reaching adulthood his services in

this field were sought by business firms in auditing their books and assisting with managerial affairs.

Frantz Martin was converted to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day-Saints at age 16 in Denmark, was baptized December 13, 1860, and confirmed the same day by Elder P. C. Peterson. He set sail for America May 8, 1861, on the steamer "Monarch of the Sea," accompanied by his mother Maren Pedersen. They crossed the plains with the S. A. Wooley Company and reached the Salt Lake Valley September 22, 1861. He herded sheep for Lorenzo D. Young, then the following April 10, 1862, he moved to South Cottonwood Ward where he purchased a home for his mother. Here he worked for Erastus Snow until the fall of 1864, when he traded his two city lots for a team and wagon and moved to Bear Lake.

Bear Lake was reported as being a green valley when parts of Utah were burned and brown. He was informed it was a mild climate, but was surprised to find it otherwise. Later, when he talked of moving, the church authorities advised him he was needed in this new country, and this was his place. Authority to him was not to be questioned, so he stayed.

Francis inherited this same quality and also the name of Erastus from Erastus Snow, who was much revered by the Winters family.

Grandmother Johanne Kirstine Larsen Winters was a seamstress, having learned that trade in Aalborg, Denmark. Her mother Sine Jensen was also a dressmaker. Sine Jensen Larsen, along with her husband Niels Larsen, lived in Vester Hassing, Aalborg, Denmark, where they reared Johanne Kirstine and her bother Niels Peter. A very amusing story is told on these great-grandparents, and I can hear Francis chuckle as I write this.

Great-grandfather Larsen had quite a flock of geese. Herding the geese was one of the chores Johanne and Peter had to do. Families always made

their own beer or ale from fermented rye. After this liquid had been poured off, the rye was thrown out on the ground. The geese ate it up. The next morning the geese were all found on the ground with their feet in the air. That was quite a loss. But father said, "All we can do now is to save the feathers." People slept on mattresses stuffed with feathers, also used feathers in their quilts. So, they plucked the feathers. Soon after the plucking the birds revived from their drunken spree, and had to run around naked until new feathers grew out.

Great-grandmother Larsen had four brothers, all so tall and stately they were chosen to be guards for the King. The King's guards wore metal uniforms. They all contracted consumption (tuberculosis) and died at an early age. Their sister - Sine died at age 51 in Montpelier, Idaho, from appendicitis. Great-grandfather died at age 83, also in Montpelier, Idaho. He went out into the hills to hunt for cattle in the fall. He was caught in a snow and sleet storm. His clothes became frozen on him, and he died of pneumonia. Both great-grandfather and great-grandmother are buried in the Winters burial plot in Montpelier, Bear Lake, Idaho.

Grandmother Johanne Kirstine Larsen tells of their trip to the United States. She came with her parents and brother Peter. Great-grandfather Niels Larsen paid passage for eighteen people besides his own family. They left Aalborg 5 May, 1867, on board a steamer to cross the North Sea to England. The immigrants were loaded on one end of the ship and two hundred cattle on the other end. The North Sea is always rough and "the poor cows were just as sick as we were."

In the middle of the Atlantic Ocean a bad storm came up, and for three days and three nights it seemed as though the Steamer "Manhattan" would capsize any

minute. The captain told the missionaries that he never had met with any bad luck yet when he had Mormons on board. He said, "There is something peculiar about you Mormons, anyway." They arrived in New York Harbor July 4, 1867.

Johanne contracted measles while traveling from Niagara Falls to North Platte, Nebraska. There was ice water on the train, but in those days they withheld liquids when one had a high fever, so the brethren said not to give her a drink. She felt she was dying and begged her mother for a drink. Her mother relented, and after several drinks Johanne fell asleep. Johanne was so ill she wanted to die, but her mother sent her father for the elders, saying, "you will soon feel better." "I turned my head to the wall of the tent and cried, for I was sure that if they did come I would recover. I was equally sure that if they didn't I should die. I felt it was too hard to live." Of course she recovered and lived to be eighty-nine years of age. This is one of many interesting stories she relates about their immigration to Zion.

Grandfather Frantz Martin Winters moved to Ovid, Idaho, where he taught school. Schools then were not tax supported; earnings were paid by the parents of the children in the school. People were poor, and, consequently, income was scanty from this source.

Here he met Johanne Kirstine Larsen, who with her family had moved to Ovid. Johanne worked for a neighbor and earned $1.00 a week. With the first week's pay she bought a spool of thread. The next five weeks she earned a pair of shoes "slightly worn." At the age of 18 she married Frantz Martin Winters in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, July 11,

1868. They moved to nearby Montpelier, Idaho, in 1869.

Montpelier was the largest town in the valley. There were no hotels or boarding houses, and since Frantz Martin was Counselor to the Bishop, and the Bishop was out of town on business much of the time, the family had many choice experiences in becoming acquainted with General Authorities of the Church. Montpelier was the railroad terminal, Paris the Stake Headquarters, a smaller town ten miles away. Grandfather met the church authorities and transported them to Paris.

Grandfather, who worked for Consolidated Wagon and Machine Company, met with a serious accident. A heavy piece of machinery fell and struck his head, which left him unconscious for three days. He finally regained consciousness, but he was never entirely well after that time.

The older boys took over the work of the farm which was on the southeast side of town. Frantz Martin died 29 October, 1915, while in Ogden. He and his wife Johanne Kirstine Larsen are buried in Montpelier, Idaho. Her death was 29 August, 1939.

John Carlos, Elizabeth Jacobena, and Alma James were the ones who survived the longest. Elizabeth and Alma (known as A.J.) have written their parents' life story. In it they record, "People who knew father best remembered above all other characteristics his great love of people, his consideration of them, his great sympathy, and above all else, his generosity." A.J. says, "I remember one of his early desires for me, his youngest son. Above all things in life for me, he desired that I should be kind and considerate of others."

Again quoting A.J., "Father loved books! I remember that it was his habit and custom until his

death to arise at daylight or before, every day, to read and study until time for his daily duties."

Aunt Lizzie (Elizabeth) was the seventh child in the family of ten, but she became the mother to her older brother Martin's children upon the death of his wife Chloe Tippetts. She also mothered many other members of the family. She was the last surviving member and was loved and revered by all. She died December 1, 1982, and was ninety-nine and one-half years old.

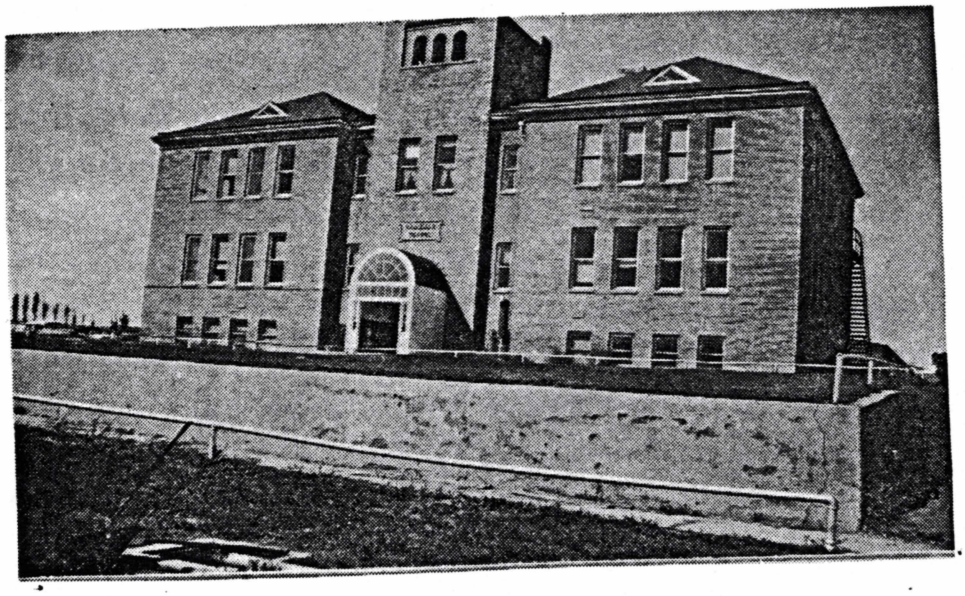
Niels Erastus Winters & Bride Esther Leona Dalley
18 April 1906
Their sons and Daughters

Seated: Arlene W. Findlay, Leona W. Stewart, Marian W. Shakespear
Back: Donald, June W. Shakespear, Harold, Elaine W. Warren, Francis
16 Dec. 1965 - Otto, Wyo.

Francis as a Beautiful Baby

Family Organ in Possession
Of Arlene W. Findlay

Francis completed his last two
Years of High School in This
Building in Basin, Wyoming



Life of Niels Erastus Winters

Will Guernsey and his brother-in-law, Niels Erastus Winters, invested in a sheep ranch at Raymond, Idaho. The prospects of moving to the ranch were not exactly pleasing to Mary, but after Will had left his job with the railroad, she hoped the gain would outweigh the disadvantages. Their first winter on the ranch was a hard Bear Lake winter and later, Will and Mary (Winters) returned to Ogden, utah.

In 1895, Niels, John and Will Guernsey had a bright idea for making money. The three of them bought a ranch in Thomas Fork, Idaho. When it was publicized that the Big Horn Country was an ideal place for homesteading and a very promising place to raise sheep and cattle, Niels and John decided to dispose of the property they owned in Thomas Fork and move into the Big Horn country.

Uncle Peter Larsen, a brother of grandmother Johanna Kirstine Larsen Winters, Will Guernsey, a son-in-law, Owen Woodruff and others went and looked the proposition over, came back and reported favorably. On September 13, 1899, (some accounts said 1900) Niels, John Winters, and the sheep moved to the Big Horn. In 1899 Niels would be 25, and John, 18. Most of the colony leaving Bear Lake Valley had left in the spring or summer taking more northerly courses. Niels and John with the sheep left in the fall taking the south route across the Red Desert and by South Pass. The trip was an interesting one. Crossing the Green River and seeing the new country along with many herds of antelope and the heavy snowfall along the Continental Divide where they crossed the Rocky Mountains were all interesting.

Uncle John described the trip. He related that before leaving they talked with Bishop Kamas Wright of Bennington, Idaho. He knew this country, and drew a map

for them. He had filled several missions to the Washakie Indians. Part of the winter they only traveled ten to fifteen miles a day. They brought between 2,000 and 3,000 sheep and 300 to 400 goats. (Seems like 15 miles a day was very good with that many animals. Margaret's opinion. The temperature was 38° below zero for about 30 days. Father Niels got so cold that Uncle John began to be frightened. He got sleepy, and Uncle John finally got him into the cabin of a man by the name of Davis on Shell Creek who carried mail from Basin to Shell Creek. (As I recall the conversation, but it is not written in the account, Uncle John made Father get out and run behind the wagon until he was able to get him warmed up.)

When Francis and I interviewed Uncle John the 28th of August, 1959, he gave us this detailed account of the route taken by them. "We went up Smith's Fork across to Hams Fork and crossed the Green River on the Slate Ferry, north of Slate Creek which is south of Big Piney, Wyoming. We went up Big Sandy, Little Sandy and Pacific Creek up to South Pass, to Lewiston, Devils Slide near Lander to Big Bend of the Muskrat near Shoshoni now. We continued up Poison Creek, then up the Badwater to the head of Basin near where Worland is now. We arrived the 13th of December 1900."

He goes on to say, "My first view of the Basin was a little disappointing. I had expected it to look a little different, but still, the big wide-open spaces and the wild untamed nature seemed to make it attractive after all."

"The first winter the sheep got along all right and did quite well, but when spring came it was different. The sheep seemed to go crazy - some of them at least - and they would literally run themselves to death. A number of other men...had the same experience

we had, and most of them took their sheep away again. After a year's time, the sheep became acclimated to the country and were all right. The next spring we had gotten the sheep shorn, and a bad storm came. The loss was terrible, one out of every three sheep perished." One account says they lost over half of the sheep.

They settled in the town of Otto on the Greybull River. They decided on Otto because Uncle Peter Larsen, brother of Grandmother Winters and his family had settled there. The town of Otto was named.

Uncle John and Father Niels knew Buffalo Bill. He became very angry with them once when they would not drink with him. He was a big showman, very good with the gun, used to also juggle balls and did other stunts in his one-man show. He came in on a special car with his three daughters. He was financed by Lord Salisbury. Uncle John felt there was not much depth of character in Buffalo Bill, all show.

Uncle John Carlos was a favorite of ours. He did not marry and he spent much of his time with the family of Niels and Esther, and, although he lived in a home of his own, he ate most of his meals with their family. He and Father worked well together. Following the partnership in the sheep business which lasted two or three years, Uncle John and Niels went into the farming business together. Later on the joint farming operation was dissolved, and they went into the bee business together. They never had any disagreements with each other over the finances of the business. Uncle John had many different jobs and kinds of employment. He sheared sheep and spent years at that work both in Wyoming and Montana. He eventually purchased a farm of his own. When he reached the time when he could no longer care for it, Harold, Francis' brother and his boys took it over. He spent some time

in a nursing home in Worland. Harold and his wife Ann were very good to him, also Donald and wife Alveretta. Uncle John fulfilled a mission call when a young man in the Western States Mission, laboring in Colorado. He said upon the release from his mission that his president did not tell him to go home and get married. At one time he was very interested in a young lady, but nothing ever came of it. The last time Francis and I visited him he said, "I am afraid my parents are going to be very disappointed in me." When one does not marry, well-meaning friends try to "make a match;" that may have been part of his problem. He lived to be 95 years old, much loved and respected by all who knew him.

The town of Otto was a very small town, consisting of a church, a school house, post office, two general stores, two hotels, (one doing business, the other closed since Otto lost in the election to become County Seat of Big Horn County) a local telephone line, a black smith shop, a saloon, and a printing office for "The Otto Courier." There were twenty or twenty-five buildings in all.

The first town of Otto was on the banks of the Greybull. Each spring the Greybull would overflow its banks and do considerable damage. "I, Francis, remember Father and Uncle John being forced back from fording the river to go to the Basin during flood stage. It was decided to move the town of Otto one and a half miles north away from the river. Father had the main responsibility in organizing and planning this move. Poles were used as skids when there was sufficient snow, but most of the moving was done on rollers hewn from cottonwood trees. Store, school house, recreation hall, church, and houses were all moved. Forty teams of horses were sometimes used on this job."

In 1904 and 1905 Esther Leona Dalley, a young lady from Summit, Utah, taught school in Otto. April

18, 1906, she and Niels E. Winters were united in marriage in the temple in Salt Lake City, Utah. Esther had come to Otto because she had two sisters, Lena and Minnie who had settled there.

They lived in a part of Minnie's home for a few months as they rented Uncle Lehi Thorley's place, but moved to the Stevens place south of old Otto during the summer, "where we lived until after the birth of our first two children, Erastus Francis, 10 January, 1907, and Leona Dalley, 11 July, 1909. Then we moved to a ranch owned by the Lincoln Land Company east of Otto. Here Arlene Dalley was born, 4 March, 1912. In 1914 it was decided to move the town of Otto...because of the river being so close to the town and sometimes overflowing. We secured lots in the new town site and built a little two-room house there where we moved in March. Here our next 5 children were born, Marian Dalley, 27 April, 1914; Donald Dalley, 23 November, 1916; June, 1 August, 1919; a baby boy died soon after birth, 28 July, 1921; Harold Dalley August 31, 1922. Sometime during the spring of 1924 we moved to a farm two miles east of Otto, called the Hopkins place. Here Elaine Dalley was born, 4 May, 1926."

Francis has this to say about his father: "Father was active in the church as a young man. He was President of his Deacons Quorum, and held positions in the M.I.A., Sunday School and Elders Quorum. Following the removal of Bishop Myron Porter from the Otto Ward, Father was called to become Presiding Elder." On the 28th of July 1909, he was "duly chosen and appointed Bishop of the Otto Ward of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints in the county of Big Horn and State of Wyoming; he was ordained and set apart by Francis M. Lyman. Signatures on his certificate are: Jos. F. Smith, John R. Winder and Anthon H. Lund." Francis goes on to say, "He held this position for

twelve years. Most of my early recollections of Father center around his service as a Bishop. Riding to church in a one-horse buggy was a weekly occurrence in my early life. Many people came to him for counsel and advice."

Father was quite tactful. At one time a couple came to him to be married. The lady wanted a double-ring ceremony. Father did not know anything about this procedure. The man seemed to want the ceremony over shortly and without extra ceremony. Father suggested that since the man was to head the household, they should start out that way, and he should have his way at the marriage ceremony. The advice was taken happily and Father was saved the embarrassment of the double-ring ceremony which he was worried about.

Tithing settlement was an annual event at which Father spent many hours. Payment of tithes was often in "kind." I think Father often lost financially on this, as he would care for the animal until disposed of. Sometimes more credit was wanted than really should have been allowed.

Following Father's release as a Bishop, he was made a member of the Big Horn Stake High Council. He served in this capacity for several years, having to travel 50 miles to High Council and Stake Meetings.

I have vivid recollections of Father's devoted service in the ward during the influenza epidemic of 1918. Father spent days and nights with the sick and the dying. At one time, we were all down with the flu but him. He nursed us briefly as he made the other rounds of the ward.

As the family increased we seemed to get poorer. When I started high school, we were in very poor financial circumstances. While I was away at Cowley for my second high school year, Father purchased a farm. This farm was just about paid for at the time of

his death. We all worked on it during the time we were not in school. Father was a hard worker, spent long hours. He was a strong man and could outwork many a younger man. In my opinion he shortened his life because of his long hours at hard work. He gave opportunity for all of his children to complete high school. All had some college, five graduating from the University of Wyoming at Laramie, Wyoming. Father served as a member of the local school board for a number of years.

A good, kind, wise father passed away on June 17, 1945. He did not leave much of this world's goods, but he left a rich heritage in courage, ideals and a testimony of the Gospel of Jesus Christ in the hearts of his children, and the respect and love of many people who knew him.

A clipping from the Basin Republican Rustler has this to say: "The death of Niels Winters, as recorded in the Republican Rustler of last week,marked the passing of one of the most beloved citizens of the southern part of Big Horn county. The long list of honors bestowed upon him by his neighbors proved the confidence they had in one who had lived among them, and who had served them faithfully in every capacity entrusted to his care.

"Throughout the long years he had added greatly to the understanding through which he had impressed those among whom he labored. Possessed of rare ability as a leader, he was a man of great modesty which one had to understand before he could appreciate the exceptional ability of a man whose great reserve was respected by those whose good fortune it was to really know him.

"Unhesitantly we are happy to say that in his passing he left with us priceless memories of one whose life of service had proved him to be a Christian gentleman."

Father was tall, 6 ft. 3 inches, lean, with medium hair, blue eyes, rather quiet and reserved. He was very strong, for as one person said, "He could carry a five-gallon can of honey with his little finger."

Gardening was the hobby which he probably enjoyed most. He always tried out something that someone said couldn't be raised in that area. He always had a berry patch, fruit trees and a large garden. He planted orchards for himself and others. There was no refrigeration in those days. Father used to go to the river in the winter and saw the ice into large blocks and store it in sawdust in a cellar built into the side of the hill. This ice was used for making ice cream and other purposes.

Father was a student. He read regularly, arising early each morning to do so. He had a sense of humor. Halloween night he and the gang of boys he ran around with as he was growing up in Montpeler stirred up some excitement. They put the buggies on top of the barn. "Well, I declare! We ought to talk to the parents," said his father. The same boys took the things down and declared it was an awful thing to do. No one ever knew. (or did they?)

Some Recollections of My Mother
By Erastus Francis Winters (6-14-78)

To Primary With Mother

My earliest recollection of my Mother, Esther Leona Dalley Winters, was going to Primary with her as a little boy. We lived on a rented farm owned by the Lincoln Land Company east and a little north of the little town of Otto, Wyoming. South of us, bordering the farm was the Greybull River.

Each Primary day, Father would hitch the little bay mare called "Peggy" to the one-horse buggy, and I would be lifted up in the buggy by Father or my Mother and she would take the reins and drive, and "Peggy" would take us. A little later, my baby sister Leona, and then Arlene would go with us to Primary. We traveled over a dirt road for possibly a mile or one and one-half miles. Part of the way, high sage brush would flank us on each side of the road. Sometimes the road was very dusty, and there was a cloud of dust as we traveled. When wet, it was very muddy.

Arrival at Primary in the ward hall was a happy event, where we met with other children and women who taught us. Some of the first songs I remember were learned in Primary. One was "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star."

After Primary sometimes Mother would take me to the store with her and buy some groceries. Father would be waiting to unhitch and unharness "Peggy" when we arrived home.

Mother Tells of Dedication of the Salt Lake Temple

We children loved to hear Mother tell of attending the dedication of the Salt Lake Temple in the month of April of 1893 at the age of twelve years and five

months. She told us of the train ride to Salt Lake City. This was a thrilling experience for a little girl; many children have not had this thrill today. I can only recall of Mother accompanying Grandmother and Grandfather Dalley to the dedication, but there may have been other members of the family.

She told us children of the great crowd of people who attended and how they had to stand most of the time. She was small so felt smothered in the crowd. She told how they waved their white handkerchiefs in the "hallelujah shout."

Choir Practice

I often attended choir practice with Mother. The Otto ward choir was a small one; they sometimes held practices in our home. Mother had an exceptional contralto voice. Attending with her helped me to develop the ability to sing parts early in life.

Mother and Her Sisters

My Mother went to Otto, Wyoming, to teach school because two of her sisters lived there, Aunt Lena (Lette Selena) who married Isaac Jones, and Aunt Minnie (Minnie Tryphina) who married Lehi Thorley. I developed a great love for these two aunts and their families. I recall the good times we had together as families.

Exciting Incidents In The Life of Grandfather Dalley

We were always anxious to have Mother tell exciting incidents in the life of Grandfather Dalley when the officers were trying to catch him for practicing polygamy. She told of his hiding and sleeping in a straw stack. He was finally caught and had to serve a jail sentence. She told of the joy and happiness they felt when he was released from jail.

Music In The Home

We loved to sing with Mother. When Joseph F. Smith was President of the Church, we were encouraged to hold "home evenings." We would often sing together in the home. Mother would play the organ, pumping the foot pedals. We children learned to sing harmony parts. Sometimes Mother would play the guitar while we sang. When I was in high school, we got a piano in the home; the girls learned to play this. I often sang duets with Mother, sometimes in Sacrament meeting and special programs.

Mother Served Good Meals

My father used to say, "anyone can be a good cook if you have plenty of food and items to cook with; but a good cook is one who can prepare a good meal with little to cook with." Mother was in this category; most of the products were home-grown and produced. We always enjoyed threshing time; banquets were served then.

Indian Stories

Mother used to tell us about the Indians that inhabited Southern Utah. She told us how they came begging for food. I remember her telling of "Comanche," who had eaten too much and he was stretched out on the ground with his squaw walking on his stomach.

Reading Good Books and Church Magazines

Mother loved to read good books. The magazines we subscribed to were usually the church magazines. <u>The Children's Friend,</u> <u>The Juvenile Instructor,</u> <u>The Improvement Era,</u> and <u>The Relief Society magazine.</u>

Occasionally another good magazine was added. Sometimes we would read together as a family.

Story Time With Mother

I recall with pleasure Story Time with Mother; we often called her "Mamma" when we were small. Most of her stories were from the Scriptures:

"David and Goliath" "Samuel the Boy Prophet"
"Sampson and Delilah" "Daniel in the Lions Den"
"Joseph and His Coat of Many Colors"
"Noah and The Ark"

There were many others.

Taking Mother to Primary and Relief Society

As I got older we seemed to get poorer. I recall taking Mother to Primary in the wagon; we couldn't afford a buggy too. I would wait until she was through with prayer meeting and Primary and then take her home. As I remember, she received a 55-year recognition pin for work in the Primary.

I sometimes also drove the team hitched to the wagon to take Mother to Relief Society. She filled most of the offices in this organization.

Pride In Her Children

Mother was proud of her children. She showed love for them, and along with Father wanted them to receive a good education. She taught and showed them the way to live the gospel along with Father.

Sensitive Personality

She was very sensitive and would get her feelings hurt easily, but bore her burdens patiently. She was a good teacher, and influenced many boys and girls to live righteously.

Tribute to My Mother

I am grateful for a good mother and father. My Mother had a great influence on my life. She implanted in my soul a love for reading, music, drama, and the good things and beauties of life. She taught me honesty, and thriftiness and a desire to live worthy of the blessings of my Heavenly Father, and do good to all men.

It was a privilege to have her in our home part of the time those last years when she was ill and an invalid, helping to repay for the years she cared for me as a child. I am grateful for a wonderful mother.

Childhood Memories Often Told
By Francis

While just a small child he went out to play and saw this intriguing little pile of sand, which he played in. Soon he felt himself being bitten and saw little ants crawling all over him. He ran to his Mother, and she stripped off his clothes and put him in a tub of water. Lesson: BEWARE OF ANT HILLS.

Incidents in the Life of E. Francis Winters

By Arlene Winters Findlay

Niels Erastus Winters and Esther Leona Dalley were married April 18, 1906, in the Salt Lake Temple. Niels had located in the town of Old Otto where he and his brother John were to raising sheep, so that is the town Niels and Esther went after they were married. For a few months they lived in part of Minnie's house, Esther's sister, then moved to the Stevens place south of Old Otto. Here Erastus Francis was born, 10 January, 1907. Two years later, 11 July, 1909, Leona Dalley was born. The family moved to a ranch owned by the Lincoln Land Company, east of Otto. Here Arlene Dalley was born, 4 March, 1912.

In 1914 it was decided to move the town of Otto a mile or so to the north of where it was located, because of the river being so close to the town that it sometimes overflowed.

Niels and Esther secured lots in the new townsite and built a small two-room house in which they moved into in March. Here the next five children were born - Marian, 27 April, 1914; Donald Dalley, 23 November, 1916; June, 1 August, 1919; a baby boy died soon after birth, 28 July, 1921; Harold Dalley, 31 August, 1922.

Francis never did like the name Erastus, so went by E. Francis. I think it must have caused him quite a bit of embarrassment at times. When Lynn Findlay and Dayle Barnes were married in the Idaho Falls temple, the wedding party were all in the room and the one in charge had a big grin on his face and asked Francis his name. Francis told him E. Francis Winters. Then the man asked, "What does the E stand for?" He was still grinning. Francis told him it was Erastus, and thought the man was going to laugh. Then he said, "Why don't

you use Erastus?" He was still chuckling to himself. Perhaps it helps to know why he was named Erastus. At one time Grandfather Frantz and Grandmother Joanne Kirstine Winters were associated with President Erastus Snow. They thought so much of him that they named their third child, a son, Niels Erastus Winters, after President Snow. Niels Erastus and Esther Leona Dalley Winters wanted to name their first son after his father but didn't want to use the name Niels Erastus as it would be hard to distinguish which person, so they took the middle name and named their son Erastus Francis Winters.

Mother told of a trip to Yellowstone Park.

When Francis was a little over a year old, the summer of 1909, Niels, Francis and I made a trip to Yellowstone Park along with Uncle John and his lady friend, Viola Young. We rode in a covered wagon pulled by two horses, each with a little colt by its side, which proved to be quite an attraction and curiosity to the eastern people traveling in the big busses. One morning as we were leaving camp, a bus came along and stopped. The driver asked us to stop while some in the bus took pictures of our outfit. Another evening, just before stopping for the night, we met a string of busses, and as we passed them one old gentleman called out and said, "I guess they won't hold you up like they did us." Some one had held up the busses and taken quite a lot of jewelry and money from the passengers just before we met them. It made us feel a little queer knowing that a "hold-up" might be close around, but I think our fears were useless, as there wasn't any danger of an outfit like we had of being held up.

We stopped at so many geysers that after a few days, every time we stopped Francis would say, "Go see geyser?"

When Francis was in grade school, the school nurse would go to the schools, weigh the children, check their teeth, eyes, ears, etc. After one of her visits Francis came home and informed Mother and his brother and sisters that he was underweight, and the nurse said there were too many children in the family, and they couldn't be taken care of properly. I often wonder who he thought should have been left out.

Francis wore knee breeches or pants (these were pants which came to the knee and had a band just below the knee which fastened with a buttonhole and button), as did other boys then, until they were old enough to graduate to long pants. I think Francis wore his a somewhat longer time, as it was hard to get money for new ones. Francis was always quite tall and thin, so looked rather spindly in knee pants, especially as he grew older. He went to Cowley, Wyoming, to attend High School, and about the middle of the term he got his first long pants -- it was rather hard to get used to. When Francis came home from Cowley we went in a wagon drawn by old Dot and Queen, our two grey horses, to bring him home. I think we met him in Otto.

Francis was always tender-hearted and tried to take care of younger children when they needed help. There was a girl, Florence Gertsen, who was always picked on and teased. One morning before Sunday School quite a number of people were waiting on the church porch to get in the church. Some boys were teasing Florence, so Francis went over to them and told them to leave her alone. Francis then went back to the porch and was just standing there when Florence's mother reached over and slapped Francis in the face, real hard. Francis was so stunned he didn't know what to do, so he did nothing. I hope Florence told her mother that Francis was trying to help her.

During the time we lived in the towns of Otto, Francis was a Ward Teacher. He rode a horse, "old Whitey" to go to the homes. On one particular evening Francis and his companion were riding down the road rather fast. A telephone wire had dropped down a few feet. Francis didn't see this, and the wire hit him across the mouth breaking off part of his front tooth. (I can't remember when he had it fixed.)

Once a book peddler came to our house with doctor books for horses. Father wasn't home so he cornered Francis. He talked for a long time and finally went. One day Father received a bill along with a doctor book for horses. Father was very appalled and asked what that was for. Francis finally had to admit he had ordered the book to get rid of the salesman. Father wasn't very happy about it but sent the book and bill back. The salesman returned, and this time Father was there. The salesman said, "You can't return the book, you signed for it." After telling the salesman he took advantage of a boy and a few other emphatic things, the salesman left and didn't bother us again.

When Francis was in his teens he had a bad tooth which resulted in a toothache. It must have hurt really bad, as he groaned all night. I remember praying that Francis would quit groaning, but I must have been thinking mostly of myself, because my prayer wasn't answered.

One day Francis didn't feel well and developed a real high fever. Dr. Harris from Basin, was called. He came to our home and said Francis had spotted fever as a result of being bitten by a deer fly. After quite some time Francis recovered, but he always had a deep pit on his neck.

Francis joined a 4-H club and had a sow pig. He kept her in a vacant lot east of our home. She had to be taken care of just right. The feed had to be

measured and kept very clean. Later in the summer his pig had piglets. He allowed no one to go near her or touch the little ones because Francis said the mother pig might eat the little ones if bothered.

In Christmas programs Francis and Wesley Thorley, a cousin, were always asked to sing. One song they sang was "Chiming Bells." They sang it very well.

I don't remember all of it, but it went like this:

"Chiming bells of the Christmas Time,
Gently falling on the ear,
Oh joyful bells Oh tuneful bells,
How sweet your melodies are."

In the chorus one sang "Chiming, chiming, merrily chiming," while the other sang "Bells, Bells, Christmas bells."

.....
"Gladly we welcome the bells"

Sometime during the spring of 1924 the family moved to a farm two miles east of Otto called the Hopkins place. The family lived in the upper north part first and then moved down to the south part of the farm, closer to the road. Here Elaine Dalley was born, 4 May, 1926.

About every Friday night Francis, Leona and Arlene walked to Otto to go to dances held in the old Otto hall by the church. Some of the dances were real wild, as young men from Burlington and Stringtown rode their horses to Otto and also brought along a few filled bottles. Those in charge tried to keep the dance standards, but it was hard to enforce them. There were quite a few fights and lots of yelling. The Bishop tried to bridle the bad language, and at one time he was called a "chicken" because he wouldn't fight one of the "outsiders" (one not LDS). Bishop Albert Wardell

was a large man and the other man was little. It didn't make any difference as to the size, however, as Bishop Wardell wouldn't have fought anyway. I don't know why we went to the dances, but it just seemed a matter-of-fact thing, then, the way dances were. I always thought Burlington and Stringtown as wild, bad places.

One fall Francis, Leona, Arlene and Marian were in the field shocking wheat. We would stand the bundles of wheat, to form a sort of teepee. There was lots of wheat and we knew there was a circus in Basin. Like all kids we wanted to go, as we had never been to a circus. I don't remember whether it was Francis who asked Father about the circus, but it was Francis who told us if we got all the wheat shocked that was down we could go. We must have worked like beavers because, as I said, there was a lot of wheat. Just before dark the last bunch of wheat was put in place, and we hurried to get ready for a very exciting night.

Francis, being the oldest, most reliable, was to carry all of our money so it would be safe. He was to buy our tickets, and if some was left over, some cotton candy, popcorn or candy. The tickets were paid for, and we found a seat, anxiously awaiting to see the elephants, ponies, lions, trapeeze performers, clowns and everything. There was one white horse with a beautiful girl dressed in a gorgeous, sparkling dress, riding on its back. She was doing tricks. (I, Arlene, decided when I got older, I was going to join the circus.)

When the bus boys came through the isles selling goodies, Francis told us we could each get a certain amount. It was so thrilling, our mouths were watering for the good things. When Francis reached in his pocket to get the money it was gone. Imagine the disappointment.

One summer Francis was raking alfalfa hay in the field. Mother, Marian and I took some lemonade to him. When we arrived Francis was just finishing the last row. As he was thirsty, he stopped the horses and started to get off the rake. Something frightened the horses, and they started to run. Francis fell under the rake, the teeth going up and down. Mother was frantic. She ran toward the run-away calling, "Heavenly Father save my boy." Francis had turned face down on the ground and received a few jabs on his back, but was not hurt badly, as he caught the horses and calmed them.

When Francis was attending college in Laramie he was rooming with other boys. Father had just butchered a beef, so some meat, wrapped very carefully, was sent to Francis. When Francis went to get his mail the Postmaster held a package out as far as he could and gave it to Francis. The package had been in the Post Office for more than a week. Francis had been sent on an Agriculture trip taking care of chickens on the train, and had just returned. Father and Mother were told not to send any more perishable food by mail.

While Francis was attending College in Laramie he met Margaret Burton. He really thought a lot of her and wrote to her during the summer months when he was home from school.

One morning Francis told us that Margaret's Father, Heber Burton, was coming to Otto to see Sid Godfrey. Francis immediately started cleaning the yard, raking and putting things in order. Our house was built on a slope. The back yard was a hill and sloped off. That hill was never so clean. Francis gave instructions to all; we were to act proper.

Time went by and Margaret's father had not come, so we all went to church. When we arrived home we

found a note saying, "We ran out of gas, so had to take some from your tank." signed Heber Burton.

Francis was quite perturbed that he missed Margaret's father, as he wanted to make a really good impression.

One summer I went to Otto, our old home town, with Francis, Margaret and their two children, Burton and Allene. Norma Black also went to visit her folks in Cowley, Wyoming. Norma was very pregnant, and I don't remember whether Margaret was or not. Anyway, before we left, Francis came home with a chicken some one had given him, so, Margaret had to take care of it before we left.

We went through Yellowstone Park. That evening we stopped at a nice campground and started getting ready for the night. It was rather a commotion as it was getting dark, Burton and Allene were crying, everyone was hungry, Francis was getting the tent erected and I was trying to console Burton and Allene. A very nice lady, who appeared to be wealthy, in a Cadillac and from New York, came over to me and was talking. She asked if the children were mine, etc. She finally asked if we were Mormons. I told her, "Yes." Then she said, "I thought polygamy wasn't practiced anymore." I told her, "No, it isn't." Guess I wasn't too clear with my explanation, as she went away looking back over her shoulder.

There were so many things I wanted to ask about and show Francis - Why didn't I do it when I could? (Arlene's comment as she left Idaho Falls about two weeks prior to the passing of Francis. She and Marian came for a visit, but Francis as too ill to visit very much.)

As a youth I doubt if Francis ever traveled farther than to his stake conference about 50 miles away. When Francis was in high school Uncle Lehi Thorley asked his son Wesley to go to Salt Lake City and get his two sisters who were attending summer school at the University of Utah. Wesley, who was a really close cousin and buddy, invited Francis to accompany him.

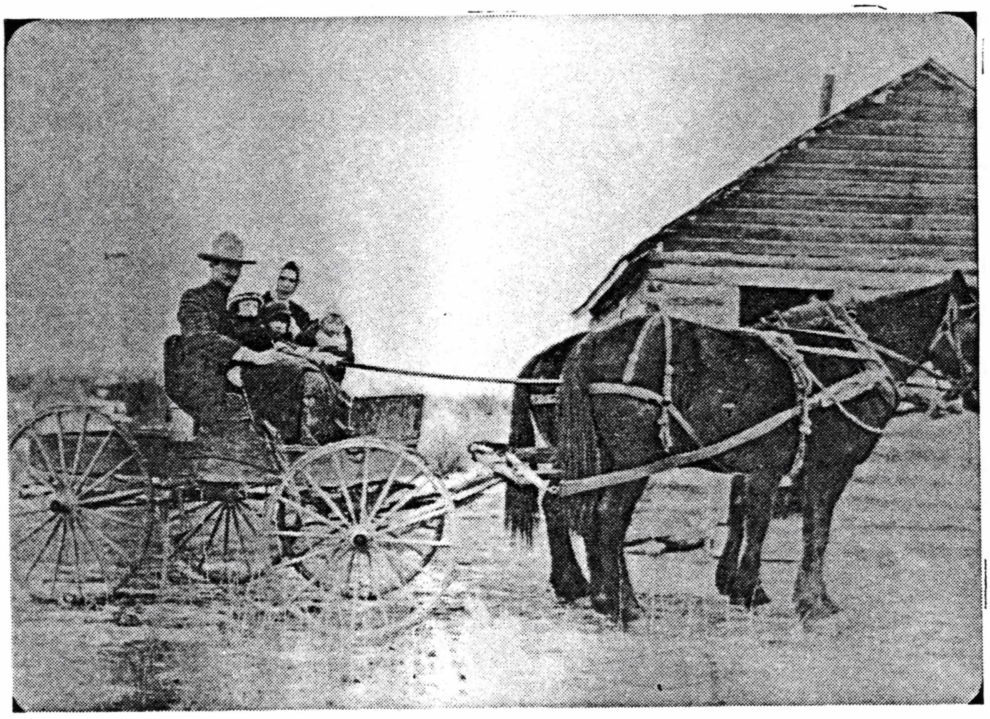
They set bravely out one beautiful summer morning. In the early days of Ford cars and poor roads the mileage traveled in a day was not equal to what it is today. They camped for the night by the side of the highway. In the morning they found the car had mired down in the mud, and they were stuck. They gathered sagebrush and packed it under the wheels of the faithful old car and soon went merrily on their way. I am sure the roads were not too well-marked, and this was probably Wesley's first trip to Salt Lake City, and they found themselves lost. They arrived in Green River, Wyoming, all right, but made a wrong turn and traveled down into the Manilla, Utah, area on the Wyoming border. Finally they came to a sign which read, "This is God's Country." They turned around, and, wondering where to go next, they spotted a sheep camp and asked the sheep herder how to get back on the road. He directed them through Mountain View, Wyoming, and Fort Bridger, Wyoming, where they connected with the highway.

They arrived safely in Salt Lake City, but found upon arrival that they had no address for his sisters; they had left it home, and there was no telephone at home to call for the information. The Lord was really good to them and watched over them. They decided to go hear the Tabernacle Choir on Temple Square, and to their delight they recognized an aunt in the audience. She directed them to the residence of his sisters Evelyn and Lucille Thorley.

They returned home by the way of Yellowstone Park. Wesley was a daring young man and was bitten by a bear in his attempt to feed it, but suffered no ill effects from the bite, an interesting ending to a momentous trip.

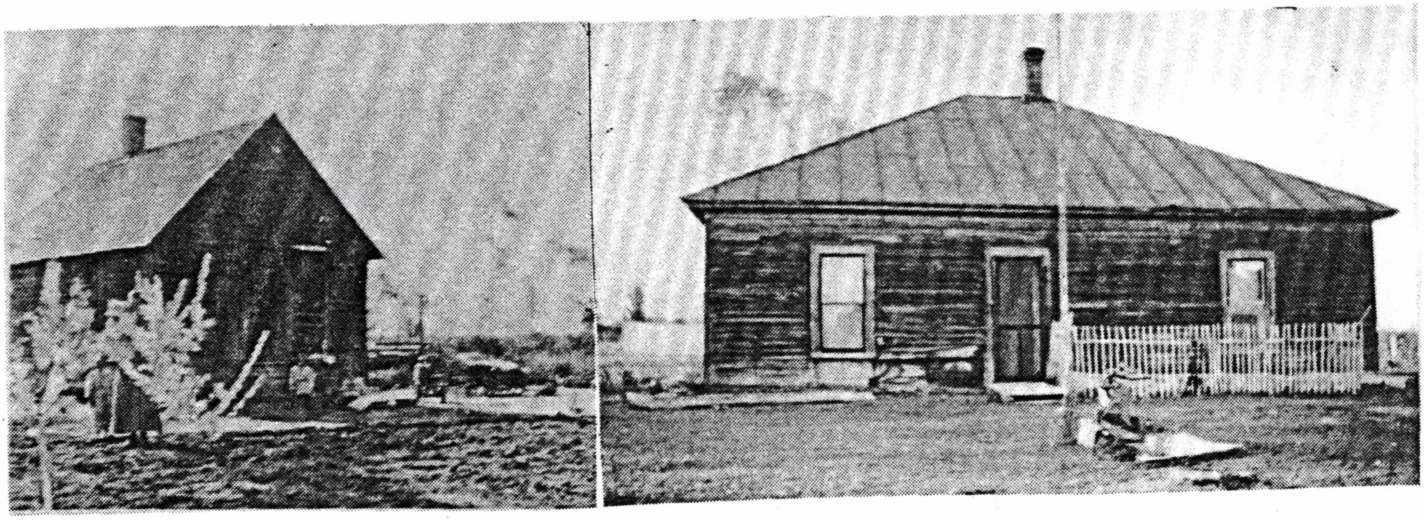
Years later after we were married we lived in Lyman, Wyoming, and Francis was sustained as Stake Superintendent of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association. As he traveled the stake it took him to Manilla, Mountain View, Fort Bridger and Urie. Here he recognized the territory and finally knew where he and Wesley had been years before.

WINTERS TRANSPORTATION
1913



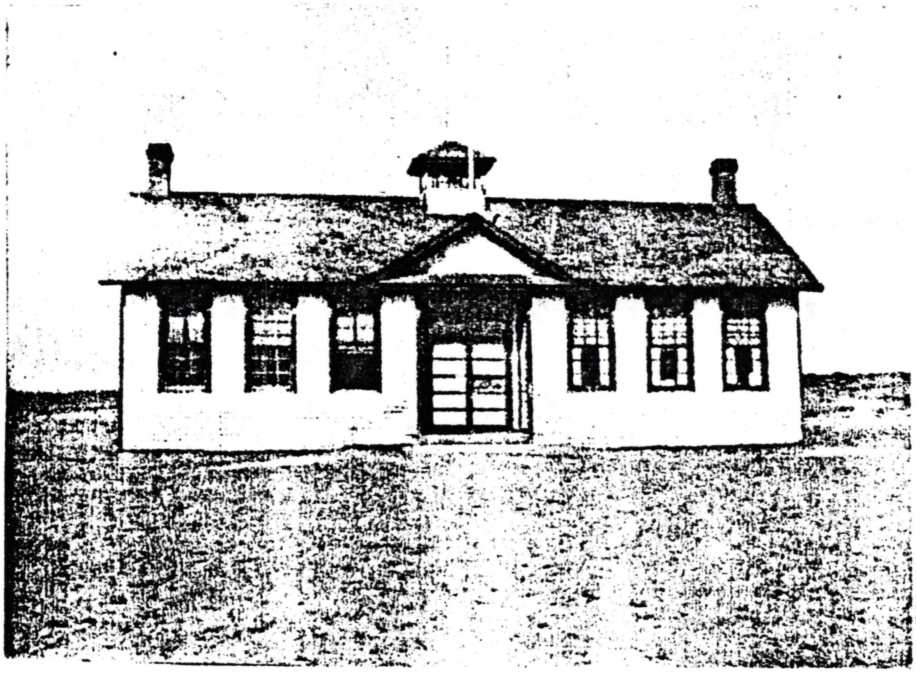
Father Holding Leona age 4
Seated in Middle, Francis age 6
Mother Holding Arlene age 1

Below Two of Their Homes
Otto, Big Horn Co, Wyoming



LDS CHURCH, OTTO, WYOMING

ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
OTTO, WYOMING



Education

Francis says, "I was 7 years old when I started school. I completed eight grades in the Otto school. I missed a year between grade and high school and another between high school and college. I attended the Big Horn Academy, a Church school at Cowley, Wyoming, from 1922 to 1924. While in Cowley I lived with the E. R. Gwynn family and helped with the chores night and morning and paid them $23.00 a month to stay there. The Church closed most of its academies during 1924 and turned them over to the states. I finished my high school studies at Basin, Wyoming. I always enjoyed school and appreciated my teachers."

His Mother has this comment, "Color of eyes, blue, color of hair, brown, turned black then white, was valedictorian of his class on 15 May, 1924. Graduated with honors from Basin High School 20 May, 1926. Graduated from the University of Wyoming 7 June, 1931, with the honor of having the highest average grade of any student that had graduated from the school."

"I entered the University of Wyoming in the fall of 1937. I was three weeks late in starting. I felt quite alone as I left on the train for Laramie. On my arrival I went to Albert E. Bowman's office, director of Extension for suggestions as to courses to take. I had met Director Bowman previously several times, and because he was L.D.S. I had confidence in him. He suggested that I visit around some before registering.

"I talked with Glen Hartman, who was raised in Otto. He was one of the professors in the College of Agriculture. I roamed about the University some and finally decided to enroll in the College of Agriculture. Some of my High School teachers had advised me to take up law, but I knew no one in the law

school, and this was probably one reason I decided against it.

"My next step was to find a place to live. The University office provided me a list of addresses of homes having rooms for rent. Armed with this list, I started out. I was green about street numbers and had considerable difficulty. I remember asking one person where a street was, and discovered I was right on it. I finally located with a Danish family by the name of Christensen. I set up batching quarters in the basement. They were very good to me. I got a laundry case and sent my laundry home each week.

"Being late I had some difficulty starting classes. At my first stock-judging class, I was called on to give reasons for placing the animals the way I did. I had never judged a class of stock before and given reasons, although I had been enrolled in 4-H Club work. I was very weak in my presentation and drew some snickers from class members. The professor, Tony Fellhauer, was considerate, but I was quite ashamed of my first try. Through diligent study I was able to give reasons when called on next time, although I probably didn't judge my class very well.

"After being in school a short time, I was called into the office of Director Bowman, who asked me to consider taking a job on a poultry demonstration train to be run through the eastern part of Wyoming and parts of Colorado by the Extension Service and the Burlington Railroad. This was a three-week run, but I needed the money, and the teachers were willing I should go. Archie Hale of Afton was the other student helper selected." They were good friends all of their lives.

One year Francis batched with his sisters, Leona and Arlene, and one year or more he lived on the University Farm caring for the chickens. He had to

walk about 2 miles to school, as he had no transportation but his two legs. Arlene mentioned his losing a front tooth because of running into a telephone wire one night while on his way to go Ward Teaching. He had a peg tooth put in. One day while building a fire in the chicken coop to keep the baby chicks warm, he stooped over and hit his mouth on a fire poker nearby. Well, he knocked his tooth out, and it landed in the straw on the floor of the chicken coop. He worked diligently sifting through that straw and chicken debris until he found his tooth, a great relief to him, as he had not the money to purchase a new one, and who wanted to face his classmates and girl friend minus a front tooth?

He participated in several stock-judging teams, was active in the Lambda Gamma Delta, a national honorary judging fraternity, the R.O.T.C. Band, where he was a cymbalist, Phi Kappa Phi, a national honorary scholarship fraternity, Sigma Lambda, honorary agriculture fraternity, and a member of the Ag Club. One year he sang in Handel's "Messiah," which was his first introduction to that great Oratorio. He has since sung in it many times and was thrilled to participate. Several times Francis was the bass soloist singing, "Why Should The Nations Rage" and "But Who May Abide The Day Of His Coming." Francis had a very unusual, rich quality in his voice.

"During my youth I worked with my father on the farm along with my brothers and sisters. I helped with the honey bee business part of the time. They produced a very good quality of honey. Following graduation from college, I assisted my father on the farm until the end of 1931. At Christmas time I went to Laramie, Wyoming, to visit Margaret, who was enrolled in her senior year at the University. I heard of a job opening in Lyman, Wyoming, as Vocational Agricultural

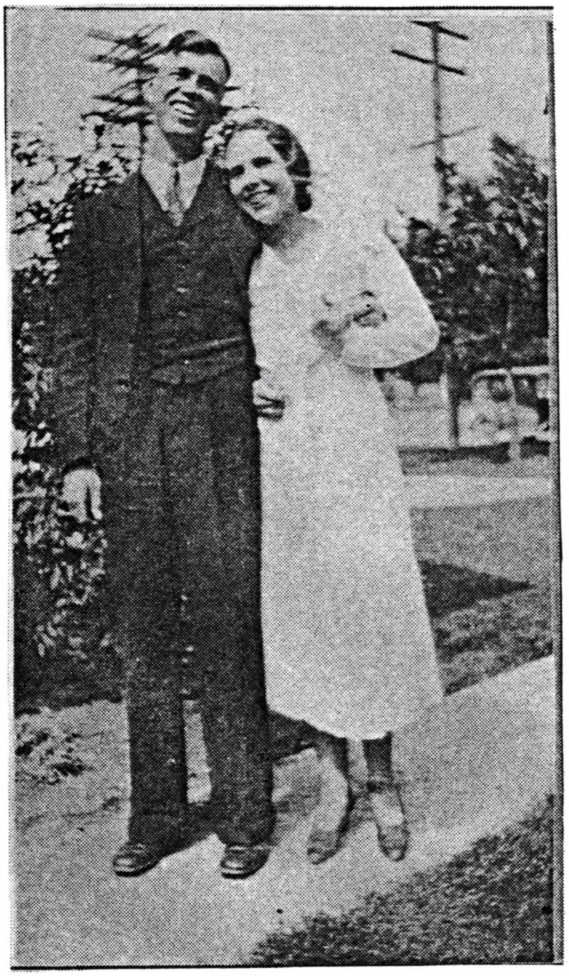
Instructor. I had enough money to get there by bus, so I took the chance and went for the interview. I was given the position and started to teach at the Lyman High School after the Christmas holidays."

OUR DOUBLE WEDDING

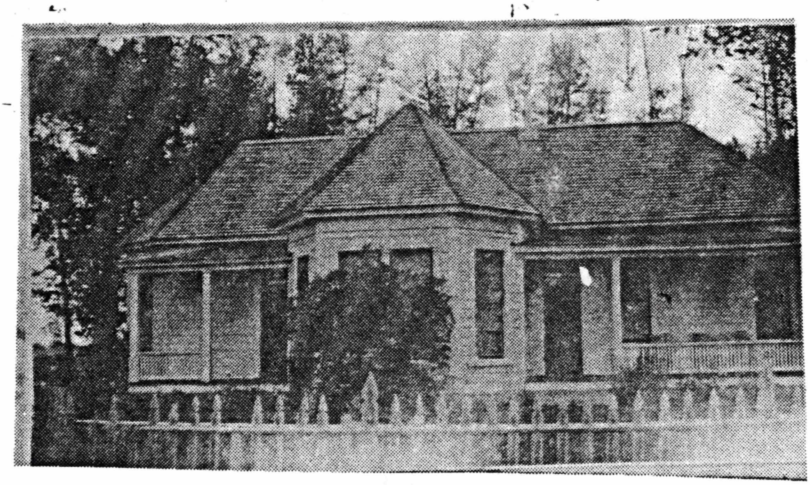
E. FRANCIS WINTERS
MARGARET BURTON

LOGAN, UTAH
10 June 1932

DELECTA B. BURTON
ESTHER BURTON
WARREN SWAINSTON



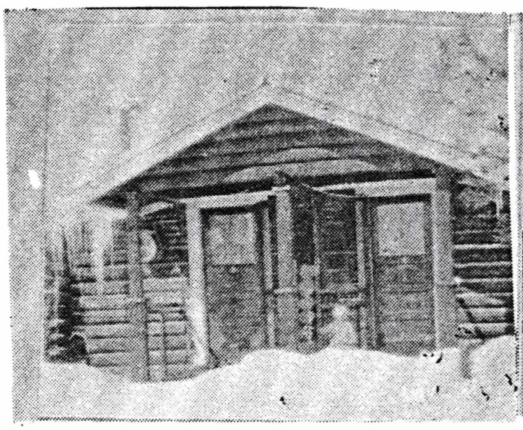
OUR FIRST HOME
LYMAN, WYOMING



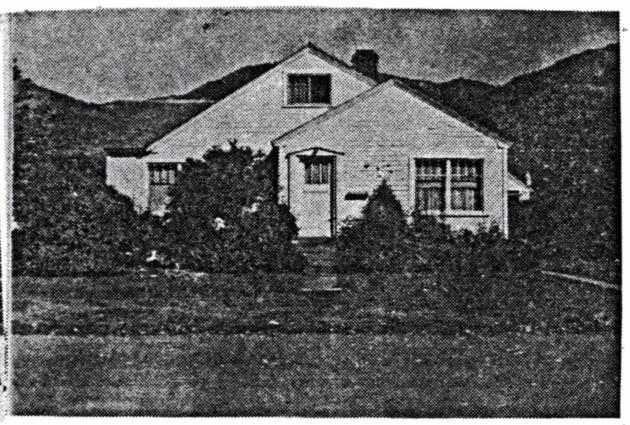
OUR HOMES
Burton, Margaret, Allene
Lyman, Wyo.

Allene & Burton
Lyman, Wyo.

Pinedale, Wyo.



Afton, Wyo.



MARRIAGE AND LIFE IN LYMAN, WYOMING

I (Margaret) now quote from my diary which I kept for a little period of time. Tues. May 17, 1932: "A most thrilling letter from Francis. In less than two months we will be married. A Crystal Gazer told him he'd be happier after June 21st. Ha! Attended a "tea" for graduates given by Dean Galliver of the Associated Women's students, it was for Juniors and Seniors. I received a beautiful linen luncheon cloth and a teakwood table crumb scraper and a teakwood dish to scrape the crumbs in. It has a Chinese motif on it as well as does the luncheon cloth and napkins. This was given me by Mrs. Abbott, the mother of Harriet Corthel in whose home I lived and worked for two years. Mrs. Abbott had just returned from China." I still have these items and use them.

Friday May 20, 1932: "I went shopping with Kathryn (my sister) for her dinner tomorrow which she was serving for her Home Economics teacher. John Franz and I went to the Senior Black and White Ball." I must explain that John was engaged to my cousin Eva Burton, who was teaching in Reliance, Wyoming, so we had dated some. We lived quite near each other, so he often walked me to church and took me to some nice functions. He is an engineer. He and Eva were married the next year. I must admit I was not as faithful as Francis was. Eva invited him to attend a special school function with her in Reliance, and he would not accept. Oh well, such is me. John was a recent convert to the Church, so they waited until the next year to marry. He was a fine young man, but not one I would ever consider marrying. A cute note the next day from Francis. He is glad my 'fling' is almost over.

Sunday May 22, 1932: "Went to Sunday School. John took me to the Engineers' Picnic at the Boy Scout Camp."

Monday May 23, 1932: "Studied hard on term paper for my Education Class. Mother (Delecta Burton) is coming back with Brother Albert E. Bowman when he returns from Afton. I addressed a few graduation announcements."

Tuesday May 24, 1932: "Attended the Honor Assembly and the President's Reception for Seniors. I had a long chat with my friend Ida Soward, and she asked me if Francis and I planned on being married in June."

May 31, 1932: "Went to my last classes." The next day Mother came; she had stayed in Lyman the previous night. I partly moved back to Corthells where Kathryn was still living. My last year I stayed with a Catholic family by the name of Jones. They were leaving on a trip, so I had to move.

Thursday June 2: "Spent the day downtown and bought me my wedding dress of Rossiner Crepe. Expect to be married next week. Mother and I had to make a jacket with long sleeves for the Temple, so we sewed in the college sewing room."

Friday May 3, 1932: "This was an eventful day. 'Junior, Senior Swing Out.' My how the wind did blow! Dinner with Corthells, also a tea for mothers and seniors. Later we had dinner with Miss Callopy of the Home Economics Department."

Sat. June 4, 1932: "Francis came. It is just heaven to have him here. We attended the Alumnus Banquet and took John home. Francis and I sat in the car and talked for a long time."

Sunday June 5, 1932: "Senior Women's Banquet, Sunday School, Baccalaureate, dinner at Hitchcock's (friends of ours), Sacrament Meeting and a Spring Concert after." Then this note, "Goodbyes - terrible." We had made many friends at church and at school.

Monday June 6, 1932: "A bouquet of roses arrived from Bernice (Burton, a cousin), Commencement exercises, and dinner at the Bowman's. I packed. Francis gave me a crushed green tied and dyed table centerpiece."

Tuesday June 7, 1932: "Left Laramie at 6:30 a.m. and arrived in Afton about 8:00 p.m. Drove through snow, rain, hail and sunshine."

Wednesday June 8, 1932: "Packed my trousseau. Got my recommend to admit me to be married in the temple. It was signed by my bishop of many years, Franklin R. Gardner."

Thursday June 9, 1932: "Esther, my eldest sister, and Warren Swainston are getting married when we do. We visited in Montpelier. (Uncle Martin Winters, Uncle Alma J. Winters and grandmother Johanne Kirstin Larsen Winters were still living there. I do not recall just whom we visited.) Arrived in Logan too late to get our license. Mother rode with Esther and Warren."

Friday June 10, 1932: "Uncle Alma Sonne, with whom we stayed, routed a County Clerk out of bed early, and we rushed over to the Courthouse for our license. I was so confused that I put Lyman, Wyoming, on the license, (I guess it was because that was where we were going to be living) should have put Afton, as that was my home." (This was a situation we corrected years later as we became involved in genealogy.)

Our ceremony was performed by president of the Logan Temple, Joseph Shepherd. His sister, Louisa

Call, of Afton was a close friend of my Mother. We had a tense moment when Pres. Shepherd called me to the altar, and then Warren Swainston. Mother and others quickly spoke up. We were married a few minutes before 2:00 p.m. Aunts Geneva Sonne and Glenna Crookston, Mother's sisters, and Mother attended us. I was so glad to have my dear Mother present; wish Father could have attended also.

"President Shepherd gave us a wonderful blessing and wise counsel." One thing I remember vividly is his admonition to begin our married life with prayer night and morning, beginning tonight. This counsel we have tried to follow faithfully all of our lives.

Aunt Geneva gave us a wedding breakfast. I think Aunt Glenna helped also. They gave us a set of four dishes, amber in color with glasses, serving platters and a butter dish. The plates are divided. There were two gravy boats also.

Saturday June 11, 1932: "Found our bed full of rock salt last night, which Uncle Burns Crookston had put in. He loved to play jokes on people. We stayed in the home of my deceased Grandfather and Grandmother's home, Richard Alando and Mary Ann Stewart Ballantyne in Logan. We had a delicious dinner served at Aunt Glenna and Uncle Burns Crookston's home in North Logan. We drove to Ogden, where we spent the night with one of the Winters, Aunt Lydia Burroughs. We drove through main street the next morning with 'Just married' written on our car. Ha!" This was a contribution of her sons. We were never able to get it completely off.

Monday June 13, 1932: "We drove to Lyman yesterday and I did not make an entry. Today my brother Stewart Ballantyne Burton and Leona Swainston

were married in the Temple in Salt Lake City. She wanted to be married there because that is where she has several sisters. That, too, was where she had worked at Keeley's Candy Company for several years."

"Gee! it is grand to be home and by ourselves again. Rode to the Experiment Farm. Had meals with Pearces'. Love is grand." I guess that is about enough of that kind of material.

Since Francis was employed as a Vocational Agricultural instructor, part of his work was supervising those boys enrolled in that program in school with their summer projects. Some had farm animals to care for, also chickens. Most of his days were spent all summer in this work.

July 11th of that year we drove to Laramie, Wyoming, to attend a state convention for Vocational Agricultural Instructors, where we spent the week. On our return home we had our official honeymoon trip by visiting Francis' family in Otto, and coming home via Yellowstone Park and Star Valley. My sister Kathryn had been attending summer school and rode to Afton with us.

We drove to Otto on Saturday, July 23, 1932, and arrived that evening about dusk. The family had been looking for us all day. The next day we attended our meetings at their beautiful little chapel and my diary says we "really caused excitement." Francis seemed to be one of the favorite young men in that ward, and all were anxious to see what kind of a wife he chose. (Just a guess on my part, but isn't that human nature?) He had a great family and many sweet cousins who greeted us warmly.

Francis and his Mother sang a duet in Sacrament Meeting. I do not recall exactly what they sang, but

probably, "O Happy Homes Among The Hills" by Evan Stephens as found in the Hymns for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, 1950 edition page 337. Mother Esther Leona Dalley Winters had a beautiful, rich contralto voice. Even as a young boy Francis and his Mother sang at many funerals and programs. Francis and I both spoke in Sacrament Meeting. The next day we had a patriotic program, and I accompanied Francis as he sang on the program. They had ball games, races, etc. in the afternoon, followed by a dance in the evening. That was my introduction to Otto and the family and friends of Francis. We visited friends and relatives all week until Friday, when we left for Yellowstone Park. We camped "just inside the park." We visited the geysers, Yellowstone Lake, and watched them feed the bears at Old Faithful. Here the Park Rangers explained the habitats of bears and a history of the park. I got so tired that day of walking that Yellowstone Park lost its glamour for me, but later I found I still enjoyed it immensely.

Sunday morning we left the park and drove home via the South Entrance, Jackson Hole, and then over Teton Pass to Driggs, Idaho, and Alta, Wyoming. Aunt Amelia and Uncle George Green lived in Alta, and we spent the night there with them. She became one of our favorite Dalley aunts, always made us feel so welcome. Years later we took the Greens with us to Yellowstone Park and to Otto to visit the family there. Uncle George was really a tease; he teased Burton all the way there and back again, it seemed. We arrived in Otto when the apples were not quite ripe, and he helped Burton to enjoy them to the fullest. Later Burton became ill from of eating too many. He was probably three years old. We left about noon the next day, driving through

Swan Valley, Alpine and on into Star Valley. A note in my diary here said "Mother came home from California about 9:00 p.m." My Mother had two brothers and a sister living in California.

Again I refer to my diary. "Tuesday, August 2nd, Francis left for Lyman, and Mother said I could leave too if I didn't quit crying. Ha! Aunt Mercy (my Father's sister) came with Mother." You see I have spent many farewells in tears.

That week was spent visiting and enjoying my family. One day I did laundry for Francis, and Minerva made him some cookies which we mailed to him. On August 7th we had a family dinner and birthday celebration for my sister Esther who was thirty-two years old.

The next day we went to Aunt Josephine Bagley's and had a quilting bee. My cousin Calpurna Burton Fluckiger, and Aunt Irene Burton and girls helped, as I recall it. Aunt Mercy also helped with the quilt. This was my first experience quilting. I made the remark that my stitches were big enough to catch my toe in them. She said, "You ought to if you do not know enough to put a sheet between you and the quilt." Aunt Mercy was a wonderful aunt, Father's only full sister. She was full of wise sayings, poetry, and was the one who made our Christmas stockings for us out of red and white flannel. She also pieced a quilt for us and helped quilt it.

Minerva was getting ready to leave home to enter nurses' training at Ogden at the Dee Hospital. We held a surprise party for her. Aunt Leanore Ballantyne, one of Mother's younger sisters was expecting her first baby, the only one she would bear, so I embroidered a baby dress for her.

Friday the 12th of August our neighbors, the "Gardners, Hales, and Michaelsons, held a shower for me at the Relief Society House." Francis arrived during it, and I vividly recall running out to meet him and proudly introducing him to the group. My family gave us a wedding dinner that evening. Wedding receptions were not held in those days, just a few friends gathered with games, gifts and refreshments. This certainly does eliminate a terrific amount of expense and strain on the families involved. I recall at one time that our Afton Stake President, Royal S. Papworth said, "The time will come when they will get out of hand." I think that is so true now in 1988.

When we returned to Lyman the primary elections were on, and I voted for the first time. My Father was a Democrat, but when I was old enough, or decided to vote, he said he felt the best people in power were the Republicans, and Francis belonged to that party, so I voted Republican, however, I do not vote a straight ticket, but try to select the best man for the job.

Francis was called to be the Ward Superintendent of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association, and I was called to be the Secretary of the Young Ladies Mutual Improvement Association. This began my career of over twenty years in that organization, in various capacities. He later was called to become Stake Superintendent of the same organization. This required much traveling of long distances. Our Stake headquarters was in Rock Springs, and the boundaries were farther east and another great distance north, but not much farther south, and that joined with the Evanston Stake.

One night he took some of the Young Men and Young Women Stake board members to Rock Springs to a Stake

meeting. Coming out of Rock Springs the lead car took a wrong road and headed north for Pinedale. He hit a bump in the road and the car lights went out. Francis followed the car in front of him and suddenly realized he was on the wrong road. In turning around he hit another bump which brought the lights back on. He arrived back in Lyman about break of day with some very upset husbands demanding to know "where in the hell have you been all night?" While in the position of Stake Superintendent we entertained visitors from Salt Lake City. One I especially recall was Oscar Kirkham. I had baked bread so he could enjoy homemade bread, and I forgot the salt. I discovered it soon enough to make another batch, which I served.

In Lyman the two homes we lived in were owned by Charles Pierce. The second one, where we moved after Allene's birth, was just through the fence from the first, and was a two-room log house.we lived with or rented from the Pierces we did not have indoor plumbing. It really worried me to have to go to the outhouse after dark unless Francis went with me. We were right next to the busy highway, and at that time during the depression there were many "tramps" on the road, however we had no problem with them. We did share a meal with them occasionally. Burton used to run away, and I finally ended up tying him to the clothes lines with a long rope close to the house where I could see him. One morning quite early brother Pearce came home from his Black Smith shop bringing Burton. His shop was only a block or two away. We had little shade so I could only let him outside where we had a sandpile. My, how Allene loved to eat that sand and Burton loved to turn on the gas stove, a constant worry. It was while living in Lyman that Francis was ordained a Seventy by

President Samuel O. Bennion who had served as a mission president many years, and at that time was serving as a member of the Council of Seventy.

One of Francis' responsibilities while a teacher in Lyman was to hold a poultry show and round-up each November. It was like a fair, and featured baked products, sewing and poultry. The faculty also put on a drama, and Francis took part in that too. It was very successful and well-attended. Francis took part in many dramas during his lifetime, mainly character parts.

We were well-received in Lyman; Francis became active in the Lions' Club and I became a member of the homemakers' Athenian Club. While in the club we made a friendship quilt for each member. I still have mine with the names of my friends written on. These people hold a special place in our hearts. As we left Lyman the community gave us a party and presented us with a set of sterling silverware, service for eight.

Francis did not enjoy teaching, so when the opportunity presented itself he left that position and we moved to Pinedale, Wyoming, January 11, 1936. This was during the time of the Great Depression and Franklin Delano Rossevelt became President of the United States. He set up government programs to try and help those unemployed. This was when the Soil Conservation, and CCC Camps were established and the unemployed men worked on forest roads, building camp grounds and improving road conditions, even making new roads into forest areas. Francis accepted employment with the Farm Security Program, in which capacity he obtained government loans for farmers. His area covered Sublette, Teton and part of Sweetwater Counties. His office was in Pinedale, Wyoming where he had a very excellent secretary, Lillian Ryder. We used to take

the three children during the summers and ride with him to visit the farmers. At one time enroute to Jackson we forded the Snake River, which was a little intimidating. We had been advised where to cross or we would not have tried it. I do not know where the farmers crossed during high waters.

When we moved from Lyman we left in a snow storm 10 January 1936 and when we arrived in Pinedale it was still snowing. We had snow for several days, and when the sky did clear our car was completely buried. The office was close by, so Francis did not need to get the car out for anything. We could also walk to the grocery store. We lived in "Camp O' The Pines," which consisted of several two-room log cabins, heated by coal stoves. They were very comfortable, though. We had a common rest room and laundry room. We still bathed by the stove, if I recall correctly., One day Francis went into the laundry area and found a large lady who had stepped on the man-hole cover and had gone part way down, headed for the sewer. It was with great effort that he was able to rescue her. She went feet first. How he did laugh when he told me about it.

The snow was very deep the year of 1936, and as Francis traveled to Jackson Hole it was nearly as if he were in a tunnel, the snow being so deep on both sides he could not see over it. There were only a few places where one could comfortably pass a car. One day while going to Rock Springs Francis was caught in a snow storm. By the time he was a few miles from Farson he had caught up with several other cars. They would have to stop, dig a little way, then move the cars up. Finally, very late in the evening they arrived at Farson. There they found the highway crews betting on how long it would take the cars to reach there. He was

worn out and upset. Usually, however, the roads were well-cleared.

This beautiful valley contained mountains covered with pines and many lakes. One of the lakes was Fremont Lake, a very popular picnic area and fishing area. Here there was a CCC Camp with cabins for those employed there and a big dining room. Here we used to go with Reverand Guild to help him hold church services. There was only a Community Church located in Pinedale, with very few members of our faith, and those were called "Jack Mormons." We did not attend church services for a short time, but decided it was better to attend that, than none at all. I was an organist part of the time, with only a piano to play on. I also taught a Sunday School class for a short period. One time the Reverend went on a two-week vacation and asked Francis to serve in his place. We went to Big Piney and helped with a Catholic funeral once. Francis sang in a male quartette, consisting of the minister, a bartender, and an inactive member of the church who was a cousin of Francis, Robert Dalley, and I accompanied them. We also helped with church services at Camp Fremont about every Sunday. This community we did not become involved community wise, but did make a few nice friends. When summer came we moved into a three room log home. Here we lived until the first of September, 1937, when we moved to Afton, and Francis accepted a position with the University of Wyoming, serving as a County Agricultural Agent, under the direction of Albert E. Bowman, our good friend.

A DREAM RECEIVED BY E. FRANCIS WINTERS WHILE LIVING IN PINEDALE, WYOMING

Summer of 1936 or 1937

"While living in Pinedale, Wyoming, during the summer, Margaret's oldest sister Esther came to visit us. We only had one bed, so I let Esther sleep with Margaret, and I slept on the floor in the living room.

"One night I had a dream. I dreamed that the second coming of the Savior was taking place. The sky and heavens were beautiful with a crimson glow, in some areas deep blue and softening into a pale blue. The gray and white clouds were moving rapidly in some areas. The beautiful colors and crimson glow seemed to be in the east.

"Heavenly music filled the air. This was beautiful. A feeling of great concern came over me for my loved ones and my friends. I seemed to be especially concerned that a former Bishop, Willis J. Lyman, and family could be present for this great occasion, and was calling to them.

"This was a thrilling experience. I was almost overcome with joy. As I awakened my body was tingling with excitement and happiness. I was covered with perspiration. I lay on my bed and thought of this great experience the balance of the night. I did not see any Heavenly beings, but I could feel their presence and had no doubt as to what was to take place."

COOPERATIVE EXTENSION WORK
LINCOLN COUNTY AGRICULTURAL AGENT
AFTON, WYOMING
Sept. 1, 1937 - April 1947

The move we made from Pinedale, Wyoming, to Afton in the latter part of September was probably the easiest move we ever made in our lives. Francis had been employed by the U.S. Government in the Farm Security Program, making government loans to farm families in difficult circumstances. He decided to accept employment with the Agaricultural Extension Service. He resigned, and we made a trip to Otto, Wyoming, to visit his parents, brothers and sisters in August. I had done a lot of packing, but expected to complete it upon our return. We had arranged with Oliver Ames to truck our belongings to Afton, but he was unable to move them at the time we had agreed. When we returned late in the evening to Pinedale we found our home empty, so we drove on to Afton. Lillian Ryder, Francis' secretary lived just through the block from us, and had come over and completed our packing. What a wonderful thing to do for us. I remember that trip to Afton; we were so exhausted I wondered if Francis could possibly keep his eyes open to see to drive. We were thankful to have a safe ride and arrive at the home of my parents so we could get some rest. Our little family slept quite well as we traveled.

Francis enjoyed his work as County Agent and was very successful. He worked under Albert E. Bowman, State Director, whom we knew while attending the University of Wyoming; he was our Branch President. Working under him was Burton W. Marston, State 4-H Club Leader, a fine man and one whom we admired. We had hoped we could get him into the church, but as far as I know neither he nor his wife ever joined.

A County Agricultural Agent has many responsible programs, for instance, the 4-H program with its demonstration teams to train and assist in appearances

at the County Fair, State Fair, Denver Interstate 4-H Club Round-up and National Western Stock Show. Francis was privileged to take a winning state team to Chicago and on to Columbus, Ohio, for a National Dairy Demonstration event. He also took a demonstration team to Treasure Island in the San Francisco Bay where the World's Fair was being held that year.

Francis made several trips to Denver, being chaperone for the state youth, and taking Steve Hale, Harold Call and Harold Hyer with him to be in a crops judging contest also. They took second place in their judging, with Steve placing fourth in the crops judging. Another year Steve Hale and Harold Hyer took first place in the Western Division at Columbus, Ohio, each winning $250.00 scholarship to any university or college in the United States. This team won the state contest and received an all-expense paid trip provided by the Kraft Phoenix Cheese Corporation to compete in the finals at the National Dairy Show in Columbus. Their demonstration was "The Production of Clean Milk." Silver medals were given to Darrel Hoopes and Blaine Brown, second place team for their subject of "Safe Keeper Bull Pen." They are also from Star Valley.

One letter I would like to insert regarding team demonstration. "You presented a most creditable team demonstration at the National Dairy Show at Columbus. It was my good fortune to see a large number of these demonstrations, and I want to make comment and say that your team made a nice appearance, had a good demonstration and gave us a good lesson along this line of work.

"Permit me to make a request to you. Since there are so many good things in this demonstration, I would like to have a copy for educational purposes in our

Extension Division in Oklahoma. Since you received a high recognition, this demonstration would be a guide to us to prepare demonstrations for competition within the state, also, a guide to map out a demonstration for national competition. Yours very truly, John W. Boehr, Extension Dairyman for the State of Oklahoma."

I still look back with pleasure on the trip to San Francisco and one to Chicago which I was able to attend with him.

Another responsibility was the Lincoln County Fair. It took months to prepare for this, with demonstrations, soliciting livestock, crops displays and other things. Following that was the trip to the State Fair at Douglas, Wyoming, where he and the County Home Demonstration Agent took the County Fair winners to compete. Of course he worked closely with the Home Demonstration Agent on all of the 4-H work. They held a 4-H Camp each summer for several days, camping out with the youth and conducting games, crafts, campfires, etc.

He had the privilege of judging in other county fairs. A fun event and a lot of work, also, was the Women's Summer Camp where-in the women who were members of the Homemaking Clubs participated along with their husbands. I attended several of these with my Mother which were held at the ERA CAMP on Smith's Fork in the south end of Star Valley. State leaders attended these camps and conducted handicrafts, and lectured, and many interesting programs were given by the members. One was a men's fashion show which was very hilarious. On one of these programs Francis appeared as a "yearning old maid," and in a falsetto soprano gave a soulful rendition of the "Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze."

Another responsibility was the Farm Bureau organization, in which he was very successful and received good cooperation from the farmers in the Valley. Each year, also, a Dairy Day was held at the Afton Experiment Farm, where the 4-H youth showed their animals which they had raised, and were given prizes, sold their calves, etc. He also cooperated with the other government programs such as soil conservation, home beautification, Wool Growers Association, water conservation, rodent control, weed control and many other programs affecting the farmers and people of Star Valley. One must remember that this was following the depression of 1929, and people were trying to rebuild their lives. Francis also attended state Farm Bureau conventions and County Agent meetings held in Laramie, and was also president of the State County Agents. In 1938 an office was established in Kemmerer, Wyoming, at the county office building, so he spent some time there each week. It was a very busy schedule.

In the Afton North Ward the Bishop was clamoring for his services in the church, as he recognized the great teaching and leadership ability which he possessed. Director Albert E. Bowman was concerned about his taking on too many responsibilities.

Let me quote from two letters from Director Bowman, the first one dated March 7, 1939. "The duties of a County Agent, as you know, have constantly increased until his time is so completely occupied with a multitude of things that he is frequently prevented from giving sufficient time to organize his work . . . We feel, therefore, that a County Agent should not be expected to take on added responsibilities outside of the work for which he is employed.

"In your case, I understand you have four other jobs besides your responsibility as a County Agent. Three of these jobs are in church work and one, which takes considerable amounts of your time, is with the Boy Scouts. We think this is asking too much of you. With such a set-up, I doubt if you ever have a night you can call your own.

"We feel, therefore, that you must be released from your responsibilities as Scout Leader . . . and avoid criticism that sometimes comes as a result of activities outside of County Agent work."

Another dated March 28, 1939: "Replying to your letter of March 25, we are willing to permit you to continue with your job as Scout Leader, provided you are released from all other responsibilities . . . We are granting this, however, only temporarily. We are not agreeing that this should continue indefinitely. Sincerely."

A letter dated October 11, 1939: "I am very much pleased with the work as it is being carried on in Lincoln County under your direction. I heard many fine comments in regard to it. I was also pleased at the fine cooperation I found between you and Miss (Phyllis) Richards. I feel certain that extension work in Lincoln County is reaching its high-water mark in efficiency and effectiveness due to the fine spirit of cooperation . . . and the effective way in which you are carrying on the work. My concern always is that you and Phyllis do not take on more work than you should. Best wishes for your continued success and good health. Sincerely yours, A. E. Bowman, Director of Extension." This shows the great love and concern he had for each of those who worked under him.

When Francis was called to become bishop of the Afton North Ward, I am sure he, Director Bowman, was not very pleased with it. He met early in the year, when he made a trip into the valley, with our Stake President, Royal S. Papworth, and after much prayer, (I suppose) and persuasion reluctantly agreed that he accept it. Francis knew about his call long before he received it, though he never gave me a hint of it.

Finally the load became too heavy for him. With his travel necessary in connection with his work and the meetings, and numerous interviews he had, we finally felt it best that he resign his position as County Agent; this we did after much prayer and reluctance. The association with those fine people was a happy time in our lives.

A letter dated March 7, 1947, prior to his resignation, written by Franics, to Director A. E. Bowman states: "I feel rather reluctant to write this letter, but perhaps you are expecting it after our short discussion together at Conference in January.

"After having been in the service as long as I have, and working for a Director and others who are interested in me and who have done everything possible to assist me in doing a good job, it is rather difficult to break away. I wish to assure you that I have surely appreciated your consideration and the help that you have given me. This also holds true with the other State workers. I have been treated fairly from the standpoint of advancement and increases in salary. I am not leaving with any feelings of dissatisfaction toward the service; however, I am somewhat hesitant to resign because I feel I have not completed many phases of the work I have started and have made quite a few failures which I would like to rectify and succeed at."

(Francis was a humble man and did not always give himself the credit which he rightly deserved.)

Here is an except from a letter from Burton W. Marston, State Club Leader, Agricultural Extension Service: "I am one of many, I am sure, who regret to see you making this change. It has certainly been a pleasure to have worked with you all these years, and I know there are many achievements in your work that will stand to your credit long after you are in other fields. It is not going to be easy to fill your place.

"My best wishes go to you in your new work. Cordially, Burton W. Marston"

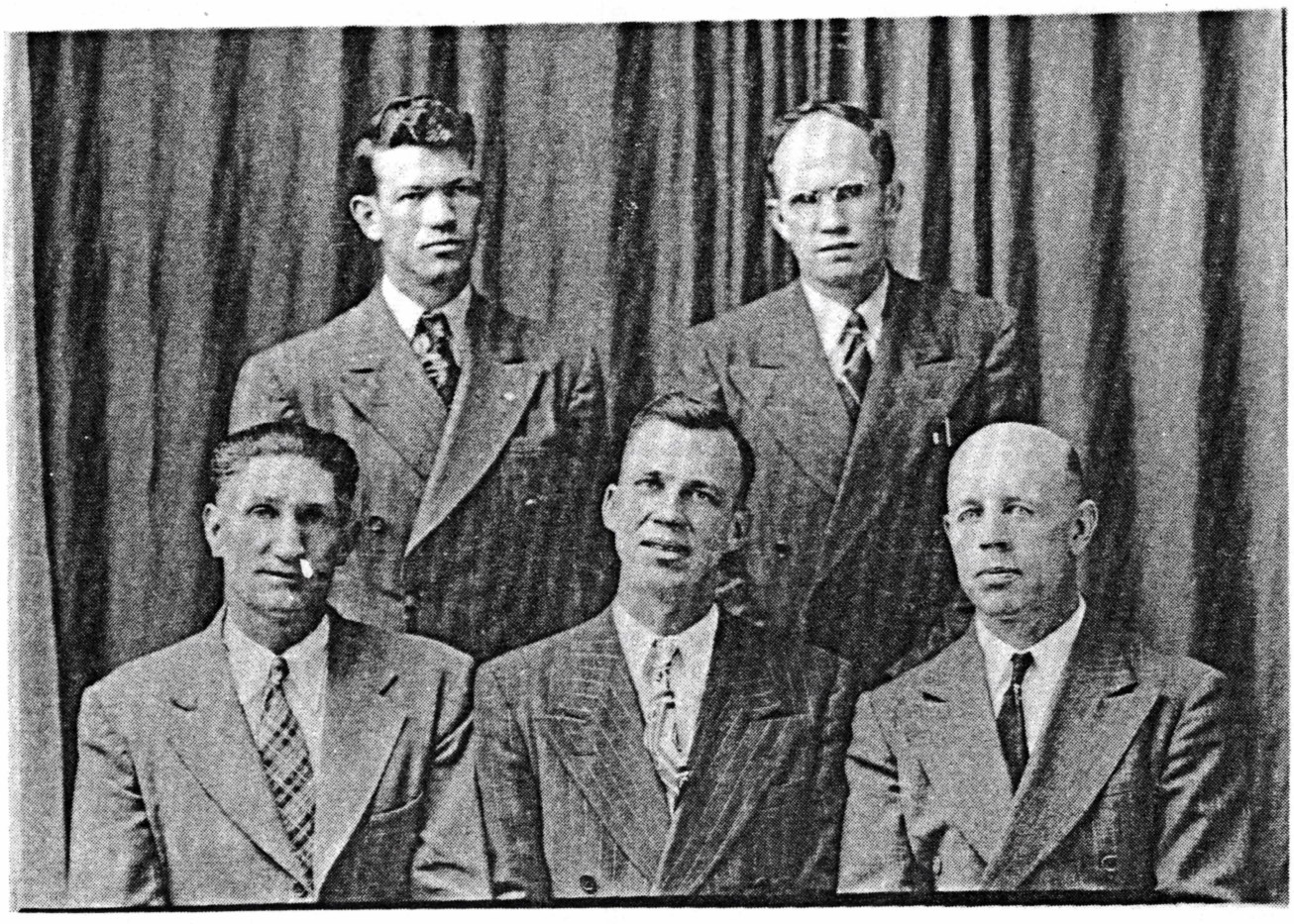
Many times we wondered, had we done the right thing, but the Lord had called, he had willingly accepted and we felt the Lord would provide. Director Bowman was still concerned and offered to have him return to the work, but did not have an opening in the state at that time, but possibly in another state. This we did consider, but it meant moving. Our children were happy where we were. We considered purchasing a farm, but they did not want to move to another town, which also meant leaving the work to which the Lord had called him. The Lord did provide, but sometimes we became impatient.

Here is a nostalgic letter written December 15, 1947, to Director A. E. Bowman: "Dear Director Bowman: In my mind's eye, during the last three days, I have seen you and all the members of the Agricultural Extension Service assembled in annual Extension Conference. I have thought of the many times that I met with you and my past experences as a member of your staff.

"Please extend my best wishes to all attending this conference. I have noted through the papers and

AS HE BECAME BISHOP OF AFTON NORTH WARD
16 July 1944
Couns Michael J. Austin, Couns, A. Dixon Burton
Bp. E. Francis Winters, Clerk Elmo Newswander

AS HE BECAME PRESIDENT OF THE STAR VALLEY STAKE
21 September 1947
Couns. B. Delos Gardner, Pres. E. Francis Winters, Couns. A. Dixon Burton
Clerks, Willard Hale and Leslie Harrison



magazines your many accomplishments during the past year. Congratulations to you on these successes.

"May you look ahead and plan with the same vision that has characterized the Extension Service during the past years in this state . . . Sincerely yours, E. Francis Winters."

We the family may never fully realize the sacrifices Father made for us and the Lord. Maybe the reward was his call to the Idaho Falls Temple.

BISHOP

At the time of Francis' call to become Bishop of the Afton North Ward the Stake had been remodeling the old Stake Tabernacle to be used as a ward building for the Afton North Ward and Stake. Bp. Franklin R. Gardner had been the bishop for about 25 years and was to be released upon the completion of the building. The building had been completed enough so that by March 29, 1943, the first baptisms were performed, and Allene, our eldest daughter, was among the first group to be baptized. This was an exciting event, as prior to this baptisms were performed in an open stream. Burton, however, was baptized in a cheese vat at the Burton Creamery.

The building of the Stake Tabernacle was commenced in 1904. Stake records show that on July 2, 1904, Anson V. Call was appointed Chairman of the Building Committee for the new structure. At 5:00 p.m. August 21, 1904, the Cornerstone was laid by Elder Charles W. Penrose, and the completed structure was dedicated to the Lord as a house of service by the President of the Church, Joseph F. Smith, August 15, 1909. The Stake at

that time had been organized but seventeen years to the day, and had a population of approximately 2500 persons. When Francis was called as Bishop there were approximately 4400. George Osmond was the first President of the Stake with William Walton Burton, my grandfather, and Anson V. Call as Counselors. Wm. H. Kennington was Stake Clerk.

Francis became the new bishop July 16, 1944, and ordained a High Priest by Stake President Royle S. Papworth. In those days the bishop was ordained a bishop by a member of the Quorum of the Twelve, hence, he attended General Conference in October, and on the seventh of that month, 1944, was ordained by Spencer W. Kimball, who later became President of the Church.

I recall that morning he became bishop. President Papworth came to our home quite early in the morning, before the children were awake. I was up and going but still had on my housecoat when he asked to visit with me. Usually I got dressed upon arising, but sometimes on Sunday when there was a small child to be bathed I waited until that was done. Well, this morning I got "caught."

President Papworth told me that Francis had been selected and approved to become the new bishop of our ward, and would I sustain him in that call. Of course I agreed and felt it an honor to have a husband worthy to be called to such a great responsibility. I had been wondering if he might be called, but Pres. Papworth said once when reorganizing another ward that "every wife wants her husband to be bishop."

My chief worry as mother of the ward was, will our family be able to maintain the standards which we felt they should. We could not tell them of the call, but did meet with them that evening after meeting and asked

them for support, trying to make them realize that members of the bishop's family should set a good example to all members of the ward and stake.

The following is a letter which I wrote to my mother Delecta B. Burton following Francis' call as bishop, dated July 17, 1944: "Dearest Mother and All, (All includes Elma, my brother Richard and Newell, their son, with whom she was living.) We have received a real thrill this past week, but it makes us very humble indeed. Bishop (Franklin) Gardner was released last night at Ward Conference, and Francis was sustained as Bishop with A. Dixon Burton (cousin) and Michael J. Austin as counselors and Elmo (Neuenschwander) being retained as ward clerk. Wish you could have been here for it. The attendance was better than usual, but still room for improvement.

"Ward Conference was good and we had nearly all choir members present. Almira and Winfield, with Leah, Ralph, and Paul were present also Stewart and his two girls, and we took all of our family, so you were well represented. All we talked with seemed pleased and had been guessing Francis, so they said.

"Phyllis and Carl (Robinson) (she worked with Francis in the County Agent's office) held conference at Fairview, and they stopped in at the church on their way home to offer congratulations. (He was a member of the stake presidency.) Phyllis said she was so happy she felt like throwing her arms around his neck.

"It is such a big responsibility we've scarcely slept for several nights. Mike (Michael Austin) said he laid awake all night too, he and Dixon didn't krow anything about it until yesterday afternoon. Pres. Papworth said he talked with Director Bowman when he

was in this spring, and he gave his consent with a little urging.

"Saturday afternoon, while Delbert and Albert Taylor were mowing on the Taylor farm, a bolt of lightening struck Albert killing both him and his team instantly. It was the only lightening we had all day. Delbert was stunned and knocked off his mower, and his team ran away, breaking the mower.

"Joe Hancock came in by bus last Tuesday, his first visit in the valley. He and Clara (a Burton cousin) have been staying with Uncle George . . . .

"Our strawberries are ready to be picked, hope I'll be able to make a nice lot of jam this year. Our raspberries ought to yield a few berries,and it looks as though our crab tree will produce fruit; it is quite loaded for a small tree. (It is still producing in 1987).

"We really fooled Walkers. Sarah came over yesterday to do a little "pumping" on the selection of bishop, but went away believing it was to be Mike (Austin). They had prior to that counted on Francis. I would like to have seen her face when the name of Francis was presented."

As a bishop Francis had many difficult problems arise among members of the ward, some excommunications, disfellowships and other problems. It required much time, energy and long hours, but he became very close to the people he loved.

We now had Burton, Allene, Kathleen, Evan, John and Bruce, the youngest was a little over two years, so my hands were full. Sometimes I am fearful that I did a little complaining. I recall once I said, "I no longer know how to talk to adults, because about all I talk with are children." This I know was not entirely

true, as I was involved in the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association, either in the presidencey or as a class leader. Another time I said, "I married you because I loved you so much and now I hardly ever get to be with you." Well I wonder how many other bishops' wives felt that way. But I tried not to hinder the work of the Lord as he served as bishop.

He served from August 23, 1944, until 21 September 1947 when he was sustained as President of the Star Valley Stake, a position he held until 12 April, 1970, when he was released and ordained Stake Patriarch.

My Husband's Hands

In marriage his young hand held mine in sacred vow;
In childbirth his kind hand caressed and soothed my brow.
In love his hands cared for each tiny one who came;
In priesthood his hands humbly blessed and gave to each a name.
In parenthood his busy hands signed school grade cards,
In guidance his hands lifted chins and gave awards.
In sorrow his strong hands console the ones in need,
With thoughtfulness his gentle hands perform each deed.
In wisdom his hands reassure our destiny,
In faith his hand will hold throughout eternity.

Anonymous

Scouting

Francis has always been interested in the youth. As a young man I do not know whether or not he was a Scout, but he did serve as a Vanguard Leader in Otto, Wyoming, in 1931 before he entered college. If I recall, the Vanguards were what we now know as Explorers in the Scouting program. He, however, was involved also in Scouts after we were married as he became President of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association and then as the Stake Superintendent of that same organization, from 1933 to 1936.

When we moved to Afton, Wyoming, September 1, 1937, it was not long until he was asked to work with the scouting program on a district level. Here he served as a District Scout Commissioner and later as District Chairman. In these positions he worked with Scout Masters in organizing and helping with their Courts of Honor and their advancement program, also keeping the troops registered and funds collected to support that most worthy program.

He was still involved in scouting as a Bishop from August 1944 to September 21, 1946, and during his 22 1/2 years as Stake President. He served on the Tendoy Scout Council, and Executive Board during this period, and was elected President of the Tendoy Council and served from July 1, 1953, to July 1, 1955. During this time he made many trips to Pocatello, Idaho, about once a month taking some of the Star Valley Scouters with him. Those trips were exhausting, as he traveled in the evenings and returned home late, but were enjoyable and most rewarding.

While serving as President of the Tendoy Boy Scout Council they received national honor, being named one of twenty-four councils to receive national recognition. Here is a copy of the citation presented to Council Presidents: "The National Committee on Rural

Service, Boy Scouts of America, applauds with sincere appreciation your council's splendid record in advancing rural scouting during 1954. We heartily congratulate you, your scout executive and your council.

"Your achievement, based upon net gain in rural areas, has placed you in the top 25 councils of the nation.

"Through this accomplishment you have made a vital contribution to rural boys and to rural America where more than 44 percent of the nation's boyhood lives. We commend and salute you." This citation was addressed to E. Francis Winters, President, and Don MacDougal, Scout Executive of Tendoy Council.

I feel to include a letter received from William Henry Harrison, a member of the House of Representatives in the Congress of the United States.

"I should like to take this opportunity to express my congratulations on the occasion of your re-election as President of the Tendoy Council of Boy Scouts of America.

"This is indeed an excellent indication of the good work you have done in this position in the past, and I am sure you will continue to merit the support and confidence of the other members.

"With every good wish for your continued good work, I remain sincerely, Bill Harrison."

The Tendoy Area Council, Boy Scouts of America, included a large area, Bannock, Bear Lake, Caribou, Oneida and Power Counties in Idaho, and part of Bingham County in Idaho, Box Elder and Rich Counties in Utah, and Lincoln County in Wyoming. Francis gained the love and respect of many outstanding men in these counties. Here is one letter: "Dear Francis: Thanks a million once more for giving of your time and yourself to a real scouting program. With your help

the Camp at Alpine was launched well. All of our leaders appreciated it. Very Sincerely, Don MacDougal, Scout Executive." Dated August 3, 1954. He had great respect for Don, and they became good friends. He was in our home a number of times.

Here is another letter of appreciation from Warren S. Holt, dated May 9, 1955. "Dear Francis: I just want to say again Thanks for the wonderful way you handled our annual meeting Saturday night. I would also thank the two boys, Dahl Gardner and your son John, for their part on the program...they did a very fine job. I also want you to know how much I have appreciated working with you in scouting, as Mr. Carnes stated in his talk, it is also one of my big dividends to have known and worked with you." Signed Warren S. Holt, Pocatello, Council Commissioner.

Gerald Jones of Bancroft succeeded Francis as President of the Tendoy Scout Council. Francis was presented with a plaque "For Distinguished Leadership, presented by the 5,700 men and boys of Tendoy Council." He was replaced as President of the Tendoy Scout Council July 1, 1955, after serving the usual 2 year term.

Francis received his Silver Beaver award at the annual meeting in Pocatello, Idaho, in 1953. I was asked by Ralph J. Hyer, a member of the council board, to write a short life story for Francis without his knowledge and give it to Ralph. This I did. That evening the life story was read without mentioning his name, only his accomplishments. It gradually dawned on him what was about to happen. It was a thrilling moment when his name was announced and he went to the front to receive his Silver Beaver award "for distinguished service to youth." I presented it to Evan upon the death of his father, because of Evan's

many years of service to Scouts. Evan then received one from his Council that same Christmas. Bruce also is a recipient of that covetous award.

Uncle Alma J. Winters was the first on the list of those receiving the Silver Beaver award in 1931.

July 4, 1959, the new scout camp on the Palisades Reservoir was dedicated for the use of the Scouts. There was a special program with tours of the camp, a picnic, unveiling of the gateway and naming of the camp. There was also a special campfire and program, part of which was the installation of officers and presentation of Silver Beaver awards. Dr. Merrill J. Sharp was council president. We attended the dedication, and it was a happy occasion to see the camp finally being used. The last cabin of Chief Tendoy is on this campground.

I wish I remembered which Scout Executive we had for dinner in our home, whether Dale R. Frost or Don MacDougal I know not which? At any rate he was not a member of our faith, but was so impressed when he knelt in prayer with our family that he wanted to join the church, but his wife was against it. I hope he later joined.

These men on the Scout Council were outstanding citizens from Pocatello, Blackfoot, Malad, Montpelier and other cities in Idaho, great business men, Stake Presidents and outstanding men in their communities. I would like to name a few: Dr. Merrill Sharp of Pocatello, J. Sandberg, Grant Bickmore, Robert Kerr, who later served in the Idaho Falls Temple Presidency, Carl Robinson and Ralph Hyer of Afton, also members of the Stake Presidency, Holley Myers and Merlin Hale, who served in the temple also, and W.C. Carnes. D. Loo Roberts was then the Assistant National Director of Relationships, Boy Scouts of America, who became our friend. He later moved to Salt Lake City, and Evan

became acquainted with him in the Scouting program; he was also a sealer at the Salt Lake Temple. It was during this time that we met Pres. Parley A. Arave, who became President of the Idaho Falls Temple, serving from 1966 to 1970. We also met a Melvin Weenig from Blackfoot who was a great friend of the Indians. Several times he brought them to the Idaho Falls temple for their sealings. They were very humble people.

As Council President Francis made two trips to Portland, Oregon, to attend Region Eleven First Council Presidents' Conference, one on January 20th, 1954. A note from Don MacDougal, Scout Executive gives the railroad fares from Pocatello to Portland: Round trip 1st class $48.01, with berth $9.55 one way, the same return, making the round trip $67.11. To travel by coach the cost was $37.03. I do not remember, but I suspect he travelled coach. It was held at the Benson Hotel.

The year of 1966, June 26th, saw Francis and myself at Philmont Scout Ranch in Cimarron, New Mexico. This was a choice experience. It was a leadership conference.

Later the Scouts transferred to the Teton Peaks Council, which is above Driggs, Idaho. I think this was about 1972.

I would like to quote from one last letter.

"Dear President Winters,

Thank you for your thoughtful letter of December 16th, and I want to assure you that I had no qualms about the payment of your pledge of $105.00. Also I am sorry to learn you have been ill and unable to attend the last two board meetings. It is seldom we do not have representation from Afton, and of all the Stake Presidents in the Tendoy Council you are the only one who is in regular attendance. I want you to know how very much I have appreciated this kind of support. Your

quiet, steadying influence has always been an inspiration to me, and I am grateful for your help as well as your comments of confidence. Sincerely, Ezra M. Hawkes." Dated December 27, 1960.

Prior to the opening of the Palisades Camp the Scouts attended Camp Nebeker on the east shore of Bear Lake. I think each of our sons attended this camp, and we as family have visited them while they were there. There they featured swimming, boating, canoeing, archery, scoutcraft, etc. At one of their last camps they were invaded by many rattlesnakes due to the dry season.

Politics

During the summer of 1948 Francis decided to run for County Commissioner at the urging of some of his friends, so his candidacy was announced.

Before announcing his candidacy he called one of the General Authorities of the Church to get their opinion of it, as he was still Stake President. He was urged to run because good men are needed in public office. My uncle Clarence Gardner, while serving as Stake President for about 27 years, was State Senator much of the time.

These quotes are from the Star Valley Independent, October 21, 1948. "For Honest Efficient and Impartial Government; we the people of Lincoln County are indeed fortunate to have a candidate for the important office of County Commissioner who possesses the unquestionable ability possessed by E. Francis Winters. Mr. Winters, our former County Agricultural Agent for many years, is well-qualified by reason of his experience in that capacity, which took him to every community in Lincoln County to meet with and discuss with people the problems most vital to their best interests. His honesty, integrity and dependability are outstanding. We can do no better than to elect him to the office of County Commissioner November Second. Friends of E. Francis Winters."

"Winters Candidate for Commissioner. Providing the only contest for the Republican contest for the Republican ticket in Lincoln County in the Primary Election next Tuesday, the Candidacy of E. Francis Winters will oppose that of George W. Thompson, Etna, in the GOP race for County Commissioner." Another advertisement: "Your vote will be appreciated in the general election. If elected, I will do my best to serve the citizens of Lincoln County."

Another Advertisement: "Vote Republican! On November 2, 1948. Add the names of these Republican county candidates to the great Dewey - Warren - Robertson - Barrett team. Stop the trend toward Socialism. Elect progressive qualified representatives. E. Francis Winters, Afton, Wyoming, for County Commissioner. John B. Georges, Kemmerer Wyoming, S. Reed Dayton, Cokeville, Wyoming, M.E. Rathbun, Kemmerer, Wyoming Representatives to the Wyoming State Legislature. These men will serve Lincoln County well." Francis was defeated by a narrow margin. Well, it was an interesting and exciting experience.

His Years As Stake President
September 21, 1947 - April 12, 1970

On Sunday, September 21, 1947, at the 10:00 A.M. session of the Star Valley Stake Quarterly Conference, Bishop Erastus Francis Winters was sustained as President of the Star Valley Stake of Zion, with Brigham Delos Gardner as First Counselor and Arthur Dixon Burton as Second Counselor. Leslie Harrison remained as Stake Clerk with Willard Hale as Assistant Stake Clerk. Francis replaced Royle S. Papworth, whose counselors where Carl Robinson and Ralph J. Hyer.

In a special meeting held at 1:00 P.M. in the Relief Society room the following were set apart by the General Authorities: Pres. Erastus Francis Winters, Counselors, Brigham Delos Gardner and Arthur Dixon Burton; High Councilmen, Charles Brown, Calvin Bateman, Delos Anderson and Lloyd Hyde. All wives of the above men were present. Elders Mark E. Peterson and Henry D. Moyle of the Quorum of the Twelve were present and set the men apart to their respective offices and callings.

The following is the blessing pronounced upon the head of Erastus Francis Winters by Elder Mark E. Peterson, as nearly as I, Margaret, can remember it:

"In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and by those having Authority, we place our hands upon your head and set you apart as President of the Star Valley Stake of Zion. We ask our Heavenly Father to bless you that you will be humble and prayerful at all times. If there is any dissension among your Council, if you will get down on your knees and ask the help of our Heavenly Father, you will be blessed with wisdom so that harmony will be restored. Seek your Heavenly Father at all times that you may act wisely in all things pertaining to your office and calling. If there is any bodily

weakness, we rebuke it that you may have health and strength to carry your responsibilities. Inasmuch as you are humble the Lord will magnify you before this people.

Inasmuch as you are faithful you will be blessed financially and will be able to care for your family. We ask our Heavenly Father to bless your good wife and family, that peace and harmony will reign in your home. The Lord loves you and is pleased with the work you are doing. Preside with love and wisdom."

President Papworth and his Counselors were released because President Papworth was moving to Portland, Oregon, to continue his practice in Dentistry. We were very humble in this calling; the largest crowd that had ever assembled in Conference in our Stake was present that morning. The Lord blessed me that I, too, might be able to attend. This day was three days prior to Wayne's birth, and I had been unable to wear my best shoes for some time because of the varicose veins in my legs, but that morning I was able to wear them.

On Saturday afternoon, September 20th, all Bishops and High Councilmen of the Stake were called in to be interviewed by Elders Mark E. Peterson and Henry D Moyle in order to assist them in selecting the new Stake President. At the conclusion of the meeting Francis returned home, called me, Margaret, into the bedroom and told me he had been selected to be the new President, and was to make a choice as to counselors that evening. He was very humble, and with tears and great emotion he told me. I was not very surprised, as I had had the impression that he was to be chosen, and in fear and trembling I had awaited his return. The children were to be told nothing, and their knowledge came as they heard it announced from the pulpit. They were all present for the occasion.

Of course we were all very proud that Francis had received this recognition. We too knew that pride does not accomplish the work of the Lord, that we as a family would now be looked up to to set the proper example before the people of this stake. It was our desire that the family understand this. Our eldest, Burton, was then nearly 14 years of age, and our youngest, Margaret Ann, was but 14 months. I was stake organist, and that, too, made a problem. We held a family council that day and talked with the children and asked their support to bring honor to their father in his new calling, and asked their cooperation that they would help him as much as possible. He said if they couldn't he would ask to be released. We commend them for their fine example. We had a family cow, and since we didn't own any property on which to have a barn or pasture we had to rent those facilities. This necessitated a little travel either by car or by walking. Burton was the one who assumed the responsibility of the cow. Allene and Kathleen were able to help with the younger members of the family, and I continued my organist position until about 1956, a position I held for about 18 years.

He had been in his new position only a few weeks when he had a special spiritual experience. The night of the Stake priesthood leadership meeting he was on the stand as the brethren were assembling. Brother D'Orr Child from Freedom came through the door into the chapel, and as he did so something said to Francis, "There is the next Bishop for the Freedom ward." It hit him like a thunderbolt, as they had not considered reorganizing the ward. Not many days later Bishop Reynold Robinson, the Bishop of the Freedom Ward came to Francis at the Star Valley Swiss Cheese Company where Francis was employed and talked with him about a

health problem he was having, and felt that it might be advisable for him to be released.

Thus the Lord does guide and direct his work here on this earth. He is mindful of each of us and wants the best for us. He probably had other experiences such as this. I might state that before calling Brother Child to become the bishop they, he and his counselors, carefully went through the entire list of priesthood in that ward, but the only person who seemed right for the position was D'Orr Child.

I do not know how to do him justice as he served so faithfully as stake president; he had his ups and downs. He went to reorganize one ward, and after choosing the bishop he later went to learn who he wanted as counselors. The new bishop requested a man who was not active in the church and who had a word of wisdom problem. Francis said, "If that is who you want I will approach him on it." He accepted and at the next stake conference he was asked to speak. In his talk he said, "When Pres. Winters asked me to become a member of the bishopric, (speaking of his word of wisdom problem) it scared it right out of me, and I have not smoked since."

One unpleasant task were the "courts" he presided over. I recall that one of these lasted until 6:00 a.m.

Another time neighbors in a ward were having heated arguments over water rights. It became so intense that the members felt not to sustain the stake presidency in their ward conference. Elder Spencer W. Kimball was assigned to visit the ward. He called a meeting, and used as a congregational song "Let Us Oft Speak Kind Words to Each Other" and other related songs. At the conclusion hearts were softened and progress was made on the problem. The Spirit of the

Lord touched their hearts, and the conflict was resolved, and peace came to their troubled souls.

There were many beautiful stake functions, Gold and Green Balls, Harvest Balls, when he crowned the young people of the stake as Kings and Queens of the Ball. John, Mary and Ann each had that privilege as members of our family.

One evening in September 1968 Francis had meetings with members of the Stake Presidency and High Council. After Francis left for meeting I received a telephone call from his counselor, F. Doyle Child, asking me to come to the Relief Society room in the Stake House at 9:30 and to wait in the hall until he came for me. I was ushered into the room, and Francis, who was conducting the meeting, asked if there was any more business. President Child rose to his feet and said he had a little business he would like to present. "Since Wayne was returning from his mission to New Zealand the members of the Stake would like to give President Winters and Sister Winters a vacation." He presented tickets to Francis for a trip to Hawaii where we were to meet Wayne. Francis protested, saying it would set a precedent, but President Child said if any one else served that long as Stake President they could have a trip, also. Francis turned to me and said, "Margaret, did you know anything about this?" I said, "No." Francis was very emotional as he finally accepted this beautiful gift of love from his co-workers. The tickets were all paid for, and arrangements made through a travel agency, so thus we had a wonderful vacation for nine days. We met Wayne in Honolulu at a hotel. He had stayed with a family who used to live in Star Valley, and they had helped him make a lei for each of us. We had told the ones on our tour about how we happened to be making this trip. They were as excited as we were when we met Wayne. One of the tour guides from Hawaii

said, "That renews my faith in mankind." Wayne flew on to Salt Lake City ahead of us so he could attend General Conference. On our last morning in Hawaii we were driven to the airport accompanied by the male member of our tour guides. Enroute I was nagged by the idea that I should ask him the "Golden Question." Finally I said, "What do you know about the Mormons?" He ducked his head and said, "In fact, I am a member." I boldly replied, "It looks like you have a little repenting to do." We had observed some of his actions which lead us to think he was not a member. Several years later while working in the Idaho Falls temple, Brother and Sister Thurman came to me and asked me if I remembered the guide. They had just been to Hawaii and he told them to tell me that he had become active in the church, in fact he was then a bishop. This trip was a wonderful event in our lives and we will always be indebted to the wonderful people in our stake.

Procedural changes took place during his time as President of the Star Valley Stake. I think since the beginning of missionary service the missionaries have been called by the General Authorities, interviewed and set apart by the same. I recall in the early days of the church a letter would suddenly appear in the mail from Box "B" calling one to serve as a missionary.

Let me quote from "Knight of the Kingdom" by Conway Sonne, page 54. This book is the life of our Great-grandfather Richard Ballantyne as reconstructed from his Journal..."But there was one certainty: no one knew what tomorrow would bring. After seeing his (Richard Ballantyne's) carefully laid plans crumble one after another, he was prepared for almost anything -- that is, anything except what happened at the special conference of the Church held in Salt Lake City on August 28 and 29, 1852.

"There were two features of this conference. The first was the public announcement of the revelation on celestial marriage, and the other was the calling of one hundred six elders for foreign missions.

"If a cannonball had been shot from the pulpit, he could not have been more surprised. For his call came without warning. The name of Richard Ballantyne was listed among those who were to preach the Gospel in Hindostan. For a moment he was so stunned that he could hardly believe what he had heard. He glanced quickly at Huldah. Her set jaw, pale face and clenched white knuckles proved he had heard correctly. Turning back to face the speakers' stand, listening vaguely to the last of the names read by the conference clerk, Thomas Bullock, he began to realize the meaning of the words he quoted as being real.

"On the sixteenth of October, Richard was set apart to this mission by Wilford Woodruff, Joseph Young, and Jedediah M. Grant." Four days later he departed for his mission and served without purse or script, leaving a wife and three babies at home.

As a child I recall my father in our family prayers say, "Bless the missionaries that their wants may be supplied." Father had some brothers serving as missionaries. I did not know when it was, but later they were told that they should take some money with them because the dangers of the missionaries trying to get rides and places to stay were more numerous. Thus it is today that they no longer rely on the hospitality of families caring for them.

As Francis became Stake President those recommended to serve as missionaries were interviewed by a General Authority. If one did not come to the Stake for a conference, the prospective missionary went to a nearby stake for his interview. Burton was interviewed by Elder Bruce R. McConkie in Salt Lake City as he was called to serve in the North Central States Mission in 1953. Evan went to Salt Lake City from Provo where he was attending B.Y.U. for his interview to serve in the Southern Australian Mission in 1958. John also went from Provo to Salt Lake City to be interviewed by Elder S. Dilworth Young, his call being to the Samoan Mission, the year 1960. This was also true for Bruce when called. He was first interviewed by his ward bishop, Jacob S. Kellersberger, then by Sterling W. Sill. The year was 1961.

By the year of 1966 the procedures had changed. Wayne was interviewed by his Father and of course his bishop. Margaret Ann in 1967 was also interviewed by her bishop and her Father. All missionaries were set

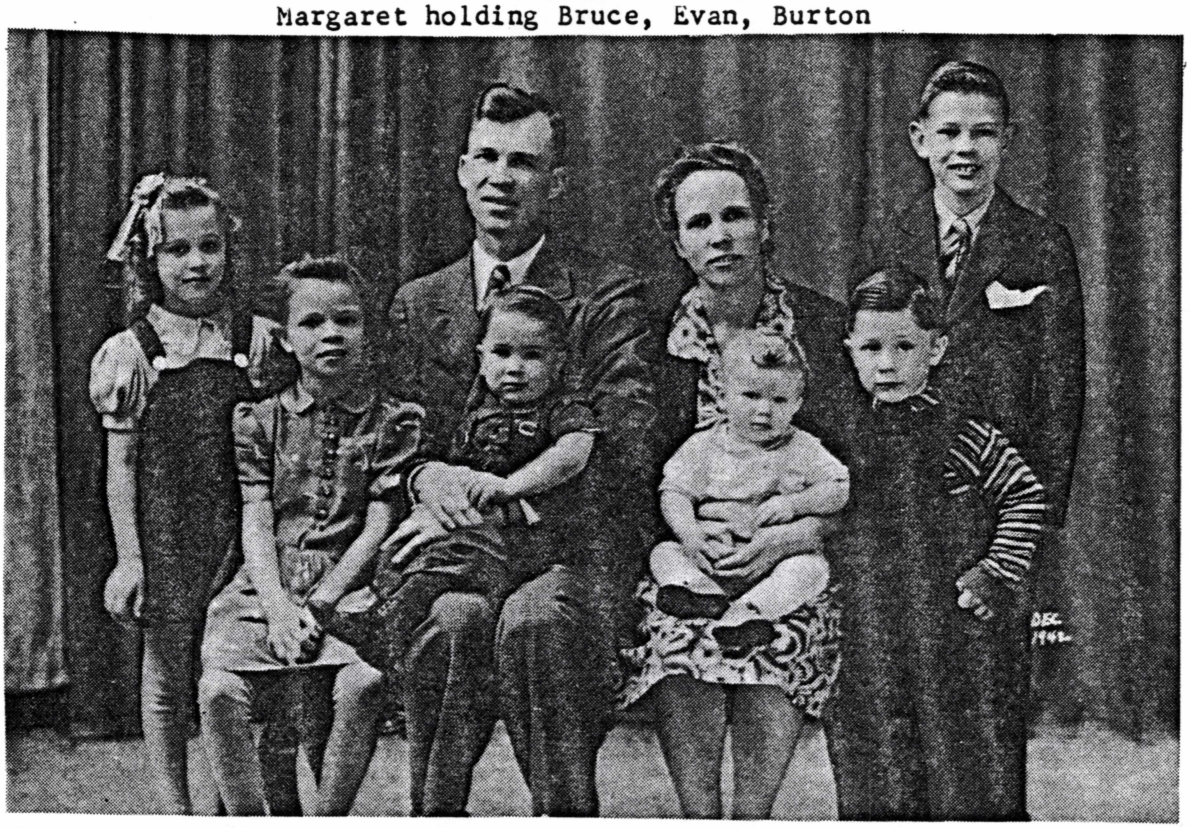
apart for their missions while in the Mission Home. Father, before his release, set apart a number of missionaries, rather than the General Authorities doing so.

For a long time it was customary for the missionaries to not only report in their home ward, but also in a Stake Conference as soon after completion of their mission as possible. This was true when Burton returned. His name was on the conference agenda for March 3, 1957 along with 10 other missionaries, some of whom were Michael M. Austin, Olaf Hokanson, who married my niece, Marie Burton, and Larry A. Call, now a son-in-law. This must have changed soon after because the missionaries often took so much time that there was little left for the other speakers. I recall that one missionary had been home several years and was missed and was really upset by the neglect. Burton had been home eight months before he reported in Stake Conference.

As the church expanded and there were more stakes scattered around the world, the Stake Presidents were given the responsibility of ordaining Bishops and later Stake Patriarchs. Thus the work of the Lord is continually being cared for with the right authority, that of the Holy Melchizedek Priesthood.

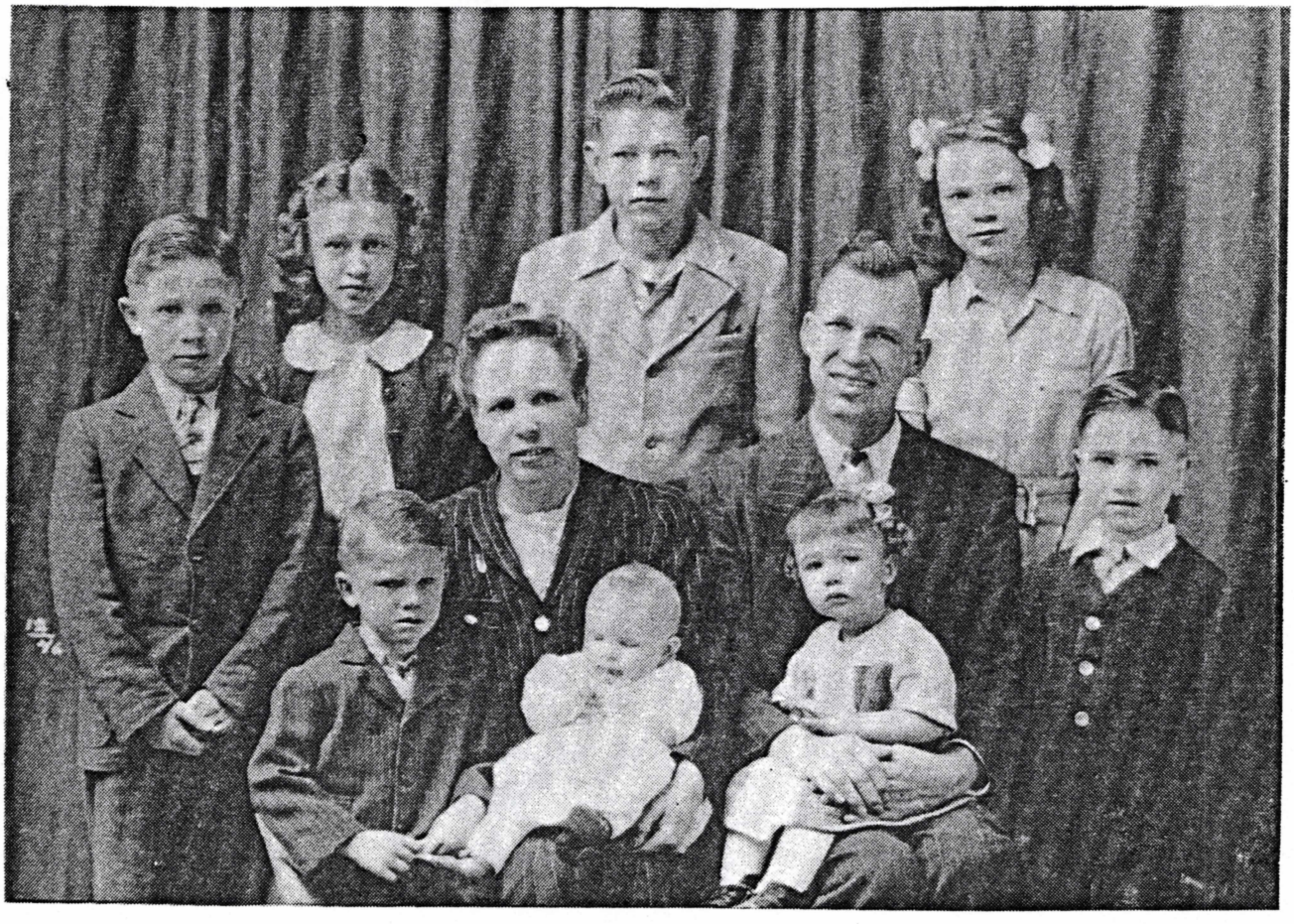
OUR GROWING FAMILY 1942

Left to Right:
Kathleen, Allene, Francis holding John
Margaret holding Bruce, Evan, Burton



AS IT WAS IN 1946

Front Row:
Bruce, Margaret holding Margaret Ann,
Francis holding Mary Esther, John
Back Row: Evan, Kathleen, Burton, Allene



OUR HOME IN AFTON, 1964
Front Row:
Wayne, Ann, Margaret, Francis, Mary
Back Row:
Bruce, Evan, Allene, Burton, Kathleen, John

AS BURTON LEFT FOR HIS MISSION, 1953
Front Row: Ann, Kathleen, Margaret, Wayne,
Francis, Bruce, Mary
Back Row: Allene, Evan, Burton, John

AUTOGRAPHS

I was a little slow in getting an autograph book, so missed some of the brethren who stayed in our home. Elder Spencer W. Kimball was the first General Authority to visit our stake. He came in March 1948, as I recall. I was more than a bit nervous with nine children, the eldest 14 and Wayne, the youngest, six months old. I felt I needed to give Elder Kimball the best bedroom, so had to move the baby crib into the smaller bedroom on the northeast. I scrubbed and cleaned and worried about my cooking, was it good enough? The time did arrive for him to come. He came in and played with the children, sat down at the piano and played it also. That certainly took the pressure off. I moved the table from the kitchen to the living room so we could stretch it out. (I always regretted that I did not have a dining room for these occasions.) I was glad that Elder Kimball was reassigned to visit our stake.

One of our next visitors was Elder Joseph F. Merrill. He was a basketball fan. He wanted to be able to hear the score of the B.Y.U. basketball team as he returned from the Saturday night meeting. Before we retired he asked to have the radio set so he could listen to the Spoken Word the next morning. He is the father of Aunt Annie Ballantyne, who was the wife of Mother's brother Alando Ballantyne.

Elder S. Dilworth Young visited us July 1, 1953. He wrote in verse as he visited us twice:

"With food such as these
Spaghetti and cheese
And other things good
I would
Like to come again
Thanks for the delightful time."

September 12, 1955:

"Winters come and winters go.
Some have ice and some have snow.
Some sleet and frost apart
Some of joyous happy heart.
Of this last are these we know,
Not these Winters, cold and snow.
In their snug and happy nest
Hospitality at its best.
Not e'en this of doggeral rhyme
Half describes our pleasant time
in your home."

Francis' Journal Sunday August 30, 1959:

"We received a phone call about 6:30 p.m. from Elder S. Dilworth Young advising us that he and Brother Walsh were stranded north of Etna with a bearing burned out. John went and brought them to Afton, and I called Rex Wirthlin, and he towed the car in. Elder Young's wife, Gladys Pratt Young, is very ill, so John and Margaret took them on to Salt Lake City that night, leaving at 10:30 p.m. They will return tomorrow, and Margaret will bring her Mother back to stay with us."

May 25, 1953: "May peace abide in your hearts and in your home. Faithfully yours, Harold B. Lee"

November 8, 1953: Dear Folks, I found no winter around the Winters home. The temperature was low and snow deep. At your home I found spring with all its joy, freshness and rich promise. Ten thousand people in many areas have heard me sing the praises of the E. Francis Winters family in their humility, wholesomeness and devotion. God bless you all. Spencer W. Kimball"

Pres. Kimball was thrilled with our nine children. He, too, was impressed with our red checkered tablecloth. I had no beautiful china nor linen. He said it reminded him of home as he was growing up.

August 15, 1954: "Dear President and Sister Winters, Just like I told you, 'you are wonderful,' and I thank the Lord for your wonderful leadership, and I thank you so very much for your wonderful kindness to me. May the Lord ever bless you and your lovely family. Your brother, LeGrand Richards"

May 20, 1956: "Dear Pres. & Sister Winters: I feel honored to have the privilege of enjoying the beautiful spirit in your home. I wish for you and your wonderful family the good things in life that come through serving our church. God bless you all, Carl W. Buehner"

March 3, 1957: "Brother and Sister Winters: It is a great pleasure to visit you in the winter. This morning after the night's snow it is beautiful, but the best thing about the visit is getting acquainted with the family. May you enjoy every blessing that may be helpful. Sincerely, Antoine R. Ivans"

March 18, 1958: "I wish to take this opportunity to express my deep appreciation to you for your hospitality and kindness to Bishop Rudd and me while we were in attendance at your Stake Quarterly Conference. We enjoyed very much being in your home, becoming better acquainted with you, and enjoying the association of your lovely children.

Congratulations on the good work that you're doing, President Winters. And, of course, back of every good man is a very good woman. So we congratulate you, Sister Winters, on the fine support you're giving your husband and the wonderful work you're doing. May the Lord's blessings rest down upon both of you and your children in rich abundance. Sincerely, your brother, Milton R. Hunter, Council of the Seventy"

Benson, Kimball, Hinckley

September 9, 1958: Dear President Winters: Gratefully I acknowledge receipt of your assuring letter of September 4. Thank you so much for your words of encouragement and confidence. It is my hope and prayer that my services in the days ahead will be such as to merit a continuation of your great help. Gratefully yours, Ezra Taft Benson." Written from 1907 Quincy Street, N.W., Washington 11, D.C.

The above letter and the following one show the humility of great people who receive these sacred callings from the Lord.

"Dear President Winters, Gardner and Burton: It is such letters as yours of June 17th that give me the courage to go forward and endeavor to fulfill the calling which is much greater than I have ever anticipated receiving . . . I hope and pray that He will so bless me that I may live up to your expectations and be a real servant to the people of the Church and a great help to President McKay and President Clark.

I will never forget the early experience I had with Elder Petersen in reorganizing the stake presidency. It was one of those initial experiences as a member of the Council of the Twelve which will always stand out in my mind and endear me to you brethren. Faithfully your brother, Henry D. Moyle"

May 22, 1960: "To the Winters, I have enjoyed three pleasant visits in your Stake. It is a privilege to be in your home. May peace and joy and all of our Father's choicest blessings ever be with you and your lovely family. Bruce R. McConkie"

The brethren were tactful and as in every position we hold, it seems we do not measure up in all phases as is indicated in this letter.

September 1, 1960: "Dear President Winters: We call your attention to a situation of which you are

already acquainted. That is, we have received no report for the July missionary labors of your stake mission . . . We would appreciate your giving us a report for July and for any other information concerning your stake mission which you think would be helpful to us . . . We urge that those who are entirely worthy to do missionary work be called into the service where they are willing to render at least the minimum time required.

Appreciating all that you do in the fulfillment of your responsibilities as a stake presidency we extend to you our best wishes for your continued success and that of your associates. Faithfully your brethren, Signed, David O. McKay, J. Reuben Clark Jr., Henry D. Moyle"

May 22, 1961: "President E. Francis Winters and Counselors, Star Valley Stake. Dear Brethren: We returned home safely last evening and look back with a great deal of satisfaction and happiness with our visit to your stake. I am grateful for your cooperation and the fine leadership you brethren are giving to the stake and its people. I was tremendously impressed with the fine people you have in the stake.

We want you to know President Burton, how much we appreciated the lovely hospitality of your home, as well as the sweet spirit which abides there . . .

Now, just a few items by way of re-emphasis and some new. I believe more attention needs to be given to the work of the clerks in regard to records and reports . . . . It was disturbing to learn that with approximately 100 non-members living within the stake boundary, the district supports five taverns . . . . (He goes on to mention the inactive programs which need more emphasis, also attendance of quorum members of all Priesthood Quorums at meetings etc.

Now mentioning these items, I recognize, brethren, you are doing many fine things. For example, 43% attendance in the stake at Sacrament Meeting; 93% ward teaching; the Aaronic Priesthood program under 21 is above the Church average; the Seminary program, from the standpoint of enrollment and activity, also results, is excellent; and the L.D.S. Girls' Program considerably above Church average; also the number of full-time missionaries serving is most commendable . . . . Continue to emphasize more temple marriages . . . . Faithfully your brother, Delbert L. Stapley"

September 19, 1961: "Dear President and Sister Winters: I don't know when I have attended a conference that seemed to be so spiritual in its nature. The people seemed to be receptive to the messages in all the meetings. The choir helped a great deal, and other arrangements that had been made showed evidence of good planning on your part.

It was a great pleasure to come into your home again and dine with you and rest in that quiet room undisturbed by trucks and cars . . .

Your compassion and benevolence is manifest among the members of the Stake. It is a great pleasure to be with such a refined, humble, and capable man as President Winters. This, it seems to me, is one of the first essentials in all our work in the Church. We are enjoying the cheese and the cream which were so kindly provided us. Sincerely, your brother and sister, Elray and Lewella Christiansen"

September 17, 1961: "Dear Folks: I always enjoy Star Valley. I always enjoy you and your fine children. Yours is a home based on L.D.S. standards and ideals. Sincere thanks, ElRay L. Christiansen"

May 20, 1962: "Thank you so much for your hospitality. I have greatly enjoyed my assignment here. Boyd K. Packer"

Brother Packer called on Mary and Ann to bear their testimonies. He called them up out of the audience. Ann had stayed home to care for her Grandmother Winters, so her turn came in the afternoon. Mary also spoke in the evening M.I.A. meeting, an assigned talk. This may be the time that upon returning home Ann told Elder Packer she enjoyed his talk, and he said "What did I talk about?" She didn't know, but I couldn't have told him either.

September 5, 1963: "Dear President Winters, I would like to express my thanks and appreciation for the blessings received while attending your stake conference. We appreciated visiting in your home and partaking of your hospitality. We were happy with the unity of the stake presidency and for the fine attitude of the people. We felt that all of the conference sessions received the blessings of the Lord. Your message to the people Sunday morning was outstanding and exceptional. I am sure the people profited from your counsel.

Accept of the compliments of the Church for your fine leadership and work. Sincerely, Bernard (P. Brockbank)"

May 9, 1966: "With all good wishes to Pres. and Sister Winters and their family. It must make you all feel very good that you are making your lives so rich in accomplishments. Sterling W. Sill"

His sweet wife accompanied him. Dear President and Sister Winters, Thank you for the privilege of spending a pleasant Conference weekend in your gracious home, especially on this Mother's Day. May our Heavenly Father send His choicest blessings to be with you, for your sweet dedication as parents, for the thoughtful care of your little mother, and for your

willingness to serve in His Kingdom. Sincerely, Doris T. Sill"

In my conversation with Elder Sill I asked him how he was able to read so many books and memorize poetry and quotations from them. He said something like this, "My wife drives for me, I mark the passages I wish to remember and when I return home I have my secretary put them on cards and file them for me."

November 23, 1966: "Dear President Winters: Congratulations on the great spiritual tone you emulated through both work and action to your people. Your talk on Sunday was stimulating and challenging . . . . I have felt our meetings on Saturday were productive and stimulating.

It was a joy to be in your home, President Winters. The love of the Gospel was much in evidence with you and Sister Winters and family . . . Sister Brown says thanks for the good Star Valley cheese I delivered to her with your greetings. Brother Hinckley was much appreciative of the spirit of yourself and all of your members. Sincerely your brother, Frank H. Brown"

Pres. Brown used to be stake president in the Big Horn area and Francis knew him and his wife Delilah personally. He did not serve long, think he died of a heart attack.

December 8, 1966: "Dear President Winters: The people love you. That was plainly evident in many ways. We who have seen you from a greater distance appreciate your devotion and ability.

Thank you very much for the cheese handed us by Sister Winters when we left. I know of no food better than Star Valley Swiss Cheese. Gordon B. Hinckley, Quorum of the Twelve"

May 6-7, 1967: "Thank you for your hospitality and good meals. May the Lord bless you always.

We probably knew Elder Tuttle and Elder Packer better than the other General Authorities because they each taught Seminary and later helped supervise that program. We met with the Seminary teachers in their meetings. As I recall Elder Tuttle was called to become one of the Council of the Seventy and later Elder Packer was called to be a member of the Quorum of the Twelve.

November 11, 1969: "Dear Elder Hinckley: We are happy to have you assigned to meet with us in Stake Quarterly Conference on November 15 and 16 . . . . You are no doubt aware that we desire to have a stake patriarch installed at this conference, and Elder Hunter asked us to have some suggestions as to brethren who might fill this position. We will have some names listed.

Sister Winters and I desire to have you stay with us. We will be happy to have Sister Hinckley come with you. We will have a meal ready at 5:30 p.m. Our address is 347 Adams . . . . Sincerely your brother, E. Francis Winters, President Star Valley Stake"

November 16, 1969: Sister Marjorie P. Hinckley accompanied Elder Gordon B. Hinckley to our stake. Here are her comments: Dear President and Sister Winters, It has been a choice experience for us to be in your home and partake of your sweet spirit and testimony. This is one of the great rewards for being a Latter-Day Saint. May the Lord continue to bless you with health and strength and happiness. Affectionately, Marjorie P. Hinckley"

As I visited with Elder Hinckley about the wars we have been having, he said that one good thing comes from these wars, that as our Latter-Day Saint men in

the services of our country teach the gospel to those in other countries, they have opened the nation of the Japanese and surrounding islands to the great missionary work. Some good does come from wars.

As Elder Thomas S. Monson came to make a change in the Star Valley Stake Presidency and appoint a new president, he stayed in our home. I visited with him that Sunday morning April 12, 1970, as I was preparing breakfast, and he came into the kitchen. Francis was preparing his talk in his den. Elder Monson said, "Sister Winters, I am calling your husband to become a Stake Patriarch." I said, "I have known this for a long time." He said, "I am not surprised." The previous fall following our Conference in November when we had expected to have a new Patriarch called and he wasn't, I was working in the kitchen one morning and it was as if someone said, "Francis is going to be called to be the next patriarch." At that time I did not know of his forthcoming release as President of the Star Valley Stake. This came with such a tremendously strong feeling, that I stopped dead in my tracks. A thrill went through my body. I have never before nor since had such a powerful witness of the Holy Ghost. I did not tell Francis until after he had received his new calling. He then told me he had received a letter in March telling him he was to be released.

Elder Thomas S. Monson wrote this in our autograph book the day of his visit: "To President and Sister Winters, You are two of the sweetest and choice people our Father in Heaven has placed on earth. 'Created in the image of God' is beautifully understood when one meets and knows you. May our Heavenly Father's blessings ever attend you and yours."

Francis had a sweet experience a year or so before with Elder Joseph Fielding Smith and another General Authority who came to our stake. A few days prior to

conference, Francis had many calls from the press in Salt Lake and locally asking for inside information, as to whether or not he was to be released. This was the only time we have had two General Authorities visit us. Francis had received no word. He told Elder Smith about it. (Later he was the President of the Quorum of the Twelve and made the assignments.) He smiled and said, "We have to fool them sometimes. It has been so long since anyone visited you that we thought two would come this time."

November 26, 1969: "Dear President Winters: Just a note to again say thank you for your great kindness when we were with you. Sister Hinckley and Jane join in this. It was an inspirational experience to be in your home and to feel of the spirit which you and Sister Winters carry with you. In our eyes you are a shining example of faith and devotion . . . Sincerely your brother, Gordon B. Hinckley

Upon his release as stake president many friends took time to express appreciation. This telegram came from Gale McGee, United States Senator: "Mr. and Mrs. E. Francis Winters, On this occasion I want to join members of the Star Valley Stake and the community as a whole in paying tribute to your long and devoted service as Stake President and leader, knowing that service will continue. All Wyoming thanks you."

Then from the Governor of Wyoming, Stan Hathaway: "Please relate to President and Mrs. Francis Winters my sincere congratulations and heart-felt admiration for him upon completion of almost 23 years of dedicated service as spiritual leader of the more than four thousand members of your faith in the Star Valley Stake and his elevation to the honored calling of Patriarch of the Stake. Mrs. Hathaway and myself feel the utmost respect for President and Mrs. Winters and share a

conviction with you that both of these fine people will continue to serve their God and their fellow man to the best of their ability." This telegram and the one above came to Doyle Child, who succeeded Francis as Stake President.

President R. Dean Robinson Stake President of the San Luis Obispo Stake in California and who grew up in Freedom, Wyoming, sent this letter:

"Just a note to express our appreciation to you for all you have done for our family over the many years you have served as Stake President. You have always been an inspiration to all by the spoken word and the fine example of your personal life. To me you are counted among the Salt of the Earth. Congratulations on your new assignment as Patriarch. I know you will do a wonderful job as you act as mouth to bring the will of the Lord to those worthy Saints who come to receive their blessing. Please give our love to your wife and family. May the Lord's blessings be with you always."

From Brother and Sister Delos Gardner, a former counselor for 17 years to Francis in the Stake Presidency, who was now living in Clearfield, Utah.
"We want to express our deep appreciation to you both for your many years of service to mankind, for your devotion to the work of our Heavenly Father. We are grateful for the part you have played in our lives and for the privilege we have had of associating with you. May you enjoy good health and get joy from your labors as you continue on in new assignments."

Then another: "At this time, we as a family would like to express our appreciation to you for the influence for good you have had in our lives. You are the only Stake President we have known since we moved to Star Valley, and next to members of our own families, have probably had more influence on our lives

than any other person. We have admired you over the years for your devotion to duty and your love of truth and right. We want you to know that we appreciate all that you have done for us and for all members of the stake.

I would like to express these same feelings of love and admiration in behalf of the Stake YWMIA Board. You have truly been a guide to us in our lives and a great help in directing the MIA program.

Please tell Sister Winters that we also appreciate her steadfastness and example and would like to be always considered your friends. Brother and Sister Claud Stauffer and Family." Sister Stauffer served as Stake President of the YWMIA Program, and Claud had served as Stake Clerk. They were wonderful friends of our whole family.

And from our dear neighbor and close friends who were spending the winter doing temple work in the St. George, Utah, temple, just an excerpt: "Dear Margaret and Francis, We were indeed surprised to hear of the change in our Stake. It is a well-deserved change for you, Francis. A job well-done and much satisfaction from knowing you did your best for so many years. We were pleased to hear of your new appointment and know you will enjoy this new experience. We have mentioned that we thought you would be such a wonderful Patriarch, and I guess the Lord did too. In fact, I mentioned it once to Margaret. Well, we congratulate you heartily. The Austins send their love and congratulations, too. Best love to you both. Sara and Ren" (Walker). Michael J. Austin was a counselor in the Bishopric when Francis served as Bishop.

From Parowan, Utah, May 4, 1970: "Dear President Winters, We read in the Church News of your recent release as Stake President and of your appointment as Patriarch. We want to extend our congratulations for

your long years of service, and for the wonderful contribution you have given to the building of the kingdom. And may we add, we are thrilled that you have seen fit to add still more years to serving in another capacity.

Your family all show a fine up-bringing. We treasure especially the association we have had with Burton and John. It has been our pleasure, recently, since our assignment has come to us to teach at the Institute in Cedar City, to meet some of the Shakespear boys -- L.D., Carl, and Macailif, (nephews of Francis) and I don't know of any finer boys, all returned missionaries. It's wonderful to claim such fine relatives.

May the Lord continue to bless you and sustain you in your new calling. Please convey our warmest regards to Sister Winters and the family as you see them or write to them. Sincerely yours, Phillip Hanks" (a distant cousin on the Dalley line).

Note: Burton and Joyce sang with Phillip while they both lived in Arco, Idaho. John served as a counselor to President Phillip Hanks as he served in the Samoan Mission.

Closing Conference Address
after nearly 23 years as Stake President

Appreciation and Consideration
(Talk for Stake Conference April 12, 1970)

My Dear Brothers and Sisters;

This is a momentous occasion for me. It culminates a 22 1/2 year period of my life during which time I have served as your Stake President. Our youngest son, Wayne, was born three days after I was sustained. It has been a great privilege to serve you in this capacity.

I express deep appreciation to those who were called as my counselors: President B. Delos Gardner and President A. Dixon Burton, who so faithfully served during 18 years. And then for President Norville L. Fluckiger and President F. Doyle Child, who have been devoted in their service since May, 1966.

It has been a privilege to be associated with the good brethren who have kept the records as Stake Clerks, starting with Brother Willard Hale and Leslie Harrison and ending with Elno F. Draney, Albon O. Harrison, Lynn M. Nield, Lloyd P. Burton and Jacob S. Kellersberger. Many other faithful brethren have served in clerical capacities during this period.

You brethren of the High Council, those who are serving now and the many who have served during the past 22 1/2 years, I deem it a great blessing to have rubbed shoulders with you.

Bishops and counselors who have been called, we have shared many wonderful experiences together. I cherish those experiences and acknowledge your faithful service.

Priesthood Quorum leaders, your leadership in this brotherhood of the priesthood has been one of blessing to members and their families.

It has been a thrilling opportunity to partake of your spirit and enthusiasm over the years, auxiliary superintendencies and presidencies and board members.

All members of this stake, I express love and appreciation to you, for your sustaining votes, for your support and for your faith and prayers in my behalf and in behalf of my counselors and other leaders. Sister Winters and I thank you for the vacation trip you gave us to Hawaii 1 1/2 years ago.

Then to my dear wife and family, I thank you for your loyalty, your patience, your help, your devotion to the Church and for your love.

The respect and regard shown by non-members of the church residing in our communities is deeply felt by me. Should there be any here today, I want to assure you that we have respect and regard for you, our friends, and even further, we consider you too our brothers and sisters, the spiritual offspring of one God, our God and your God. My testimony is that the Gospel of Jesus Christ has been restored in its fulness. We want to share the beauties and blessings of the Gospel with you. I ask that you give consideration to baptism, the gateway to membership in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.

To the wonderful youth of our Stake, I pay tribute to you. I ask that you give consideration for:

1. The Gospel of Jesus Christ - Let it become the dominating influence in your life. Ask through prayer of your Father in Heaven for a testimony. "If thou shalt ask, thou shalt receive revelation upon revelation, knowledge upon knowledge, that thou mayest know the mysteries and peaceable things, that which

bringeth joy, that which bringeth life eternal." Doc. & Cov. 42:61. Yes the Gospel, obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel will bring you great joy.

2. My young brothers and sisters, show consideration and love for your parents. They are concerned as to your welfare. Communicate with them. Young men as you date these young women in our stake, as many of you did last evening, give consideration to the parents of these young ladies. These fathers and mothers are holding you responsible for the safe care of their daughters during the time you are on dates with them. I was very interested in reading in the youth section of the last Improvement Era concerning dating practices of young women out on a date. The young man first gets permission from her parents. This seems very significant to me, and I am sure it must help to place rightful responsibility on the young man.

Pardon me for using a personal example, but I would like to tell you of an experience in my own family. I have tried to keep communication lines open with my children and wife, but sometimes in a busy schedule, I have not done all I should in this regard. When my daughter Mary was completing her second year at Ricks College, she met a young man whom she became quite interested in. I met him but did not get an opportunity to know him very well and raised some questions about him. She apparently decided that settled the matter, and so at graduation time she had already told him that their budding romance should come to an end, so it was rather a tearful time. Summer vacation was passing, and Mary's desire for further consideration of Don overcame her resolve to reject him. Correspondence started, and I had a feeling that perhaps I had not given opportunity for communication and consideration of this important matter as I should

have done, as she seemed so unhappy. We had a talk together and Mary expressed a desire to marry Don. I told her he had not asked me yet for my daughter.

Well, a phone call to New Mexico brought quick results. Don was to catch a plane and arrive in Jackson, Wyoming, in another few days. His visit was appreciated. We became better acquainted with him. The third day after his arrival we were ready to take him back to Jackson to catch the plane for the return trip to New Mexico. I wondered what had happened. He had not asked me for the hand of my daughter in marriage. I thought, "Perhaps they have decided not to get married." As we were emerging from the canyon road south of Jackson, in a rather weak voice, he asked something about getting married. "What was that?" I said, and again in a more audible tone he asked for the privilege of marrying my daughter Mary. Well, I thought he was never going to ask, but he did and I gave my consent and blessing.

My young brothers and sisters and you parents, keep your communication lines open. Show consideration for each other.

Parents, you too should give active consideration to your children, to the gospel of Jesus Christ and to each other, man and wife. We should show the way to our children. I would plead for enthroning father as the head of the home, for family unity. I would encourage you to hold weekly Family Home Evening.

I pledge support to our new stake leaders. May we all sustain them with our works as we have sustained them with our raised hands today. I would ask for the blessings of our Heavenly Father upon you our leaders, upon the youth and parents of our stake. I express my love to all of you.

I leave you my testimony that God lives, that Jesus Christ is his Son and our Savior, that we are led by a prophet, Joseph Fielding Smith today. I testify that our leaders today have been called by prophecy and will have hands laid upon them as they are ordained by those in authority to preach the Gospel and administer in the ordinances thereof. In the name of Jesus Christ - Amen.

CITATION

For his outstanding contributions of citizenship, patriotism and community service, which include many years of service and leadership in the Boy Scout, 4-H, Aaronic Priesthood, and other youth programs; active support and promotion of cultural events and programs, such as music, drama, dancing, and other fine arts; his attention to sports and recreational activities; for his cooperation and help in promoting our local business enterprises and industries, as a Church leader, as an employee, and as a private citizen; for his unswerving loyalty to his Church, community, state and nation; and for the high standards he has demonstrated and the example he has given in these fields of human endeavor; the people of Star Valley have benefited in many ways.

Now, therefore, in recognition of these contributions to the growth and development of our community, the undersigned civic organizations of Star Valley take great pleasure and pride in presenting this

DISTINGUISHED CITIZENSHIP AWARD

to

PRESIDENT E. FRANCIS WINTERS

in grateful appreciation for the outstanding service he has rendered to the citizens of our valley and its communities.

Dated this 23rd day of May, 1970, at Afton, Wyoming.

Clyde Gephart
Afton Chamber of Commerce

William L. Bagley
Afton Lions Club

Robert R. Easton
Star Valley Jaycees

W. Kenneth Olsen
Mayor, Town of Afton

IDAHO FALLS TEMPLE PRESIDENCY
20 Oct. 1970 - 20 Oct. 1975

Standing L : E. Francis Winters, first counselor; Cecil E. Hart, President; John Lloyd Porter, second counselor; B. Harrison Barrus, Recorder;
Seated: Margaret B. Winters; Vera P. Hart, Temple Matron; Leora Porter; Jessie Barrus.
Not pictured: 2nd counselor, R. Jennings Scott, sustained 20 Oct. 1970 - released spring 1973. He passed away not long after that. His wife Ruth T. Scott served during that period of time with him. John Lloyd Porter was sustained upon release of Pres. Scott in 1973.

Article in the Star Valley Independent
April 21, 1970

To the People of Star Valley;

It has been a great privilege to serve you. Please accept our thanks and appreciation for your support, and your kindnesses to us. We thank you again for the wonderful vacation trip you provided us in 1968. Your recent expressions of commendation and congratulations are so encouraging. The flowers from the Hirschi's, our family and others and words of praise from the Editor are humbly accepted. We trust we may still be able to render service in the communities of Star Valley

Sincerely,
E. Francis & Margaret B. Winters

We were honored by the members of the stake in a beautiful program, and this letter was in the newspaper also. We thank the Stake Presidency and Bishop and Mrs. Harold R. Papworth and all assisting for the lovely social held on May 23, 1970. The many friends and co-workers attending added to the enjoyment of the occasion.

Thank you for your lovely gifts. The recognition given by the Afton Chamber of Commerce, Afton Lions Club, Star Valley Jaycees, and Town of Afton is humbly accepted.

It is our desire to continue to enjoy the association of the people of Star Valley and be of service to you. E. Francis and Margaret B. Winters

Most of our family members attended as well as stake presidents from other surrounding stakes, also Uncle Alma and Aunt Drucilla Winters of Montpelier.

Our Temple Years

I remember clearly how our temple call began. I was giving piano lessons on Oct. 8, 1970, when the telephone rang. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon. When I answered it the voice on the other end said, "This is President Harold B. Lee's office calling for E. Francis Winters. Is he there?"

My reply was, "No, he is on his way home from work and will be here in about half an hour." The secretary said she could call later.

A thrill went through my system as I remembered visiting in Salt Lake City at the Hotel Utah a few days previous with Sister Lila A. Arave, the Idaho Falls Temple Matron, when she informed me that they were being released. President Parley A. Arave had been serving as Temple President since 1966. I had a feeling that Francis was to be called to some position there.

Francis had been home but a few minutes when the telephone rang and it was President Harold B. Lee, First Counselor to President Joseph Fielding Smith in the First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. They visited briefly, then President Lee dropped the "bomb." The Idaho Falls Temple Presidency was being released, and President Cecil E. Hart had been called as the new president. Francis had met both President and Sister Hart through the scouting program, as he was Stake President of the South Idaho Falls Stake. Francis had also met him at Regional Welfare meetings, but we did not know them very well. He had asked for Francis to serve as his first counselor. Francis, as a Stake President, of course, had talked with President Lee many times, and he just thought this to be a routine call. He was visibly shocked as he replied he would talk it over with me and call him in the morning, which he did.

Sister Vera Hart later told me that she had seen me on the tabernacle grounds while in Salt Lake City attending conference. She said as she saw me that day I was surrounded by a "halo" and seemingly alone amidst the crowd, and they then knew Francis was to work with them in the temple presidency. Francis was informed that he was to mention it to no one except me until further notice.

A letter dated October 15, 1970, arrived from President Hart, which read:

"In conversation with Pres. Smith's office this morning, it was indicated that Temple Clothing would not be required for us for the occasion on Tuesday the 20th.

Again: Luncheon 12:30 - 1:30 you and wife. Setting apart 1:30 - 2:30, you only, your wife and family may attend. Meeting with Temple workers 2:30 - 3:30. Meeting Deseret News & photos 3:30 - 4:00. They return to S.L.C. 3:00 p.m.

Please plan your arrival at your wish, according to above schedule. I have great faith in you and Sister Winters and the fine influence and service you both will give. Arriving early enough we may be able to look at the home and assess its needs for your comfort.

May the Lord attend you always, Faithfully yours, - Pres. Cecil E. Hart."

Thursday, October 15, we were given permission to call our family and tell them of our new assignment. Needlesstosay they were thrilled and saddened that we would have to leave the old home. Things would probably never be the same again. We invited them to attend the setting apart on Tuesday, October 20, 1970, in the Idaho Falls Temple. Allene and Elmo had a few years previously moved from Provo, Utah, to Grover, Wyoming, and Wayne and Gwendolyn were living in Rexburg, Idaho. They were the only ones close enough to attend.

That beautiful sunny fall day we, along with Allene and Elmo, drove to Idaho Falls and attended the 7:00 a.m. session in the temple. We had a special experience that morning as Francis was invited to witness the marriage and sealing of an elderly couple. They had a large family, but only one couple had qualified themselves to come to the temple and be sealed. At the close of the ceremony the parents laid their heads on the altar and cried for a long time. This was the spiritual experience which began our years in the temple. How near to the angels we were.

We then went over to see our new home across the street at 1144 Memorial Drive. The home is a very lovely brick home, all furnished. I felt that it was out of our class, but we would enjoy living there.

We drove with other members of the incoming Temple Presidency and the outgoing Temple Presidency to the airport to greet President and Sister Joseph Fielding Smith, also President and Sister Harold B. Lee, as they arrived from Salt Lake City. We rambled along in our little Rambler with their Cadillac cars. We often laughed about this.

Following their arrival we returned to the temple for a lovely dinner. We then went into the Assembly Room for our setting apart.

Here are a few notes I took that day: President Smith is here to confer sealing powers. He holds all keys, but may delegate some. President Joseph Fielding Smith set apart Cecil E. Hart as the new President of the Idaho Falls Temple, also Sister Vera Pfost Hart as Matron, Erastus Francis Winters as First Counselor. Reed Jennings Scott was set apart by President Harold B. Lee. Sister Jessie Evans Smith sang "They Found Him Teaching in the Temple."

President Harold B. Lee spoke of the revelation recorded in the Doctrine and Covenants, Section 132,

which was given through Joseph Smith the Prophet, at Nauvoo, Illinois, recorded July 12, 1843, relating to the new and everlasting covenant, including the eternity of the marriage covenant. He quoted from Gospel Doctrine written by President Joseph F. Smith, father of Joseph Fielding Smith, concerning the ordinances administered in the temples. They are the same as were administered to the leading authorities of the Church by the Prophet Joseph Smith himself. The ordinances must be letter perfect in all temples. They were instituted before Heaven was created and are not to be altered. The Lord will tell us where a temple is to be built. We are the nearest to heaven on earth when we are in the temple.

In our meeting with the ordinance workers each member of the retiring presidency and the newly-called were given opportunity to speak briefly. President Parley A. Arave said, "We love the manner in which this was done." President Willard S. Wray said of the new presidency, "If they could only know what blessings await them." President Alden Poulsen's comments, "My feelings are tender with memories of the past years. This is God's House. We bridge the gap between time and eternity and build up our faith here...the blessings are eternal."

The new presidency responded with short remarks. President Cecil E. Hart said, "It is a time of meditation and careful contemplation." Francis expressed his gratitude for this sacred calling. President Jennings Scott remarked, "I have been trying to convince myself that these things are real. The Lord's work will have to be done by busy people. The Lord will prepare the way if you accept." Sister Vera Hart was also called on and responded with, "I am grateful for the beautiful blessings pronounced upon my head by President Smith."

Sister Jessie Evans Smith sang "Temple By The River." This song was written by Marie Manwaring Anderson of Shelley, Idaho, a song which immediately captured the hearts of the people, not only in this area, but has been sung all over the world.

President Joseph Fielding Smith read his talk; he ordinarily did not do that. He extended his appreciation for Pres. & Sister Parley A. Arave and his counselors for their fine years of service. He said, "No work of the gospel is of a more unselfish work than that of the temple. It is a work of love which shall be a great joy in Heaven for the souls we have helped toward salvation." The temple was then twenty-five years old.

The closing song was "Redeemer of Israel" conducted by Brother Ardell Watts, accompanied by Brother Oscar Johnson on the organ.

Again I quote from my Journal: "Today, October 25, 1970, has really been a great day in our lives. This has been a day of good-byes to the wonderful people of this stake as we leave on our new assignment, Francis as First Counselor in the Idaho Falls Temple Presidency. We are looking forward to our new challenges and of spending full time in the service of our Heavenly Father.

"I sang with the Stake Singing Mothers in Stake Conference as we sang 'Abide with Me 'Tis Eventide' and 'Love One Another.' Elder Bernard P. Brockbank was our visitor from Salt Lake City. Francis and I were called on to bear our testimonies. There were many in tears, tears of joy in our new appointment, but sadness as we left the stake.

"Following conference this morning we participated in a Patriarchal Blessing for Barbara Bagley, then went to the Smoot Ward where we both spoke, and Francis sang

'Out of the Depths.' Upon returning from there, Francis had an appointment with President Doyle F. Child, the new Stake President. I went over to Paul Stocks, our ward Sunday School Superintendent, to deliver him my Sunday School manual.

"I then paid a visit to Sisters Bertha and Lydia Michaelson, who are elderly spinster ladies, and Bertha is unable to attend meetings. I also paid a visit to Sister LaVon Venter, who is ill. My one regret in leaving the valley is that I haven't taken more time to visit the sick and homebound.

"Francis and I attended choir practice and Sacrament Meeting. Elder Curt Kellersberger reported his mission to the North British Mission. Brother and Sister Herbert Anderson played a violin and piano number. Francis and I were called on to give our testimonies. At the close of the program the choir sang, 'God Be With You 'Til We Meet Again.' I noticed Francis sang with them, but I was in tears, (as usual).

"These are such wonderful people to live among, and it is hard to pull up our roots and leave. I have been serving as Relief Society Chorister, Sunday School teacher, and both of us have been ward dance directors. Francis has been a very successful choir president, having now a fifty-voice choir, when not too many months ago there was none. He has also been a home teacher with Allen Robinson as his junior companion." He really enjoyed this assignment with Allen.

"We are very humble in our new assignments, but it will be an opportunity for great spiritual blessings as we serve our Heavenly Father in this glorious work. We plan to begin our labors November 3rd."

I began packing the week we received the call, but since no one was to know about it, I had to be very cautious. We had moved into our new home on Adams

Street during the Christmas holidays, 1940. We had reared a large family, had them all married now and in homes of their own, but there were still some things which they had left behind. Francis had used our home as a stake office, so he had many church files in our home. We should have been moved by October 20th, but there was no way we could accomplish it on such short notice. We were given until November 2, 1970. We were greatly blessed, as the weather was sunny and lovely, and we had Allene and Elmo's assistance, which we greatly appreciated. Our neighbors also assisted.

Quoting from Francis' personal record: "I was assigned by President Cecil E. Hart to assist with the following: endowment sessions, ordinance workers cast, preparation of forms and details in calling new ordinance workers, and sealings." It was indeed a heavy assignment. President R. Jennings Scott was over the baptisms.

Quoting still further, "I performed my first marriage in the temple November 24, 1970, sealing Scott Allen Nield and Carol Pearson for time and all eternity. This was a lovely but also a frightening experience. I was worried about doing it correctly. They were a lovely couple." He was a native of Afton, Wyoming.

This notation is from Francis' Journal: "Margaret and I returned to Star Valley November 7 and 8 and finished giving patriarchal blessings. Included in these were blessings to the Delaine Roberts family (our neighbors) and to my grandsons Michael and Gary Astle. Margaret served as scribe and typed all my blessings. She does a neat and accurate job.

"The work is very exacting at the temple. We get up at 4:00 a.m. and arrive at the temple at 5:00 a.m. I stay there until about 3:00 to 3:30 in the afternoon.

Margaret gets home a little earlier. We go back to the temple at 5:00 or before and do not get home until 10:30 to 11:00 p.m. Later on in 1972 Margaret was given Wednesday and Friday off, subject to call if needed." Francis was also supposed to have Thursdays off, but seldom took them. "This was a learning year. I (Francis) got discouraged at times, but found much joy in this service."

I should mention that following the setting apart of our husbands, Ruth Scott and I thought we would soon be set apart, at least President Lee said we would. We went to the temple each day and were given very few assignments. From our observation, we thought we would be called as assistant matrons. Finally, on the 7th of April 1971, we were set apart as ordinance workers. I was very pleased about that and loved working with the temple officiators. Before this Ruth and I did work at the veil, and I was assigned at times to talk with the brides and serve as an usher. This was a very frustrating time in my life. I later found that some wives of temple presidents don't even attend the temple. I also helped Francis in his office. We still were not invited to learn the ordinances. After the closing of the temple for remodeling and the preparations for the reopening, on my own, when they were training new ordinance workers, I studied and finally became a full fledged ordinance worker. How I loved working in the initiatory work.

While living in Afton we became very close friends with Lorenzo and Sarah Walker. They lived just south of us and built and moved into their home about 1942. She was probably the most intimate friend that I had. About the time we moved to Idaho Falls they retired from their "Walker Variety Store" and spent the winters in Mesa at the temple. Later they moved to Laverkin, Utah, and officiated in the St. George Temple. In 1973

she became ill and went home to Afton for surgery. She passed away Saturday, September 22, 1973. While performing the washings and annointings my first day, I felt her presence and guidance all morning. It really made me feel good to know she was near by.

Another time while working in the sacred service in the annointings and washings, tears came to the eyes of the young woman I was helping. She looked startled as she said, "She is right here." She was doing the work for one of her relatives. We all felt the special spirit and there were no dry eyes in the room.

From September 1972 until October 1973 the temple was closed for some additions to it. The basement and sub-basement were finished to provide for a lovely cafeteria and youth center. The purpose of the latter is to provide a place for the children and youth to wait who are to be sealed to their parents. Here they have films on the purposes of temples, church magazines, toys, etc. to occupy their time. I often was privileged to accompany these children to the sealing room and wait while they were being sealed to their parents. It is about the most beautiful sight in all the world. Many tears of joy are shed in those sealing rooms. I often made the remark that, "Even the most mischievous boys look like angels dressed in white in the sealing rooms." During the remodeling they added two sealing rooms, a much needed modern laundry, storage areas in the sub-basement, and more lockers. The large pond in front of the temple was filled in and flowers planted in it. The steps to the entrance were also changed, making it even more beautiful.

During the time the temple was closed Francis had the shingles, which if I understand it right, is a disease of the nervous system. I was surprised that he had this while his schedule was more relaxed, but he overcame it rather quickly.

Francis and President Hart worked with the contractors and church architect Emil B. Fetzer during this time. We also took some genealogical research classes at the stake genealogical library. Francis was a great organizer, so he worked on revising the temple schedules to help people to be able to do more sessions while at the temple. This was helped also by a change made by the church. Until the latter part of President Arave's administration the patrons attending an endowment session also did the initiatory work prior to going through the session. This was changed so that others could do the washings and anointings, the same as was done in baptisms which were done separately. This greatly facilitated the work. The new schedule was worked out so that by keeping the sessions on schedule they could start a new one every hour beginning at 5:00 a.m. and running until 9:00 p.m., except during the early afternoon. Later under President Delbert V. Groberg's administration the 2, 3, and 4 o'clock sessions were added. The 9:00 p.m. session was reserved just for the priesthood, to assist them in catching up with the number of endowments done by the sisters. It seems that the men were about 20,000 behind when our administration took over, but by adding the extra priesthood session in the evenings and reserving the first Saturday in the month for the priesthood, this deficit was nearly wiped out when we were released.

When the Idaho Falls Temple first opened the first session was at 7:00 a.m. The 8:00 a.m. session was for those going through for their own endowment in conjunction with which a meeting was held consisting of talks and congregational singing and occasionally a special musical number. These were spiritual meetings and helped prepare the brides, grooms, missionaries, etc. as to the purpose of the temple. It also set the

proper spiritual mood. During our administration the church suggested these meetings be discontinued, but under later administrations they went back to them in this temple. Personally, I feel that they provide the proper atmosphere and spirituality to enable those attending the session to feel of the Spirit of our Heavenly Father as they receive their endowment.

Following is an excerpt from Francis' journal during this time dated Wednesday, January 10, 1973, "I am 66 years old today. I am grateful for life and the many blessings I have received over the years. Margaret made a birthday cake and served a special dinner at noon.

This evening cousins from this area who came to see us included the following: Joseph Dalley Armstrong, age 76 and his wife Mertie; Albert Hulet and wife Vida; Agnes Cutler, 96 years; James S. Pratt; James and Maude Armstrong Reed; Homer D. Whittier and wife; Eleanor Graham, daughter of James and Maude Reed. This was a very cold night, below zero. Cousin Agnes Cutler was living in the nursing home in connection with the L.D.S. Hospital nearby. The workers allowed us to take her to our home and return her to that facility when the birthday party was over. She lived ten more years.

We visited her occasionally, and she was so glad to be remembered by us. She had broken her hip and had been living with her granddaughter who was a school teacher. She longed to return home, but that wish was never granted. How sad for fathers and mothers to feel abandoned. She was a lovely pioneer lady. She had only one son and he had died.

President Delbert V. Groberg, following his release from the temple, wrote and published a book "The Idaho Falls Temple, the First L.D.S. Temple in Idaho." He presented me with a copy March 28, 1985 in which he wrote on the flyleaf, "To Margaret Winters - with love and gratitude for your help and for your friendship over the years - you and President Winters and your family are truly 'Salt of the earth.' Sincerely Mr. & Mrs. Delbert V. Groberg." Francis and I helped gather some of the material for the book, but he did not live to see it published.

Quoting again from Francis Tuesday, March 6, 1973. "Arose at 6:50 a.m., prepared for meeting at the temple at 9:45 a.m. Met with President Hart, Brother B. H. Barrus, Brother Lloyd Porter, Bishop Arthur Morganegg and Brother Leonard Manwaring. The progress in the building looks better; we may be able to start baptisms in April. We planned for a meeting with the ordinance workers on March 15."

Thursday, March 15, 1973. "Went to the seventh Ward Chapel at 6:15 p.m. Some people were already waiting to get in when I arrived. I unlocked the doors and met people as they arrived. The chapel was full. We had an excellent meeting. John Lloyd Porter was sustained as Second Counselor in the Temple Presidency. President R. Jennings Scott was released." I might add that President Scott had large, extensive farming operations, and it was difficult for him to always be there. I do feel that he was very hurt by being

released. We loved the Scotts. He died suddenly from a heart attack a year or so later. We missed him.

Francis was loved and appreciated by his co-workers for for his kindness and thoughtfulness of them, for the quiet way he conducted himself, and for his great humility. He was the one who soothed "troubled waters." Yes, there are times like that in temples, too. He was the one they turned to with their special problems, for he always listened with attentiveness and gave careful consideration and great thought to the problem. He was very much like his father, Niels. When I first became a member of the family, I would ask Father Winters a question and sometimes I thought he had forgotten the question and then suddenly he would answer. Many remember Francis, as one niece wrote, "for the twinkle in his eye and the loving look he gave them." I am still shown much respect by those who knew him and worked with him. Often as I go to the temple and former workers speak to me, they turn to those with them and say, "This is President Winters' wife." I will always be grateful for this blessing. Because of his righteousness we rubbed shoulders with Church Presidents, Apostles and many spiritual giants.

Francis' journal March 12, 1974. "The baptismal session from Rexburg, Idaho, Ricks First was especially good tonight. As I came into the room and saw the seats and steps filled with beautiful young women and

handsome young men, I thought of Jesus teaching his disciples." This shows Francis' love for the youth of the church.

Wednesday, March 13, 1974. "President Hart called Salt Lake City Church Offices and talked to President Edmunds of the Salt Lake Temple concerning negroes being baptized in the Temple. He said negroes may be baptized for the dead if they are members and worthy and have a recommend. President Richard Bird of Ricks Second Stake requested this information." This was several years prior to President Spencer W. Kimball's receiving the revelation that the priesthood could be given to all worthy male adults regardless of color.

September 3, 1974. "I took Sister Leask to baptisms, a sister from Vancouver, British Columbia. Her daughter is being married in the Temple tonight. She will do baptisms during this time. She shed a few tears." During that time women who were married to non-member and inactive husbands were not allowed to receive their endowment, but could do baptisms. This has changed now.

Well, all good things come to an end. I have this in my journal, September 17, 1975, "President Hart received a telephone call from President Spencer W. Kimball telling him that there will be a new temple presidency in the near future. He called Sister Hart and Sister Porter, President John Porter and Francis into his office and told them about it. Since it isn't my day to be at the Temple, Francis telephoned me later." Delbert V. Groberg, an Idaho Falls realtor was called as the new president. Brother Groberg checked recommends for us at the front desk. His son John was a Regional Representative in the Pacific Isles and later called as a member of the Quorum of Seventy.

The Temple is not open on Monday, but on October 14th President Hart was at the Temple and called Francis over and said that we could call our family and

start proceedings toward a mission. We called each of them. Mary did not have a telephone at that time, as they had recently moved into another home, but we got a message to her.

Thursday, October 16, 1975. "Went to Temple. Sister Hart announced in our meeting with the ordinance workers that we are to be released October 25 at 7:00 p.m. President and Sister Spencer W. Kimball, also President and Sister Marion G. Romney are to be present. The ordinance workers are invited to the meeting. It was quite an emotional time; many tears were shed along with their expressions of love."

"Francis went back to the temple to meet with President Hart and the new Temple President. It was Francis' job to get the key and let President Groberg into President Hart's office without anyone seeing him. Outside of the office is a wall with a gate that needed to be opened. The engineer, Brother Manwaring, could not find the key to the gate. He finally ended up having to saw the lock off, which delayed the meeting about an hour. I asked him how he liked being part of a conspiracy. He laughed and said I sounded like President Porter who asked him how he liked being an undercover agent. Brother Manwaring said it was a good thing the police did not discover them."

Friday, October 24, 1975. "Today we had our pictures taken for our missionary application and also a colored portrait which we will use for our Christmas to our family. When we arrived home, Mary, Don and sons Robert and Larry were here from Kirtland, New Mexico. Francis and I both worked at the Temple. Tomorrow will be my last day as an officiator at the Idaho Falls Temple. I have been having a hard time all week to control my tears as one by one the workers have put their arms around me and expressed their love. I will need extra help from the Lord tomorrow."

Saturday, October 25, 1975. "Up at 3:00 a.m. for an early session at the Temple at 5:00 a.m. Sister Clayton assigned me, Margaret, to be in charge of following the wedding session as my last assignment.

"Evan, Patsy and children arrived during the morning, and with Mary and Don came to the Temple, attending our last 1:00 p.m. session. I stayed at the Temple until they came over. I took the children and went over to the photographers to pick up the proofs of our small pictures, also stopped at the grocery store. It is cold and stormy.

"Allene, Elmo, Kathleen and Larry arrived in time for dinner. As we were leaving for dinner at the temple, Burton, Joyce, Christine and Jennifer arrived. We are thrilled to have so many family members here for our release. Wayne, Gwendolyn, Lisa, Michelle and Julie arrived in time for the meeting.

"President Spencer W. Kimball and his counselor Marion G. Romney with President Kimballs' Secretary, Arthur Haycock, were here for the releasing and setting apart of the new presidency and matron.

"The brethren and wives along with the above guests toured the Temple, then Sister Porter and I joined them, along with Sister Hart and other guests in the new dining room. We found Sister Hart there ahead of us helping set the table and preparing for the meal. This is the first time the new dining room has been used. The dishes, silverware, linens, were all carefully selected by Sister Hart. Our meal consisted of cold cuts of meat and cheese, fruit salad, hot rolls, pickles, ice cream and cookies, all beautifully prepared and served.

"Following the meal President Kimball and President Romney changed into their white suits then we all went as a group into the meeting. The main chapel was mostly reserved for family members of the

new presidency, retiring presidency, and stake presidents. We had permission to have the services televised into the other chapel and the lounge used by the brethren for their meetings with their ordinance workers. Our ushers were all in white clothing, but the rest of us wore street clothing. Sister Porter and I sat with our families, which was a great joy for us. It was a beautiful meeting, one to be long remembered.

"President Cecil E. Hart conducted. The opening song was "We Thank Thee O God For A Prophet," conducted by B. Harrison Barrus, with Sarabeth Nixon at the organ. Francis gave a beautiful invocation filled with emotion, as was President Hart's talk. Some commented later that they had never seen President Hart have such a hard time to keep his emotions under control. President Kimball expressed appreciation for the retiring presidency and called for a vote as they were released. He then called for a vote as he announced the calling of the new presidency, Delbert V. Groberg as President, with his wife Jennie as matron; Calvin D. McOmber Jr. as First Counselor, and Willis G. Nelson as Second Counselor, with Loo Williams as the new recorder, replacing B. H. Barrus, who has served many years. President Hart and the new presidency each spoke briefly. President Kimball and President Romney each spoke. The closing song was "The Spirit of God Like a Fire Is Burning," with the closing prayer by President John Lloyd Porter. Sister Lisle Andrus played the prelude organ music and postlude.

"As I recall the talk President Kimball gave, he said that the time will come when the temples will be open 24 hours each day, that we need to get our work done now, for when the Ten Tribes come down from the north they will completely occupy the temples in order to get their work done.

"The building was filled to capacity with ordinance workers and invited guests. There were many tears shed and the Spirit was in rich abundance.

"We arrived home in time to have pie and ice cream with our family before Allene, Elmo, Kathleen, Larry and Wayne and Gwendolyn left for home. It was an evening long to be remembered. Sister Hart sent Mark Nelson, one of our engineers, over with a beautiful floral arrangement of peach colored gladiolus and yellow mums. The officiators gave us a beautiful silver tray engraved 'Presented to President and Sister E. Francis Winters by the Idaho Falls Temple Officiators, 1970-1975.' We also received books, cards and letters of appreciation."

Temple Thoughts

Evelyn M. Sandberg

Within these quiet walls let my hands be at rest;
Let me cease traffic with all idle thoughts,
If I have brought with me earth stains of doubt or fear, Let me not keep them long. In these few hallowed hours, Father, help me to see all I was meant to be -- release my sacred powers.
Let me emerge again more fully thine indeed, feeling Thy grace and power filling my every need.

Sister Hart, Sister Porter and Sister Winters
To you, our leaders, kind and good,
Our sincere thanks we give
For years of service to the church with
Which we live.
May the blessings of your service
Lead you onward in the light,
Ever learning, ever giving strength
To what you know is right.

Did you know you were brave, Did you know you were strong? Did you know that you helped when we erred? Did you know that we waited and listened and prayed and was cheered by your simplest word? Did you know that we longed for the smile on your face, for the sound of your voice ringing true? Did you know we grew stronger and better because we had touched shoulders with you.

We may not have wealth, We may not be great, But we know we shall always be true. For we have in our lives that courage you gave. When we touched shoulders with you. Sisters on Friday

Rose Orme Supervisor

Written by Hester Devenport

SPIRITUAL TEMPLE EXPERIENCES

Following is a conversation I, Margaret, had with Jean Merritt of Salmon, Idaho, February 4, 1971. She had completed doing ten baptisms for the dead. She said she felt real good about six of them and especially about three of them. She felt as she walked up the steps leading from the baptistry that a group of the unseen spirits were waiting there to thank her.

She told me of an experience, in which she had seen her dead ancestors in the spirit prison. "That was one of the most horrible experiences I have had. I heard Satan laugh. There are no words to describe that laugh, and I hope I will never hear it again, it was so terrible. As he opened the prison gates and let some of her ancestors out, then closed the gates, the others sank to their knees in despair with a terrible groan. We just can't realize how important this work is," she said.

She told me of a friend she had who had passed away now. "Her father had told her he didn't care which church she joined as long as it wasn't the Mormon church. He died, and one night she saw him in a dream, and he was walking up and down, up and down, with a worried expression on his face. The missionaries had been teaching her and she told them about it. They told her about genealogy and said, "Did you ever stop to think that maybe your father is worried now after having been taught the gospel in the spirit world that you will not join the church?" She was baptized. Sister Merritt said she had a feeling this evening that some of the people she was baptized for were her friends relative's.

One very busy Saturday in March 1971 Brother and Sister Wennig brought a group of Lamanites to the Temple from Fort Hall, Idaho. One of Brother Wennig's counselors had gone to get one special brother so he could receive his endowment and have his deceased wife sealed to him. In fact, this was

the main purpose of this group of Lamanites being in the Temple this morning.

Well, the group waited and waited, and this Lamanite brother did not arrive. Phone calls were made, but all to no avail. Finally, the Lamanites joined a company and went through. Those helping that day with that group were filled to tears at seeing the humbleness of this group. There was never a whisper, they scarcely raised their eyes from the floor.

Weeks later here came Brother and Sister Wennig with that special Lamanite brother who had not come with the others. There is a story told about this brother. His wife passed away. He, too, had been taken into the spirit world and told he must return and get his temple work done. Many years had passed and he had not accomplished it.

This evening Brother John Porter did the sealing for this brother. He said it was a glorious evening. Brother Porter performs many sealings in the Idaho Falls Temple, but this had been the choicest of all. Upon completion of this sealing the Lamanite brother laid his head upon the altar and sobbed and sobbed for a long time. Finally, Brother Wennig raised him from the altar, held him in his arms and helped him from the room.

On August 17, 1971, I was helping direct the sisters to their dressing rooms, when two sisters came to me, one from Idaho Falls, and the other from one of the eastern states.

The sister from the east was going through for her mother. She herself had had her endowment in the Salt Lake Temple just the week previous, so this was only her second time through the temple. She was very nervous and tense. The sister from Idaho Falls told me that the mother had passed away two years ago and had appeared to her daughter several times, the last time being only last week when the daughter was in the Temple. She actually saw her mother standing there.

She said, "Now you have your endowment, don't forget about me." The daughter that day was observed weeping as she did the endowment for her mother.

July 16, 1972, in the Idaho Falls Seventh Ward, an Elder Curtis, recently returned from the Central Japanese Mission told the following:

"About a year ago Apostle Hugh B. Brown was in Japan speaking to a church gathering there. He said, 'I feel the spirit of prophecy upon me.' He said in words to this effect that many people in that audience would live to see the day when Japan would be dotted with temples."

He also said that the time would come when a Japanese would serve in the High Councils of the church. Elder Curtis interpreted it as meaning he would be an Apostle, also that the Japanese missionaries would teach the gospel to the Russians.

Elder Curtis further said that one good thing had evolved from the occupation of the Chinese Communists. There are many dialects in China, making it difficult for a Chinese from one area to understand a Chinese from other areas. The communists by force are unifying the language. He said that when that land is opened to the preaching of the gospel, piles of church literature already printed in the Chinese language will then be distributed among converts in China.

Elder Curtis helped in the Mormon Pavilion during the World's Fair in 1971 held in Tokyo, Japan. He said that during one day they had 94,000 people go through the pavilion.

My Memories of Solemn Assemblies Which I Have Attended

By E. Francis Winters

George Albert Smith became the 8th President of the Church on 21st May, 1945. He was sustained in a Solemn Assembly in connection with General Conference in October 1945.

David O. McKay became 9th President on April 9, 1951. (Pres. Geo. Albert Smith died April 4, 1951). I was in Pocatello, Idaho, attending a Tendoy Council Boy Scouts of America Board meeting. I noticed an announcement in the newspaper at the hotel the next morning and called my wife. I rode to Salt Lake City on the bus; where I attended the funeral and also the Solemn Assembly.

Joseph Fielding Smith became 10th President on January 23, 1970. The Solemn Assembly was held during the April Conference 1970.

These assemblies are very solemn and spiritual. The Priesthood are seated in the Tabernacle by quorums and groups. The voting is by quorums and groups in this order: President, First Presidency, Quorum of Twelve, First Council of Seventy, Church Patriarch, High Priests, Seventies, Elders, Priests, Teachers and Deacons. The whole church membership, including the women, also vote following the priesthood.

A Tour Starts Conversion
By. E. Francis Winters

In my jounral entries for Friday September 24, 1982, I made this entry, "The highlight of today was our service at the Idaho Falls Temple Visitor's Center. Sister Winters and I are standbys to substitute at the Center when the full-time missionaries have zone meetings or other assignments to attend. This was one of those days; we went on duty at 4:00 P.M. and served until 9:15 P.M., filling the request of Elder Leland K. Guymon, Director, and Sister Guymon.

We had a telephone call from a family desiring to come to the Center later in the evening and see some films. The group was to include one non-member. They arrived a little after 8:00 P.M.. The group included a young man, Sergio Galavez, the non-member, who was of Spanish descent. He was Catholic. His wife was a member, Kathy Rasmussen, raised in Idaho Falls. They also had their baby with them. The mother of the young woman, Marilyn Rasmussen, was there, and later the father, Gary Rasmussen, came in.

Remembering their request for viewing films, I asked which filmns they wanted to see. Several were suggested by the wife and mother-in-law which did not have a religious message. I asked Sergio Galavez if he knew much about the church. His reply was that his wife had given him some information. I suggested it would be best if I first gave him a tour of the Center and a presentation and then finish with some films. He responded that he would like to do this.

I gave him the restoration message as we proceeded. He appeared very attentive. I showed the film "Man's Search for Happiness" to complete the tour. Following this, I gave opportunity for questions. He raised a few

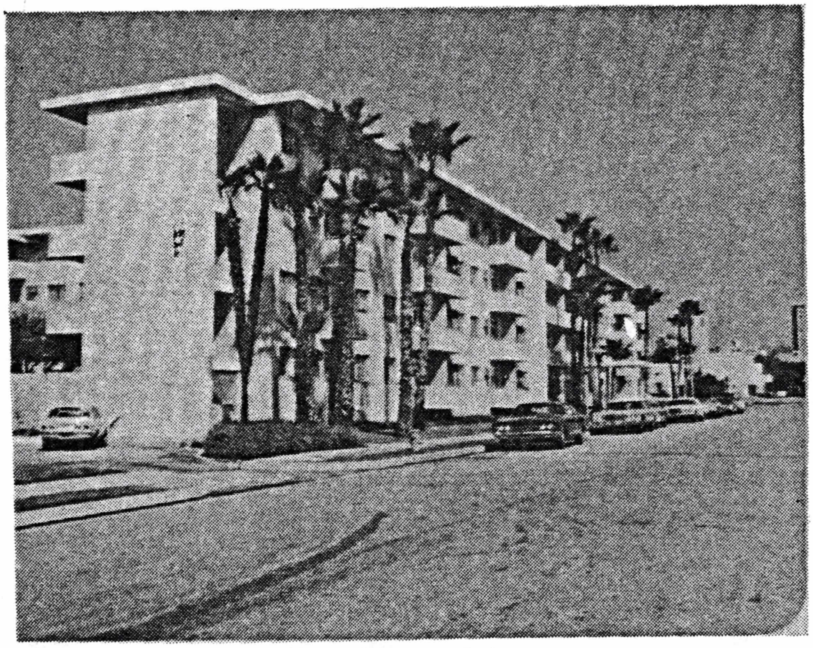
good questions, then I concluded with my testimony. They saw another film.

I asked the father-in-law if I should suggest the missionaries to Sergio. He said no, he is not ready for them. Word came to me a short time later through an aunt of Sister Galavez that the young man told his wife he would like to have the missionaries come and give the discussions. He commented that things sort of fell into place when he heard the tour presentation at the Center. Evidently he had not heard the restoration story before.

I understand that Sergio Galavez' parents are staunch Catholics and strongly opposed their son joining the Mormon Church. Following the discussion and a period of study, Sergio Galavez was baptized on January 9, 1983. He is a member of the Idaho Falls Fourteenth Ward, Idaho Falls Stake. He is in the Navy and will be leaving soon for California where he will have an on-board ship assignment.

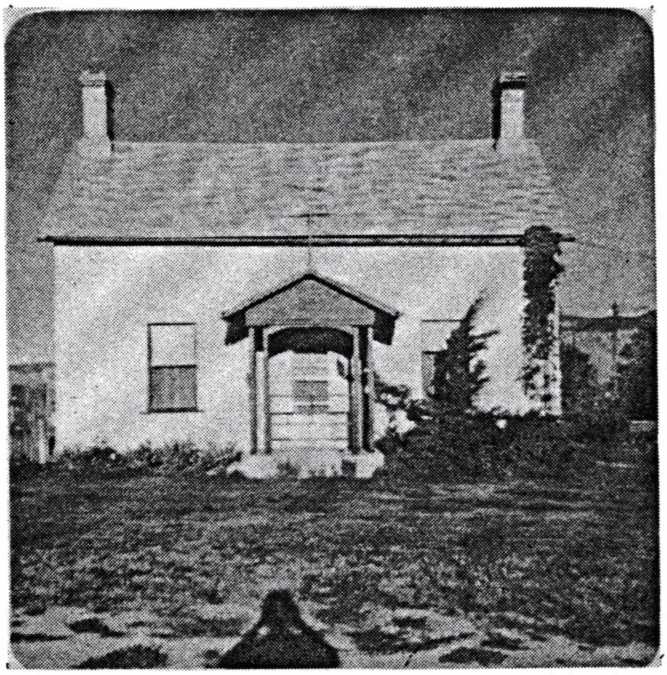
MISSIONARIES
CALIFORNIA LOS ANGELES TEMPLE
VISITOR'S CENTER
22 April 1976 - 12 October 1977

"OUR HOME"
1581 E. Temple Way Apt. 311

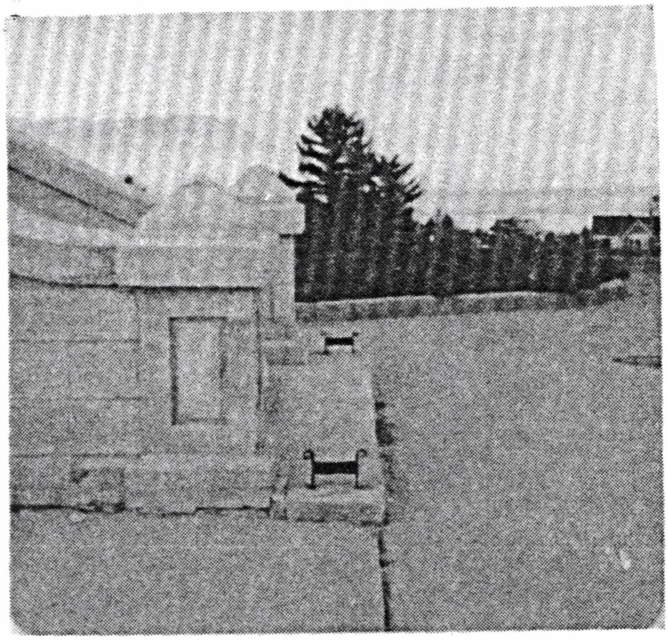


MISSIONARIES
UTAH SALT LAKE CITY MISSION
MANTI TEMPLE VISITOR'S CENTER
10 April 1978 - 1 Dec. 1979

OUR 100 Yr. Old "Home"



East Entrance to Manti Temple
Note Scrapers to Clean Mud Off Shoes



LEAVING THE TEMPLE, AND OUR MISSIONS

From my journal Tuesday, November 24: "We did some last-minute packing and cleaning, etc. About 6:00 p.m. Francis took the keys over to President Groberg at the Temple. After five years and 5 days at Idaho Falls it was rather sad to leave there, but then we still have each other, our health, family and a host of wonderful friends. Above all we have the gospel and look forward to receiving our mission call."

On Wednesday, December 10, 1975, about 10:30 in the morning, Patsy telephoned us to say our letters had arrived. We were in Bountiful visiting my sisters, Mary Ellen and husband Kendrick Workman, Kathryn and husband Edward Field, and my brother Stewart and wife Leona Burton. With apprehension and excitement we drove into Evan's to read our letters. We were happy to read that our call was to the California, Los Angeles Mission, but a little disappointed to find we still have four months before entering the Mission Home on April 10, 1976."

Saturday, April 3, 1976. "Today is the first day of General Conference. We spent the morning at Evan's with our family. We had breakfast there. The family included Allene, Elmo, Kathleen, Larry, John, Gaylene, Martell, Jerald, Mindy, Curtis, Jeana, Wayne, Gwendolyn, Lisa, Michelle, Julie, Cynthia Kay, also Evan, Patsy, Ian, Deena, George, Bruce, Marsha, Blaine, Lottie, and Brian. Mary Ellen and Kendrick Workman had breakfast with us also.

"In the evening, the family all came to Kaysville to our son Burton's for dinner. Joyce had fixed a lovely turkey dinner. Ann and Michael Moulton joined us along with Burton's family, Mark, Steven, Christine, David, Alan and Jennifer. Later our North Idaho Falls Stake President, Lynn A. Mickelsen and wife Jeanine

joined us. He set us apart for our mission. It was a beautiful blessing for each of us."

Setting Apart, Kaysville, Utah, April 3, 1976, by Lynn Mickelsen, President of the Idaho Falls North Stake, Recorded by daughter Kathleen Call.

"President Winters, by the authority of the Holy Melchizedek Priesthood and under the direction of the First Presidency, I set you apart to the California Los Angeles Mission.

I send you forth with the great spirit of missionary work. You will serve as a guide and an example to many.

I bless you with the necessary health and strength to serve vigorously in a different area, to be able to adjust to a different climate.

I bless your family that they may sustain you and support you and enjoy vicariously your missionary work.

I bless you with the spirit of the Lord to travel in safety to your destination and throughout your labors.

I commend you for your faithfulness and bless you that you may continue to use the same to build up the Kingdom. May you continue to follow the counsel of your leaders as you have in the past.

Now I send you forth with these blessings and with the power to serve.

In the name of Jesus Christ, Amen."

"Sister Winters, by the authority of the Holy Melchizedek Priesthood and under the direction of the First Presidency, I set you apart to the California Los Angeles Mission to serve with your husband, to help him and uphold him.

I bless you with the Spirit of Moses to go forth and gather in the Gentiles.

I commend you for the good life you have lived. May you continue to do so that you may bless others in your calling.

I bless you that you may be able to explain the principles of the Gospel, that you may be fluent. May you acquire a greater knowledge and an ability to express it.

I bless you that with your cheerful attitude you may be able to influence others.

Through you your family may enjoy missionary work.

I bless you that you may have the ability to learn what you need to in order to fulfill your mission call.

I bless you with health and strength to complete your mission.

In the name of Jesus Christ, Amen."

Today in Conference we had the privilege of voting on two new scriptures to be added to The Pearl of Great Price. These revelations are: 1. A vision of the Celestial Kingdom given to Joseph Smith the Prophet in the temple at Kirtland, Ohio, and 2. A vision to President Joseph F. Smith In Salt Lake City, Utah. These now are known as Doctrine and Covenants Sections 137 and 138. The last printed additions to any of the standard works was in 1906 when the practice of polygamy was rescinded.

Our departure was delayed as there were not enough couple missionaries to open the mission home that week. They had moved the young foreign-speaking missionaries to the new Missionary Training Center in Provo. We entered the training for our mission on Saturday, April 17, just after 10:00 a.m. What excitement! We learned somewhat the feeling of our sons and Ann as they went through the same experience. I was glad Francis was with me.

Monday, April 19, 1976, we went to the temple fasting. After the morning session, we had the great

privilege of going to the Solemn Assembly Room; this was my first experience, but Francis had been there on two other occasions. April 22 and 24, 1976, was spent in driving to Los Angeles. President Bird, our Mission Home President, told us to start about 4:00 p.m. to look for a place to stay overnight. We arrived in Los Angeles the next afternoon just shortly behind Elder and Sister John Heidenreich, who are also assigned to this mission. They are converts to the church, he having been a minister of another church over 26 years, a great student of the scriptures. And thus began a great missionary period in our lives. Here we met many wonderful people and learned that Los Angeles is indeed an international city as people from all over the world stopped in at the Temple Visitors' Center. Here we met and talked with Hindus, Turks, Moslems, Chinese, many Spanish-speaking people, Catholic Nuns, as well as Europeans and Americans.

Our Mission President was Joel Garrett, serving with his wife Mary from Salt Lake City, Utah. They had a high school son, David, with them and a daughter about ten years old, Jolene. The Director of the Visitors' Center was Elder Lyle and Electa Hilton from Mesa, Arizona. During the time we were there Francis was asked to re-write the script to be used on our tours. Our experiences here would fill another volume, but I will mention one Francis especially liked to tell. Although he had other people who became converts, this is his favorite.

"While in Los Angeles we made it a practice of carrying Visitors' Center brochures in pocket and purse. While in waiting lines and public places we would present a brochure and extend an invitation to visit the Center. Some conversions came because of this procedure.

"Here is one special experience. On November 20, 1976, I was standing in the checkout line for less than six items in Smith's Food King on Westwood in Los Angeles. A teenage girl was in the line just behind me with a package of cheese and apparently the correct amount of change in her hand to pay for it. I suggested she step ahead of me, and she thanked me as she did. She kept dropping a penny or two, and I joked with her about throwing her pennies away. I felt impressed to invite her to the Los Angeles Temple Visitors' Center, and gave her a brochure with my invitation. She came the next day and was on Sister Heidenreich's tour. She signed a registration slip as wanting to know more. The sister missionaries, (Phyllis) Roundy and Laplante, a French convert, started teaching her the next week. Jaunita Verella was baptized, and I had the privilege of confirming her on December 18, 1976. Sister Van Sycle in Idaho Falls served a mission in Chicago, where she met Juanita, who was an excellent missionary there in 1983.

"One day last summer (1978), I had a group on tour in the Manti Temple Visitors' Center where we were serving our second mission. Two couples entered the door, and one man raised his hand and waved and shouted, 'Elder Winters, Los Angeles.' When I found time while playing the film 'Man's Search for Happiness' for my tour, I visited briefly with these couples. The man who had greeted me and his wife had been introduced by me to the restored gospel while on a tour in the Los Angeles Temple Visitors' Center in the summer of 1976. They started taking the missionary discussions within a week and were baptized within six weeks. At the end of a year they went to the temple to be sealed. The wife's mother and quite a few of her family have joined the Church, and others are being taught."

Each Monday morning all of the nine missionary couples met in Family Home Morning classes and studied the Book of Mormon. Francis and Elder Heidenreich, along with others, taught these classes. We also took care of the singing and music in those meetings.

June 7, 1976, Francis was serving as Supervisor, so I was behind the counter selling literature, etc. I recorded the following story. "A lady by the name of Reita was on Elder Stapley's tour, and she stopped and visited with me. She is alone, her husband having left her three years ago. She went back to school to try to brush up on her typing, and became drawn to another woman who was a Mormon. She also had a Mormon neighbor who friendshipped her by taking her to Relief Society, Education Week and other things. She and her husband, the Williams, were also Stake Missionaries. They asked her if she would have the missionaries teach her and she agreed. She found her interest waning, so the Williams arranged to teach her.

"The week before she was to be baptized she had a constant fight with Satan; she couldn't understand her feelings. She said she would even tremble and shake. She talked with her friend and she said it was Satan and to fight him!

"The night before baptism she dreamed of her father who had died. He came to her dressed in white, standing about a foot off the floor. She said, 'Father have you been waiting long?' He said, 'Yes, a very long time.'

"She was living with her widowed Aunt Sally, wife of Uncle Roy. She asked, 'Is Uncle Roy there?' Her father said, 'Yes.' Then Uncle Roy appeared. She said to him, 'Have you been waiting a long time?' He answered, 'Yes, very long,' then said, 'Tell Sally.' She said something about seeing a baptismal font too.

That was before she knew anything about baptism for the dead.

"She has been in the church ten months. Her son and his wife have also joined, independently of her teaching. She has just returned from a trip to Indiana in search of genealogical records on tombstones. I told her they have a good genealogical library here, and her friend has been urging her to do research here."

This is an example of the caliber of people we met. Tuesday, June 8, 1976, from my journal. "The other incident was this beautiful swarthy couple, said they are from Jakarta Indonesia. They have just been to Salt Lake City, were the first couple from Inonesia to go through the temple. They met President Kimball, President Tanner, and President Romney and many of the Quorum of the Twelve. One couple from Paul Idaho were accompanying them. Their son baptized them. The Indonesians had a teenage daughter who gave her religion as Moslem, a very beautiful young teenager. They will have their story in the Church News. Their names, R. W. Moardidjono Pjodjomoerljito." I was told at that time missionaries in Indonesia have to teach by talking with people on the streets, they cannot do tracting.

Working at visitors' centers has one drawback, we do not know how many of those we touch become members of the church. This incident is one I have thought of often. Tuesday, August 24, 1976, "The thrill came when Elder Rasmussen assigned me a tour . . . he thought it would be two people but turred out to be 11, six non members, two from Kansas, two from California, two from New York and some young members of the church.

"Right from the beginning I saw the young grandmother, Mrs. Frances Turner from New York really interested. She fascinated me so much I had trouble looking at the others. When I concluded the

diorama I usually said that I would tell them about the temples and then show a short film. I failed to mention the temples so she thought she had seen the film and rushed over to the desk to buy a Book of Mormon. I knew she had seen a film and had I been 'sharper' would have known she hadn't been shown 'Man's Search for Happiness.' I went on with the tour, the Kansas people weren't overly attentive and especially the one woman from California, who had a trace of a sneer all the way. Her aged mother was with her and her mind was not very clear.

"In a few minutes Frances Turner came in again with her grandson Bob Turner. As soon as I started on the temples I had all of them interested, especially Frances. At the conclusion of the film my dear husband Francis came in to help me turn on the lights. I started talking with Bob and his grandmother, while Francis talked with the Kansas people and the ladies from California. I think they were all related.

"Mrs. Frances Turner was so excited about what I had been telling her. She said her husband died four years ago and she had felt so unhappy lately, but this had given her a whole new outlook on life, just what she needed. Bob said he had often wondered about death and what happened to people when they died; they are all Catholic. Frances had married out of her church and that was contrary to her teachings, but said he was such a good man. He encouraged her to attend her own church so she went for 'Communion' once in a while. She asked if we had a church in New York. I told her how to find one and that we have missionaries there too. I told her if she wanted to we would have the missionaries call on her. She said that I had not mentioned Mary, mother of Jesus. I told her we revered her but we prayed to God through Jesus Christ, not Mary. She said they prayed to Mary and she felt her

prayers had been answered by her sometimes. She said as a child she had been taught to be afraid of Jesus Christ, whereas we teach love for Him.

"They were walking back to their hotel on Wilshire, so I invited them to walk with us so as to make it shorter. She said she just felt she had to come today. (Maybe her husband is urging her.) Her comment was, 'It inspired me to no end . . . .' I intend to write to her." I did and also sent her "A Marvelous Work and A Wonder," but did not hear from her.) I have wondered if her people there in California had discouraged her to investigate.

"When I came out to wait for the film to finish, Elder Stapley asked me if I was all right, said I looked like I was shakey, and I was. When I came out after talking with her I was really filled with the Spirit and so happy I felt like saying 'Hallelujah.' Frances said, 'I can feel such a warm spirit right here,' and she indicated over her heart. I wish I had told her it was the Holy Ghost bearing witness to her that the things I had told her were true."

Monday, October 10, 1977. "Home Morning" study class was held at the Visitors Center where Elder Winters was the 'star', he gave his tour for us as the example of the best tour. I was very proud of him. This was the new tour script I mentioned earlier."

We truly enjoyed our mission, but the time came to a close, eighteen months of delight and feeling of the special spirit which comes from bearing our testimonies.

"We left for home October 12, 1977. Since we have no home to return to we stayed with Wayne and Gwen for a period of time in Pocatello, Idaho. Dear Michelle had a big "Welcome Home" sign and some letters of love. She had taken it to school to do, so several had a

hand in it. She is such a thoughtful and caring granddaughter."

Sunday, October 23, 1977. "We have been greeted very warmly by our friends . . . it does give me a feeling of happiness." This was our first Sunday back in Idaho Falls.

"President Lynn Mickelsen was seated on the stand. He visited with us following the meeting and asked about our plans. Francis told him he wanted to do genealogical work and get his family better organized.

"President Mickelsen then dropped a bomb shell. He asked us if we would consider another mission soon. Francis protested a little, but I feel if that is the wish of the Lord we would go before we get settled again. President Mickelsen said he would like our permission to let him contact the Missionary Committee in two or three weeks and see if they have a place for us, that we are too valuable, with our church experience, especially Francis, to not go again. We pledged him our support or rather gave our consent. We drove on to Pocatello with very mixed emotions, wondering what next the Lord will have us do."

Francis has this in his journal dated February 7, 1978 - Pocatello, Idaho. "The long-awaited letter on my mission call came today. It was dated February 2. The call is to the Utah Salt Lake City Mission and I am to report to George S. Haslam in the Missionary Department on April 10, 1978 exactly two years from our last mission call.

February 8, 1978. "Margaret's mission call came in the mail today. We are together now on our mission. She is very happy about it. We wonder what our duties will be."

We were in Salt Lake City about a week later and stopped to see Brother Haslam. Here we learned we are being assigned to the Manti Temple Visitors Center and

Francis will be the Director there. We are very happy about this assignment.

Before we left for our mission Francis went into surgery for a hernia. I have this note in my journal dated February 21, 1978: "I wish I had better control of my emotions. I went to see Francis about 9:30 a.m. before he went into surgery, in spite of my determination to not let the tears flow, I shed some anyway. It was comforting to notice Francis had some tears too. I don't know what I would do if it were something real serious. I love him so much and he is such a part of me that it is difficult for me to be separated from him."

We rented a home, in Manti, about 100 years old or more, from Brother Bair. It had three fireplaces in it, but all had been bricked in. The walls were at least one foot thick. We had a wood-burning kitchen stove also an electric one. We used the range in the winter to heat the house with and to cook on. We enjoyed our little home and also the big garden spot he tilled for us. Here we raised squash, corn, melons and many things I had not previously been able to grow. Francis loved gardening and we found it very helpful to have our own produce to eat.

We enjoyed being in a small community and the people accepted us well. We were surprised to find that people from Germany, Canada and many foreign countries found us at Manti, it is a little off the beaten path. We had some bus loads of people too. It presented new challenges we had not had in Los Angeles, especially during the summer when the "Mormon Miracle Pageant" was held for about ten evenings. Some evenings there were 30,000 people in attendance. Francis has this comment, "It has been a miracle pageant in more ways than one. It was a wonderful and

great religious pageant, superb in sound, lighting and majestic in action and message.

"It was a miracle considering that this community of Manti, a small town, could host such an event. The four stakes making up the Manti Region sponsoring the event are: Manti, Utah; Moroni, Utah; Gunnision, Utah; and Mt. Pleasant, Utah, Stakes.

"The thousands of people attending each night were a miracle. Traffic and handling of the crowds on the temple grounds was orderly and good. The providing of meals by the wards, and allowance for campers and motor homes to park overnight was commendable."

Here in Manti we had some experiences we had not had in Los Angeles, that of singing in the stake choir under the very able leadership of Brother Harry A. Dean, 85 years old, retired professor of music from Snow College at Ephraim, also from Ricks Idaho College. We also sang in the "Messiah," which we truly enjoyed, and in the ward choir.

Here in Manti, we enjoyed having the Snow College students come bringing their non-member friends. It is interesting to note that the girls were more active in this area. We had some baptisms from these contacts.

Our mission was extended to 30 months because the couple who were to replace us were delayed in getting their call due to their papers getting lost in Salt Lake City.

Upon our release we returned to live in Idaho Falls. Our first home was the home of Elder and Sister German and Lorna Wells, who left for a mission the day we moved in at 1455 Willow Avenue. In 1980, Larry and Kathleen Call purchased the home of Marshall and Blanch Dalling just around the corner from where we were living. We moved into it in May 1981. We loved this little brick home and that is where Francis died and I lived until moving to Salt Lake City, Utah September

21, 1986. Our home in Idaho Falls at 800 J Street was purchased by Muriel Yates, a lovely temple worker. I felt good about her occupying our home.

We loved our missionary work and feel good about the accomplishments and converts which we had. We love our Heavenly Father and know it is important that everyone embrace the true church that they may have eternal families and eternal blessings.

GOLDEN WEDDING

Our fiftieth wedding anniversary was June 10, 1982, but due to its coming on a Thursday, we celebrated on Friday, June 11. We celebrated at our home on 800 J Street in Idaho Falls, Idaho. It began with a 6:00 a.m. temple session for those who had received their endowments, Allene, Mary, Burton, Joyce, Kathleen, Larry, Bruce, Marsha, Evan, Patsy, John, Gaylene, Wayne, Gwendolyn, Steven, Ann, Michael, Francis and myself. It is so wonderful to know that our sons and daughters with their companions and the older grandchildren are worthy to go into the temple for their blessings there. Don Cluff had to teach on Thursday, so drove nearly all night to attend. We do appreciate him for doing this for us.

The family honored us with a reception at the 7th Ward Chapel. It was decorated beautifully and the refreshments were lovely too. We had 238 guests sign the register.

Evan announced the program and Burton offered the invocation. The teenagers and Patsy, Marsha, Gwen, Gaylene, Robyn, Dawn, and Teresa sang "Where Love Is," directed by Mary with Christine Winters as accompanist. The little grandchildren and great grandchildren sang "Happy Family," "When Grandpa Comes" and "Jesus Once Was a Little Child," directed by Ann Moulton with Jolyn and Mary Call accompanists. "Bells of the Sea" was beautifully rendered by John, Bruce, Evan and Larry Call, accompanist, Ian Winters. Allene sang a solo, "Love Came Calling." Larry and Kathleen Call sang a duet, and Wayne and Gwen sang "I Love You Truly," accompanied by Teresa. All youth from Primary age and over rendered "I Love to See the Temple" and "Families Can Be Together Forever," accompanied by Gwen, Directed by Bruce. Deena Winters, a teenager, performed a

beautiful rendition of "Clair de Lune" by Debussy, which Francis later requested she play for his funeral. Mary and Ann sang another of our favorite songs, "Ich Liebe Dich," accompanied by Ann's husband Michael. A duet by Burton and Joyce, "Love is a Many Splendored Thing," was accompanied by daughter Christine. We were proud of the male number sung by all Aaronic and Melchizedek Priesthood holders as they sang "Nearer My God To Thee," directed by Wayne. Don made this comment, "I would like to have that male chorus sing in Kirtland and show the people there what good music is." All joined in singing "Love At Home." The above is the program as arranged by Father, but I also have record of these other numbers in my journal. Evan and Ian played their trombones, Jolyn and Teresa a violin duet, Jeffrey and Lisa also played piano solos.

We had a most wonderful evening and will remember it forever. We are so grateful for our choice, beautiful and talented family. My apologies to any whose names may have been omitted. My one regret, that no one remembered to have a family portrait. That was the last time when we were all together before Francis' passing.

As we celebrated our 50 years of married life together, messages of love and friendship poured in. They came from mission presidents, relatives, friends, and Congressmen. Here are some verses from cards which were lovely, not written by acquaintancees. "Happiness is not perfected until it is shared," by Jane Porter. "Love can bring two people to each other, but only faith can keep them together," by Louis Binstock. "The happiest marriages take place gradually and go on deepening all through the years." by W.C. Gannett. "True love is our sweet gift from God. A golden bond, a tie that keeps two hearts in sweet accord as fifty years go by!" Doris Faulhaber.

YOUR BOOK OF MEMORIES

"Within your book of memories - a book that's yours alone
There must be thoughts of all the joy and happiness you've known
Of plans you made right from the start
Of dreams you've watched come true
And how your love has deepend since the day you said "I do"
And as you happily recall the years so richly spent
Your hearts must know a special pride - a very deep content
And here's a wish for both of you, that this important day
Will be another memory to treasure on life's way!"
Signed "You are really special friends, Earl and Alice Wolfley"

"May we just tell you we count your friendships among our greatest blessings and just wish we could express our love in person . . . . Your beautiful example of devotion to each other and to the Lord's work is truly inspiring." President and Sister Joel R. Garrett (President of our Los Angeles Mission)

"It would be a real thrill for us to be with you on this great occasion. When we think of truly successful people, you head the list." Lyle and Electa Hilton (Director of the Los Angeles Temple Visitor's Center)

"We are so proud of you and know you are happy. What a special accomplishment, to be married for 50 years. We wish you many more years together. We love and appreciate you. Sure love ya, President and Sister Eldon Cooley" (President of the Utah Salt Lake City Mission)

"Dear President and Sister Winters, We sincerely want you to know how much we love and admire you - so much, in fact that we hope we are where you are, when we have reached our 50th. You are such a wonderful

example to all of the couples in our stake. We have been so blessed to have you residing here." Sincerely Keith and Janet Hart (A member of our North Idaho Falls Stake Presidency)

"Congratulations on the 50-year beginning of your eternal life together. We love and appreciate you for your life of service to our stake and for the wonderful example you are of all things good. You radiate all things wonderful in the gospel. Thank you for showing us the way and leading with such dignity and love . . . Please know of our love for you. Layle and Teddy Nield and family." (Member of the Afton Wyoming Stake Presidency).

"Alice and I want to wish you both a happy 50th anniversary. You are truly a very special couple. As I think back you have played a special part in my life. I (Alvin) have spent many good times in your home and with Bruce. I really enjoyed working with you and the visits we had during our travels to and from Thayne.

Alice and I still talk about how great and special it was to have the opportunity to have you marry us in the Idaho Falls Temple. Thanks for all you have done. With love, Alvin and Alice Robinson." (choice young friends living in Afton, Wyoming.)

"Congratulations to a Grand and Special Pair. This warm message to keep in touch, is meant to be a clue, To many cheery wishes and many thoughts of you. Hope that blessings great and small make this anniversary best of all. May the deepest, richest blessings that life can ever hold be yours, not just on anniversaries, but as days and years unfold. We're sending heart greetings as your (50th) anniversary appears, and wishing you a lifetime that consists Of many Happy Wonderful Years. (Original verse) Ethel and Virjean Mobley" (A sweet widow mother and handicapped daughter, members of our Idaho Falls Seventh Ward). They befriended us several

times when we needed a place to stay as we returned from our missions. They were part of our team of temple workers.

"Dear Francis and Margaret. Congratulations on 50 years! How I wish I could come to the celebration. My 99-year-old mother (Aunt Lizzie Winters Tueller) needs tending so I must be here to help Christy. Know we will all be thinking of you both.

One of the special memories I have is that Winters reunion shortly before your marriage. I was very impressed with your dignity and the respect you showed each other. It was an excellent model and it did have an impact on me . . . . Mother has been with Christy. She isn't able to walk anymore so she needs a lot of care, Christy has earned a break - for it is a demanding task. You're two elegant people. Much love, Jean" (Tueller Kunz, a cousin). Christy is Jeans daughter and granddaughter of Aunt Elizabeth Jacobina Winters Tueller. Aunt Lizzie died December 1, 1982; had she lived until May 11, she would have reached her 100th birthday anniversary. She was a special aunt and served as a mother to the children of her brother Martin when his wife died. She played the organ for our Winters Reunion July 18 at the age of 98 years. She was honored as "Queen of the Winters Family," and special tributes were paid to her.

And now from a brother of Francis, Harold and Ann Winters: "We received an announcement of your Golden Wedding anniversary and wanted to congratulate you on a great accomplishment. Not because of living together for 50 years, but because of the way you have lived for the 50 years. Examples of this kind can't help but help the rest of us. Fifty years is a long time and a short time all wrapped up in one in a good marriage. May the next fifty years bring you many enjoyable rewards for your efforts in the first fifty." A choice thought.

From my sister Kathryn Burton and husband Ted (Edward) Field. "We think you are a wonderful couple and deserve all the blessings you are receiving from a loving Heavenly Father. Now you have reached 50 years, hope you see 60 years. Wish we could be with you to celebrate. Have a Happy Anniversary."

Our Representative in Congress of the United States, George Hansen sent this message, June 7, 1982. "Warmest congratulations on the occasion of your 50th Wedding Anniversary! Connie and I are certain that you will have a grand celebration with your family and friends. Your devotion to the principles necessary to maintain our nation's strong families serves as an example for all of us."

Closing Chapter

This I copied from Francis' Journal dated September 15, 1983. "I had an experience during last night I feel I should record. It happened around 2 o'clock. I awakened and looking toward the foot of the bed saw a beautiful woman, her hair was quite long and in a graceful curve. She seemed to be dressed in a light grey dress; she was standing erect. She pointed to the other side of the bed where Margaret was lying. I thought, this is not real and shut my eyes for a second, and opening again, saw the same personage. Then it faded away and was dark.

"I reached over to be certain Margaret was there. I held her close; her body was warm and she was still breathing. I then arose and turned on the light in the bathroom; I looked in the living room and kitchen and dining area and no one seemed to be there. I plugged in the nightlight which we had failed to do before retiring, and went back to bed. I pondered on the meaning of this but could come to no conclusion. I finally went back to sleep."

Francis told me about this when I awakened and he was very emotional, he thought that maybe I was going to pass away. He held me tight for a long time. As time has passed I have come to the conclusion that it was our stillborn daughter Joan warning her father that she would soon come for him. That fall we made a trip to visit each of our families. Our last grandchildren were born, and I felt that I could not wait to visit them before the winter set in. Steven Lance Winters was born 8th September, 1983; Emily Ann Moulton born 29th September, 1983; and Benjamin Colby Cluff the 24th of September, 1983. Little Emily Ann joined her Grandfather the 4th of June, 1985, following a tragic accident when their family car rolled on her in their

driveway. We were comforted knowing that her Grandfather was there to bless her life.

We left Friday, October 14, 1983, for our trip. We visited briefly in Pocatello with Gwen and baby Steven, and then on to Kaysville to stay with Burton. We had intended driving to Heber City, but had to have our fuel pump replaced, which delayed us in starting. We were glad we had trouble that morning with the car so we could have it fixed before leaving. The cost was $45.43. The day was stormy so we shortened our drive that day and went on to Heber City the next morning. Here we visited until October 24. While there we were able to go into Orem and see Francis' sister Elaine and Bruce Warren. While there at Heber City Francis harvested the potatoes and onions. He had a contest with the boys and awarded Eric and Scott a prize for being able to get the most (13) onions into a nylon hose, which was hung in the basement so they could dry. They had a good time. Francis helped Michael fertilize and till the garden so it was all ready for spring.

October 24, 1983, Francis records this, "The bidding all goodbye was sad at the end when Mother and Ann and I shed a few tears. This has been a wonderful experience to live with them for a week and one day." We were just leaving when Francis said, "I must take one more look at the baby." She was asleep in her crib and he went in and looked at her for some time. He loved little children.

We drove by way of Manti, Utah, stopping to see some of our friends there and visiting my brother-in-law, Kendrick and his new wife, Ruth Musser Scott Workman. He had had open heart surgery, and they were preparing to leave in November for their mission to Barcelona, Spain.

We then drove to Tropic, Utah, and had a two-day visit with Fransic' sisters, June and husband Obie, and Marian Shakespear, and Leona and Reginald Stewart. We stayed with Leona. October 26th we left for Glendale,

Arizona. Originally we had not planned to visit John and Gaylene, but upon deciding to take the southern route to New Mexico, found we were within 200 miles of Glendale. I am so glad that we changed our plans, as we had a lovely visit with them, our last one in their home with their family, as was true with Ann and Mary.

We arrived in Kirtland, New Mexico, at 3:15 p.m. and Francis writes, "We were so pleased with our new little grandson, Benjamin Colby Cluff. Mary looks good; she has some sweet little boys. Here we stayed for a week, visiting Mary and Don and their children. It is always hard to say goodbye."

This was the last long trip we had together, but a very satisfying one. Enroute home we visited Evan, Patsy, Bruce and Marsha, also.

His last journal entry was dated June 6, 1984, while recuperating from pnemonia. "I'm still in Riverview Hospital. I'm improving. Allene, Lloyd, Gary and children came to meet Elder Ronald Astle, who flew in from the Arizona Tempe Mission. Michael and family are here also. They took Margaret with them and went out to meet Ronald at the airport. They came to see me at the hospital as they returned. Ronald looks real good. It was a joyous meeting; Ronald has done very well as a missionary. They returned home to Star Valley. Margaret stayed with me. He will report his mission in Bedford and Grover on Sunday at 9:00 and 11:00 a.m." (He left from the Grover ward, but now his mother has remarried and is living in Bedford, Wyoming.)

Francis was able to return home from the hospital on Thursday, June 7, and I returned home from my X-ray treatment. Brother Lovell took me over. Francis was so weak that it was about all Joseph Lovell and Frank Roberts could do to get him in the house.

Burton, Joyce and Jennifer came Friday, June 8, in the evening and stayed overnight, then went on to Bedford to hear Ronald report his mission.

From this time on Francis began sleeping more and was able to visit less. On June 14 he had a severe nosebleed; Afton Orchard, as at other times, came to our rescue.

During the day on Saturday the 17th Francis thold me that he had decided to ask Bishop Gary Orchard to release him from his choir president duties and even as a home teacher so he can get his life story written. That is something I thought he would never request. I called Bishop Orchard that morning, and he came right over and told Francis he would take care of it and for him not to worry anymore. He also told me to stay home and take care of him and not to worry about my responsibilities.

The week of June 18 until after his passing family members were with us. Our family met in Heber City for our Annual Reunion June 14, 15, and 16. Before returning home, John, Gaylene, and eight children came, then as Gaylene and the children went to Rockland, Idaho, to visit her parents, Mary and her five sons arrived. John stayed to help with the work here and then went to Pocatello Friday night with Mary to stay with Wayne, Gwen and family overnight.

While Mary and John were here Francis spent the whole evening Thursday with us making plans for his funeral. He had Mary write it up, he signed and dated it, and had Mary and John sign as witnesses.

Saturday, June 23, his sisters Arlene and Marian came for a visit. He wasn't able to visit with them very much, as his back pained and he slept in his lounge chair most of the time. They left on Monday. Arlene said, "There were so many things I wanted to ask about and show Francis. Why didn't I do it when I could?"

On Thursday evening June 21, after making plans for his funeral, he said to me as he was preparing to retire, "Well Margaret, you can dictate my history and the girls can write it up." He had been so concerned about doing it himself, but now seemed to realize that he would not be able to accomplish it. Following that day his condition deteriorated rapidly.

Kathleen came from Afton on the 27th and stayed several days to help. She worked in the garden, made repairs on the house, and cut her Father's hair for the last time.

We could not understand why he was less alert and slept so much. Doctor Brunt had a nurse come over and check his blood. He needed three pints, so once more we took him to the hospital. While there, X-rays showed he had cancer of the prostate and spine. He lapsed into a coma the next day and did not learn of his condition. I am grateful for that, but it was a shock to me as they had been treating him for arthritis. Allene and Lloyd helped take him to the hospital Monday, but he did not seem to know them. Tuesday Wayne came and when he entered the hospital room Francis said, "Hello Wayne." Wayne stayed overnight and when we arrived at the hospital Wednesday morning expecting to bring him home, he had lapsed into a coma, so the ambulance brought him home instead. It was July 4th.

The last time he spoke to me was Tuesday night. I kissed him goodnight and told him, "I love you." He said, "I love you, too," something he had told me often. He had scarcely talked all day. Bruce and Marsha, Blaine and Lottie had come Saturday and then went home Sunday.

The doctor said it may be a matter of hours or a few days. That week Allene and Kathleen stayed until Friday and Saturday, then Ann came Thursday bringing Eric and baby Emily Ann.

Evan and Patsy came Saturday July 7 and were with me along with Ann on Sunday morning July 8, 1984, when Francis passed peacefully away at 9:50 a.m. There was no struggle, he just gradually stopped breathing and was gone.

Evan's comment, "They must be on the old church meeting schedule in heaven, and father is on time to sing in the choir." A beautiful thought, a beautiful ending for a righteous, dedicated father, husband and servant of our Heavenly Father, and one I love so dearly. It has been a beautiful life with him these 52 years.

Tribute
by Margaret Burton Winters

Today, 19 June 1983 being Father's Day I would like to pay tribute to you Francis and list your special qualities and let you know of my love for you.

I love you for your kindness to me; you treat me like a queen even though at times I do not deserve it.

You are polite in our home in every regard. You are polite on the highways, always conscious of those around you and their needs. You observe the laws of the highway - no speeding. You will not let me "jay walk," but insist I observe all traffic lights.

You are honest in all of your dealings.

You love the Lord and serve Him faithfully and take great delight in studying the scriptures, thus setting a good example for me.

I am proud to be your eternal wife and companion, and will always love you. I'm so grateful I married you, as I have told you many times.

Margaret

I believe Francis left his life in a cloud of glory, as I have read the righteous are entitled to do. The angels sang along with our family as they sang in his funeral, as attested to by family members and close friends of ours.

He loved the work of our Heavenly Father, his family and our great free land of America. He put his heart and soul into "The Flag Without a Stain" as he sang it many times in patriotic programs, as well as the other patriotic songs.

We, his wife and family pay tribute to his righteous life and the love, guidance and support which he gave us.

A Tribute To E. Francis Winters
by F. Burton Winters 6 June 1986

It is difficult to know where to start or where to end in giving tribute to Father, he had so many fine qualities.

He was a man of dedication to duty. He served superbly well in his callings in the Church and other responsibilities. Tasks could not be done half-heartedly, planning was not haphazard.

Dedication to detail was not for the detail's sake, but to accomplish in an organized way something that was worthwhile. His detailed work showed in his penmanship, his record-keeping, his planning, follow up, so that as little as possible would be left to chance.

I watched Father in his callings as Bishop and then Stake President as he sought for improvement of self. He worked hard on preparing talks, wrote them out, kept a card file of quotes and helpful information. The most impatient person with Father was Father, who had a hard time excusing faults and weaknessess in himself. But he always worked at self-improvement.

Father never raised his voice at me, as I remember, but was firm in his discipline in quieter ways. He tried to lead us to be better, rather than punishing us into submission. His love of his family was a strong attribute in Father. Long before there was much said about holding family home evenings, Father regularly gathered the family to sing and play together. When I got a little older and resisted a bit, Father was not deterred. He kept at it because it was a true principle. Much of my musical enjoyment came because of those beginnings of time together in our family around the piano with Mother and Father. The very enjoyable reunions now held annually originated

from the vision and leadership of Father to foster love and unity as a family.

No one who knew Father well doubted his love for God and His servants. Many have felt they were in a sacred presence when they were around Father, for he was never profane or vulgar, but was always conscious of his responsibility to that God who gave him life. Joseph Smith was taught that the Lord "will judge all men according to their works, according to the desire of their hearts." D & C 137:9 Father's desires were pure.

I remember as a young boy I had a hard time keeping up with the long steps of Father as he walked around the block to Church. I still feel that I lag behind his stride, but I love him and desire to walk his same direction.

Life Sketch - Erastus Francis Winters

by Allene W. Heiner

Given July 11, 1984, At His Funeral

On January 10, 1907, Erastus Francis Winters departed from the world of spirits and entered into this phase of eternity, the adventure called mortality. His parents, Niels Erastus and Leona Dalley Winters, were eager for his arrival, as he was the first of eight children born to them.

His boyhood days were spent in the little farming community of Otto, Wyoming, where he was active in church and community affairs. He attended grade school in Otto, and then went to Cowley to attend high school at the Big Horn L.D.S. Academy. After two years there, the academy closed its doors, and he completed high school in Basin, which was twelve miles away from home. On the night of his graduation none of his family were able to attend because his mother was confined at home with a new baby sister, Elaine. After the exercises, he proceeded to walk the twelve miles home. He said he was given a ride part way but walked the remainder, arriving home rather late. He stayed home one year and helped his father on the farm before entering college at the University of Wyoming in the fall of 1927. He was late starting, but worked hard and soon made up the work. He was accepted as a member of Phi Kappa Phi, National Honor Scholastic Society, in his senior year. in June, 1931, he graduated with a Bachelor of Science degree in agriculture.

While at the university he met Margaret Burton. She was playing the piano for Sunday School and he was the chorister. Mother said she didn't really like him at first, but after four years of courtship she finally

said "Yes," and they were married June 10, 1932, in the Logan L.D.S. Temple. While he was waiting for Mother to graduate from college so they could be married, he had taken a job teaching vo-ag in Lyman, Wyoming. This is where they started their married life. After four years in Lyman, they moved to Pinedale, where he was employed as Farm Security Supervisor. Francis Burton and Allene were born while they were living in Lyman, and Kathleen was born in Pinedale. When Kathleen was born Father had not yet received a paycheck from his new employer, so he had to borrow the money, $40.00, from his secretary to pay the doctor, as he demanded cash on delivery.

September 1, 1937, they moved to Afton, Wyoming, where Father became County Agricultural Agent. He enjoyed this position, especially his work with the 4-H Clubs and the judging demonstration teams. In 1947 he resigned as County Agent so he could spend more time with his family and church responsibilities. He was also an accountant, and followed this profession until his retirement. Twenty years he spent as bookkeeper for the Star Valley Swiss Cheese Company in Thayne, Wyoming.

Children born to them in Afton were: Evan Burton, John Burton, Bruce Burton, Mary Esther, Margaret Ann, Wayne Burton and Joan, who died at birth.

On July 16, 1944, he was sustained as Bishop of the Afton North Ward, replacing Bishop Franklin R. Gardner, who had been Bishop for 23 years. Three years later he was sustained as President of the Star Valley Stake, a position which he held for 22 1/2 years. When he was in Salt Lake City for General Conferences, he was often mistaken for Elder Mark E. Peterson. To this

he would laughingly say, "The reason I look like him is because he set me apart as Stake President."

Francis was an active scouter and received a great deal of pleasure in his scouting activities, having been active in that organization since youth. He became President of the Tendoy Council of the Boy Scouts of America and served as such for two years. He received his Silver Beaver Award in 1953.

Sunday, April 12, 1970, he was released as President of the Star Valley Stake. Counselors who had served with him at various times were, A. Dixon Burton, B. Delos Gardner, F. Doyle Child and Norville Fluckiger. He said that his greatest desire was to bless the people in the Star Valley Stake and help them gain exaltation in the Kingdom of our Heavenly Father. On the day of his release, he was sustained as a Stake Patriarch. Later in the month he was called to be a home teacher, and in May of that year called as Choir President and Dance Director, a calling which he enjoyed very much.

On October 20, 1970, he was set apart as 1st Counselor to President Cecil E. Hart, President of the Idaho Falls Temple, and he and Mother moved to Idaho Falls. He loved the people he worked with at the temple and those who came as patrons. He loved to see the Star Valley people come to the temple. Soon after his release in 1975 he and Mother served a mission in Los Angeles, and another one in Manti, Utah, at the Visitors' Centers.

The 4 1/2 years since returning home from their missions Francis and Margaret enjoyed being together in Idaho Falls. They loved the people of the 7th Ward and appreciated their love and concern for them.

E. Francis Winters was a loving husband and father. I never remember his spanking me. Instead, when our actions demanded correcting, he would quietly take us aside and tell us we had done wrong. We were always in tears by the time he finished and were determined not to warrant that kind of punishment again. I don't mean that we were perfect children, we just tried hard not to get caught by Father in our mischief.

Next to his family and the Savior, Father's greatest love was music. He was blessed with a beautiful singing voice and loved to share this talent with others. He always sang in the Ward Choir, even when he was busy with Bishop and Stake President responsibilities. He was in his height of joy when all the family was together singing, with Mother playing the piano. He always loved holding a child or grandchild on his knee and singing lullabies.

Father was a great organizer. He organized and scheduled everything from his private and family life to his civic and church responsibilities. He wrote everything down exactly as it was to be, including his funeral. Two weeks ago he dictated his funeral services to Mary. He even listed the hours they were to be held. All that was lacking was the date. Mary wrote it for him and then he signed it "E. Francis Winters," and dated it "June 22, 1984." He also had Mary and John sign as witnesses and date it. We only made one major change; Mother felt that she couldn't play the organ.

Father enjoyed gardening and raised a beautiful garden. This spring, when he came to realize that he wouldn't be able to plant and care for the garden, he took a large piece of poster board and drew the garden to scale and mapped out where everything was to be

planted. He then made sure that Mother, Wayne and Gwen and their daughter Michelle did it right.

Father was emaculate in his personal grooming and dress habits, and he had to have everything in its place. He was humble and modest, quiet, strictly honest and always very proper. He rubbed shoulders with Apostles and Prophets, but was never boastful.

E. Francis Winters was a husband, father, grandfather, teacher, musician, scouter, organizer, bishop, stake president, patriarch, temple worker, choir president, missionary, home teacher, supporter of community affairs, gardener, U.S. citizen, accountant, public servant and friend to all.

On Sunday, July 8, 1984, he quietly left this mortal life and entered again into the world of spirits. We feel that Church there is probably held on the old meeting schedule, at 10:00 o'clock, and he arrived in time to attend and sing in the choir.

Survivors include his wife Margaret, and nine children: Francis Burton of Kaysville, Utah; Mrs. Lloyd (Allene) Heiner, Bedford, Wyo.; Mrs. Larry (Kathleen) Call, Afton, Wyo.; Evan Burton, Salt Lake City, Utah; John Burton, Glendale, Arizona; Bruce Burton, Salt Lake City, Utah; Mrs. Don (Mary Esther) Cluff, Kirtland, New Mexico; Mrs. Michael (Margaret Ann) Moulton, Heber City, Utah; and Wayne Burton, Pocatello, Idaho.

All of his brothers and sisters survive him. They are Donald D. Winters, Otto, Wyo.; Harold D. Winters, Burlington, Wyo.; three sisters all from Tropic, Utah, Mrs. Reginald (Leona) Stewart; Mrs. Vernal (Marion) Shakespear; and Mrs. Obie (June) Shakespear; Mrs. Russell (Arlene) Findlay, Kemmerer, Wyo.; and Mrs. Bruce (Elaine) Warren, Orem, Utah. Fifty-one

grandchildren and 11 great-grandchildren all survive him. His parents and infant daughter, preceded him in death.

A Gentle Man
by Allene Winters Heiner
A tribute to Father

A loving man with gentle ways
A kind and tender heart,
Walked across the stage of life
And humbly lived his part.

He seemed to know right from the start
He was a child of God.
He worked and taught and shared the truth,
And tilled the summer sod.

His greatest joys were family
And service to mankind.
Their happiness and welfare
Were ever on his mind.

When asked what he most liked to do,
Singing was his choice.
And many a choir or concert
Was made richer by his voice.

His teaching and example
Across the years did span,
And we are blessed through knowing
This kind and gentle man.

Crops and Boys
Tribute by Kathleen W. Call

January mists enveloped the mighty Big Horns,
Black with promise for spring streams and fall crops.
The Shoshones, veiled in primitive ethereal mystery,
Settled into winter.
The Basin floor, tired of arid summer and dusty autumn,
Breathed deeply the moistening frosts and snows.

In the homesteader's sparse cabin a baby boy was born,
Lustily heralding unique promise only new life brings,
Renewed hope in the dream which had brought them
To this distant land,
(Three-days' journey by rail to visit family and childhood friends)
"Milder days and nights and unclaimed virgin soil' A man could make his fortune on."
Little matter that the dream so far
Was not much more than that.
The man had other unlit ideas still to try,
And now a baby boy to add fuel to fire.

With spring, new crops and gardens were seeded
In rough-plowed alkaline soil, fertile enough with ditch water,
For growing crops---and boys.
"Feed and water sparingly for stronger stand.
Force roots deep." (To weather suffocating drought,
Almost interminable heat.)

The boy grew tall as the corn, lean and straight and strong,
Forced by drouth of another kind:
Few luxuries, hard work, "Father's right-hand man."
Younger sisters were no match for rattlesnakes

And wind-blown sand,
Stark palette of the Big Horn land.
House and root cellar were their domain,
Or trips with Mother into "town,"
If Otto could be called such--
One hotel and store, a livery stable next door.
Church and school and Sunday choir were food and drink
To the boy's thirsty soul.

In fact, the boy grew better than the crops,
As if God could spare only enough nutrients there
For the better of the two.
Intangibles: faith, integrity, moral courage,
A song floating on the air
Were ample provender and daily fare.

Crops today are much as then,
Harvest spare for grandfather's sons.
The boy, however, grown and gone, roots forced deep
For a stronger stand,
No doubt would be in the eyes of the Man
"Best of Harvest"----"Grand Champion."

Father:

Integrity, the essence--
The self-control to do what ought to be done,
Guileless as a child.
A judge of necessity, but unjudgmental,
And generous to a fault with the weaknesses of others.
Circumspect in details others would consider nonessentials.
Serious about life, but appreciative of wholesome humor.
Unpretentious...seeking not the plaudits of men,
But the wealth of the kingdom: family and good works.
Reverence, an integral part of his nature,
Reverential respect for every man,
Regardless of his station or circumstance.
Consistent gentleness with all----no overbearing male egoism here.
Service a way of life,
Manifest in true concern for the welfare of others.

A Special Memory:

Camping in Yellowstone Park on our annual summer excursion to the Big Horn Basin to visit Grandma and Grandpa Winters; singing on the long trip home, and when quarreling, as tired children sometimes will, threatened with being left behind at the side of the road, always an effective threat with me at least. Dark was very, very dark in those days.

A Tribute To My Father -- The Scouter
by Evan B. Winters

"On my honor, I will do my best" was my father's motto in everything he set out to do. His life centered in his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and His Gospel and also reflected adherence to the principles of Scouting in the Boy Scouts of America.

He did his best to do his duty to God -- as represented in his long years of priesthood leadership and his missionary service in Los Angeles, California and Manti, Utah. He also gave much service in temple work throughout his life. In all of these things mother was at his side doing much behind the scenes to help father perform his duties.

He "helped other people at all times" -- priesthood blessings, personal counseling, encouragement to the discouraged, help to the stranger and beggar, and a friend to everyone.

He kept himself "physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight" and so he was able to extend himself to help others.

Father was <u>trustworthy</u>. He always told the truth. Honesty was part of his code of conduct. People could depend on him. He also trusted others. (He trusted me, as a young boy to take "cheese factory" deposits to the bank.)

Father was <u>loyal</u>. He was true to his family, his church, his work, his friends and his country.

Father was <u>helpful</u>. He was concerned about other people. He did things willingly for others without pay or reward.

Father was friendly. Father was a friend to all. He tried to understand others and showed respect to those with ideas and customs other than his own.

Father was courteous. He was polite to everyone regardless of age or position. His good manners made it easier to get along with others.

Father was kind. He understood there was strength in being gentle. He treated others as he wanted to be treated. He did not hurt or kill harmless things.

Father was obedient. Father was obedient to the laws of the gospel and to those who presided over him. He obeyed the laws of the land. He as obedient to his employers.

Father was cheerful. Father looked for the bright side of things. He cheerfully did the tasks that came his way. He tried to make others happy.

Father was thrifty. He had to be thrifty, but it was also his nature. He payed his own way and also helped others. He saved, especially after the children left home, for unforeseen needs. He protected and conserved natural resources and carefully used his time and property.

Father was brave. He had the courage to face danger even if afraid. He had the courage to stand for what he thought was right even if others laughed at or threatened him.

Father was clean. He kept his mind and body fit and clean. He was never unshaven and believed in a weekly haircut.

Father was reverent. He was reverent toward God and never took his name in vain. He was faithful in his religious duties. He respected the beliefs of others.

Father believed in being prepared. He typed his talks, using the two finger method, and always planned ahead for his many meetings.

I think father did a good turn daily but he never bragged or talked about the good things he did.

Father received the "Silver Beaver Award" for his service in Scouting. He was a great Scouter because he lived the Scouting principles in his life everyday.

Now I would like to share a few memories of things father did.

He loved to sing and would sometimes practice his scales while in the bathroom --ah--ah--ah--ah--ah--ah.

He was a careful driver and to my knowledge he never wrecked the car.

He knew a family cow not only provided milk for the family but also provided opportunities for the boys to acquire some self discipline.

He loved to work in the garden early in the morning and whistled while he worked. He killed a lot of weeds with that old hand cultivator he pushed up and down the garden rows.

The garden also had a patch of crab grass for the boys to dig. The boys never did get the best of the crabgrass.

Father and Mother always attended the church dances and also many of the school dances. They were good dancers and always traded dances with other couples.

Father acquired some bookkeeping skills and kept books for the Star Valley Wool Pool. He let the other children add the columns and help balance the books. It was fun to accompany him to Montpelier, Idaho in the spring to oversee the loading of the wool onto the train.

Father loved family reunions and always did his best to get the family to one or two each year. He organized his own children into having a family reunion each year.

Father had two chores that he did every day. One was to stoke the furnace. The other was to burn the burnable garbage in the furnace (while he lived in Afton).

We held family home evenings on Thursdays. Sometimes we held family picnics up Swift creek canyon.

Father held family prayer morning and night. Mother would see that it happened if father was away.

Father taught me a lot, not by talking but mostly by doing. He preached a lot of good sermons in church, but his best sermons were in the way he lived.

Random Thoughts
In Tribute To
E. Francis Winters
By His Son
John B. Winters
22 November 1987

Following are a few random thoughts about Father. The longer I live, the more I realize what a great individual he was. He personified the title: "Defender of the Faith."

"Oh Sugar!"
On occasion, Father would get upset. The times I remember most were when the cow would step into a half bucket of milk. Instead of profanity or other such words, out of Father's mouth would come the sternly spoken words: "Oh Sugar!" I cannot ever remember his using profanity or taking the Lord's name in vain.

"Now Margaret..."
Father had a great deal of patience in listening to individuals with problems. He seemed to be oblivious to time. Supper would come and go and Father would still be in the den listening to someone. I remember several rare times when Mother would be mildly critical of the great amount of time monopolized by a few people. On those rare occasions, Father would usually preface his soft rebuke with the words: "Now Margaret..." I cannot remember his ever being harsh or critical of any ward or stake member.

"How Many Pounds of Carrots Did We Raise Last Year?"
Father was the most perfect example I know of living the Law of Tithing. It was not until after I was married that I learned how he made an accounting of his

"increase" at the end of each year. He not only included wages but also garden produce and gifts received during the year. One year, while visiting Father and Mother, I remember his asking Mother: "How many pounds of carrots did we raise last year?" He also asked about potatoes, beans, crab apples, rhubarb, peas, etc.

"On The Road To Mandalay"

If one excluded the gospel and family, music was probably Father's greatest love. He loved to listen. He also loved to participate. Despite his busy schedule, he sang in ward and stake choirs. He sang at home for Family Home Evenings, at civic and social events. Even today in my mind I can hear the reverberation of: "On the road to Mandalay, where the flying fishes play...."

"Let's Go!"

Many people have to make decisions on a daily basis about attendance at church meetings or payment of tithing or living the gospel in general. Many of these decisions were made by Father long before I came upon the scene. There was never any question in my mind on whether we would attend this or that meeting. Father would simply say: "Let's go!"

"Mary and John, Here Is an Outline of My Funeral Service."

It was not until long after I left home that I came to realize the great organizational abilities of Father. The smallest detail would not go unnoticed. Stake meetings, activation programs, the Wool Pool account, family home evening agendas, family organizations, etc., all received careful attention from Father. Even his own eventual death did not slip past his paper and

pencil. Early in the summer of his death, Mary and I were visiting in Idaho Falls when he called us to his den where he announced: "Mary and John, here is an outline of my funeral service." He reviewed with us his carefully prepared service, which included topics and names of songs and participants, so it was clear in our minds who was going to do what. Oh that I could be so well organized!

A Few Memories of Father

By Bruce Winters

"Oh, sugar!"
Planting the garden on Memorial Day
Gentle reprimands
Kisses
Typing in the early morning before leaving for work
Riding home with him from Salt Lake City in a snowstorm after attending General Conference
Working on the wool pool
His memory for lots of people, their names, and many things about them
His interest in people of all ages
Scouting
President of the Tendoy Council, BSA
A trip with him to Pocatello to attend a Scout Council meeting
Dancing at ward dances
Seeing him sit on the stand during ward meetings and hearing his singing stand out above that of the rest of the audience
Singing in the ward choir
Practicing his solo for "The Messiah"
Speaking at Stake Conference
Not letting me sit on the back row of the audience during Stake Conference
Holding hands with Mother
Organizing the families
His testimony of the Savior
Calling Mother "Sister Winters"
Tears
His love of music
Patience with others, and, on occasion, impatience with himself
His love for the family

Genealogy
His Adam's apple
Reading the scriptures
A trip to Southern Utah with the family to visit his sisters before Burton left for his mission
His love for Mother
Dozing at the wheel
Fishing at the "South End" on the 4th of July
A trip to the Bighorn Basin to visit his family
Taking him to the airport in Afton so he could fly to his Father's funeral
Always working on something
Having one of the children make deposits at the bank for the Star Valley Swiss Cheese Company
Singing around the campfire and roasting wieners and marshmallows
Singing as a family
Counseling with individuals in his den
The importance of haircuts
Visits from him and Mother after my marriage

My Father - E. Francis Winters
By Mary Esther Winters Cluff

I love my father. He lived a wonderful and full life. He was such a great example to me. He lived the gospel to its fullness. He was kind and gentle, so gentle he would pick up a spider and put it out the door. So gentle, he wouldn't scold you, but would shake his head and look into your soul with his grey-blue eyes. I would have rather had a thrashing instead. I know I hurt him deeply when I did things wrong. There were a lot of things I was tempted to do when growing up and didn't because I wouldn't have been able to face my father's disappointment.

Father was so kind and considerate of others. He always thought of others before himself. I remember going to the Big Horn Basin one summer and of course going through Yellowstone Park on the way. There were some bears along the side of the road. Of course, we children wanted to get up close to the bears with the car so we could see them. Father pulled over and let several cars get in front of us close to the bears. I remember being a little upset over it. I remember mother's comment being something to the effect, "Francis, you are always so considerate, I don't know why you don't think of your own first once in awhile."

I enjoyed Father taking us to his home, Otto, Wyoming. We usually went in the late summer when Aunt Ann and Uncle Harold's corn was on. I remember it was such a treat and it tasted so good. There were two things I didn't like, and that was their water and the outhouse. I was glad when they finally got indoor plumbing. Father was always interested in their crops and the farm. He loved the soil, and it seemed that anything he planted, he cared for and it grew beautifully. He really had a green thumb and he

enjoyed growing a garden. I just barely remember him as the County Extension Agent before he went to work at the Star Valley Swiss Cheese Company.

I worked at the Star Valley Swiss Cheese Co. for a couple of summers. As Father and I rode to work, he took advantage of the time and read the scriptures or Church Magazines on the way. He enjoyed reading and was well-learned. He was always interested in the current events of the day and kept abreast of things. I used to think the news was always boring. Boy, have I changed! Now I am like my father in that respect. When Father retired from the Swiss Cheese Co. and moved to Idaho Falls to serve in the temple presidency, they had to hire two men to replace him - one could not handle all the work Father did.

Father was a perfectionist. What he did, he did well and in an organized, detailed manner. He never left a stone unturned. He was a great example to me, and this quality has affected me so much in my life. A lot of things I am not good at, but whatever I'm called upon to do, I try to do it thoroughly and perfectly even though it may not end up that way. I give it my best. He always encouraged me to do my best and let me believe I could do anything. I have tried to pass this onto my sons. He was committed. There are so many people who aren't.

Father sang so beautifully. He taught me a great lesson which I have never forgotten. He was a great supporter of the ward choir. Sister Roma Jean Stock was our ward Choir Director, and when her husband, Max, was killed in a snowslide, she moved to Utah. We then got a new Choir Director, Sister Carolyn Tripp, who was young and inexperienced. I complained to Father saying I didn't want to go to choir anymore because I didn't care for her directing. He told me I needed to keep going and support her. She was trying to do her best

and she needed my support. Needless to say, I continued going. I have thought of this over the years in many church callings. I have tried to support other people and realize that they are trying to do their best even though it may not measure up to my best. It has been a simple but important lesson.

I do not think of the Fourth of July without my thoughts reflecting on Father singing in the park or church a patriotic song at the Fourth of July celebration. He was a great patriot and loved this country. I learned to love it also through his singing of patriotic songs. One of his favorites was "Flag Without a Stain."

Father was a great scouter. He loved the scouting program and was a Silver Beaver recipient. He served on the Tendoy Council. I have a soft spot in my heart for scouting. As a little girl I remember going a couple of times with him and Mother over to Scout Camp at Bear Lake, Idaho. We would go early evening for their campfire programs where Father spoke. Even young as I was, I thought it was pretty exciting to go see that many boys all in one place!

Father was secretary of the Star Valley Wool Pool. It was a busy time of year for him when the sheep were sheared and the wool was bagged. I went a couple of seasons with him to Montpelier, Idaho, where the wool was weighed, tagged, and put on the train to be sent out. I helped record the weight and the name of the person the wool belonged to. I enjoyed this, even though it took a couple of days at a time sitting at the train station all day long. I enjoyed being able to help my Father do this and to be able to earn some money also. When it came time to tally everybody's wool, and send their checks out, Mother and Father spent hours and days at the adding machine. I got to do some of this too.

I have never seen Father lose his temper. The worse thing I ever heard him say was "Oh, Sugar!" That's pretty sweet wouldn't you say? He didn't say bad things of people. I never heard him speak unkindly to mother or anyone else.

He saw to it that we had Family Home Evening every Thursday evening. That was before the church designated Monday as Family Night.

One of my choicest experiences with Father was a couple of weeks before he passed away. I went to see him and Mother. He was weakening daily and was having a hard time eating. He said there were two things he felt he needed to do. I asked him what they were. He replied, "Get my history written and write down my funeral." I said I could do the latter for him, so next day I went into his study with him and Mother and we planned his funeral. I wrote it out in detail and we called Mother and John in that evening and went over it carefully. John and I signed as witnesses and Father signed it, also. It was a beautiful experience for me and a privilege to do one last little service for such a great man, my Father, E. Francis Winters.

I was always my Father's greatest tease. He was always so deep in thought, and serious, that I couldn't help but tease him and kid him. I know he enjoyed it too. He enjoyed a good laugh, and I knew he needed it.

I love all the little things of the gospel and of life that he taught me. He was such a perfect father and so perfected in so many ways as a man. He gave his life to people through service, and he served the Lord with all his might, mind and strength. Of course he couldn't have done this without a wonderful helpmate, Mother. On my last visit with him, he said, "I have always felt like a financial failure." I said, "Father how can you say that? You raised nine children, sent

six of them on missions, eight of them off to college. This was all done without much means. Now, I couldn't ever say you were a financial failure, rather a financial genius! You did a great job. We were always cared for and provided for. We were so rich in every way."

A Few Thoughts About Father
By Ann Winters Moulton

When I think of my Father it is with great feelings of tenderness. He was a gentle man and all who knew him loved and respected him. Probably his greatest desire in life and at death was for his family and friends to know the truth of the gospel of Jesus Christ and to live it.

Father had many Christ-like characteristics. Elder Thomas S. Monson said he was "...one of the most Christ-like men I have even known." Patience, kindness, unselfishness and charity are only some of his virtues.

As a child I remember that discipline was maintained not with a heavy hand and voice, but with a sigh, a look in the eye, (which I tried to avoid) and sound reasoning.

Father's desire to serve the Lord was an integral part of our family life, and I remember the frustration of trying to set a date for my wedding amidst his High Council, welfare, and Stake Presidency meetings. Family vacations were worked in with General Conference, someone's wedding, new baby or graduation. As I look at him now, I realize that he didn't do things for himself, but for others. There was no self-centeredness about him.

The gardens Father raised were a source of great satisfaction to him. Each year he improved his skills and methods in producing a "fine crop." He recognized goodness and beauty in life and desired to maintain it. His later years were lived in caring for church

assignments, home, family affairs, and personal affairs in great detail and thoroughness.

Music was one of his greatest loves. He sang until the last week of his life. Every ward choir in the church should have had a faithful member like my Father. Together he and Mother performed in many places. His voice was a rich, mellow bass.

Father loved little children. When a new grandchild was born he and mother frequently came to help care for mother and baby. When father held a baby on his lap he would hold on to the baby's feet. As he held one foot in each hand or two tiny feet in one large hand, he hummed a simple melody over and over. It soothed the baby and I believe himself as well. It is a picture that comes to mind when I think of Father and children. The last visit Father made to our home was just after Emily's birth. They came in October of 1983 and stayed a couple of weeks. As they said goodbye Father said, "I must go take one more peek at the baby." He went to Emily's room where she was asleep, gently kissed her and patted her before he left. I will ever be grateful for a kind, gentle, Christ-like Father.

Father

by Wayne Burton Winters

Though each new day I shake a hand
and reach to know a friend,
I sometimes pause and thoughtfully say
"Where are the men today?"

Where are the men of yesteryear,
The men with strength and faith,
Men with purpose, those with thought,
Those who show forth grace?

Where are the men of destiny?
Those with strength of steel?
Those who seek to know their God,
Those who choose "His" will?

I have met but few such men;
One's above the rest.
No one ever called him "Dad,"
"Father" deemed him best.

A man with simple dignity;
His quiet strength.
Ever building, never tearing,
In challenge never shrank.

Integrity-impeccable,
Order was his life,
Selflessness and valiancy,
Growth through trying strife.

That my father dared to start,
That he always finished.
Control of tongue atop his list.
Virtue -- undiminished.

Father, always without guile,
Velvet in his heart.
Never coarse, never harsh.
Taught to always "do thy part."

Though men may rise to heights applauded
Enjoined in outward praise.
I think of Father, then stop and say
"Where are the men today?"

Tribute
by Margaret Burton Winters

Today, 19 June 1983 being Father's Day I would like to pay tribute to you Francis and list your special qualities and let you know of my love for you.

I love you for your kindness to me; you treat me like a queen even though at times I do not deserve it.

You are polite in our home in every regard. You are polite on the highways, always conscious of those around you and their needs. You observe the laws of the highway - no speeding. You will not let me "jay walk," but insist I observe all traffic lights.

You are honest in all of your dealings.

You love the Lord and serve Him faithfully and take great delight in studying the scriptures, thus setting a good example for me.

I am proud to be your eternal wife and companion, and will always love you. I'm so grateful I married you, as I have told you many times.

Margaret

I believe Francis left his life in a cloud of glory, as I have read the righteous are entitled to do. The angels sang along with our family as they sang in his funeral, as attested to by family members and close friends of ours.

He loved the work of our Heavenly Father, his family and our great free land of America. He put his heart and soul into "The Flag Without a Stain" as he sang it many times in patriotic programs, as well as the other patriotic songs.

We, his wife and family pay tribute to his righteous life and the love, guidance and support which he gave us.

May we remember his motto:

> My strength is as the strength of ten because my heart is pure. Author Unknown

MARGARET BURTON WINTERS

20 January 1989

age 80 years

As I Remember Life

Margaret Burton Winters

Oh, those childhood days, those happy days, those carefree days of my early youth! Life on a farm with my Father, Mother, four sisters and three brothers. I was the middle child, the one who always got hand-me-downs, but also some very special privileges. I have felt that maybe my Father and Mother, as well as my three older brothers and one sister, were especially happy when I came; although each child is special in his or her own way, after three boys in succession, a girl may have been especially welcome. I hope I have not been a disappointment to them.

I arrived on a beautiful summer day, in the balmy days of June, 1908, the 10th day. When my Father jumped on his pony to get the doctor on that memorable day, I am sure he was excited, anxious and apprehensive, as all Fathers are at that moment in their lives when Heavenly Father is about to send him another precious spirit to care for and to teach and bring up in righteousness. The pony was a little excited too, I suppose, must have felt it was a time of urgency as he galloped along through the field. Suddenly he stepped into a hole and threw Father off, and also Father's knee cap. Father was able to crawl over to the ditch and dipping his hat into it, drank the sweet mountain water, which relieved his weakness caused by the fall. He was soon on his way to Afton, a distance of two miles, to get the necessary help for my Mother.

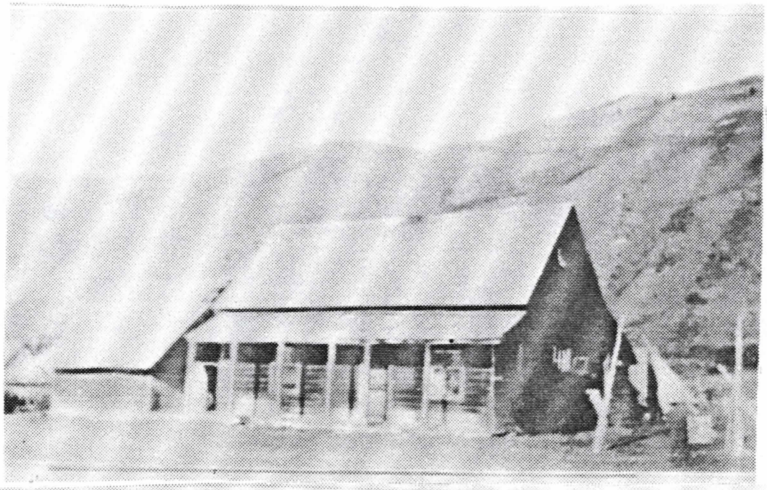
WEDDING PICTURES OF
MY PARENTS

HEBER FIELDING BURTON
6 March 1868 -
16 March 1943

MARY DELECTA
BALLANTYNE
BURTON
7 April 1877 -
10 October 1968

Mar. 14 Dec. 1898

MY CHILDHOOD HOMES
AFTON, WYOMING



BUILT ABOUT
1900

BUILT
1927 & 1928

THE FAMILY OF
Heber Fielding Burton
&
Mary Delecta Ballantyne

Front Row 1 - R Winfield, Mother, Father, Esther
Back: Mary Ellen, Minerva, Richard, Stewart, Margaret, Katheyn

About 1930

My Mother was a beautiful dark-eyed brunette with olive skin by the name of Mary Delecta Ballantyne Burton. I have been pleased as I have grown older that several friends who knew Mother said I look like her. She was a noble woman. My Father was about five foot and maybe four inches, probably a little shorter than Mother, but not much. His name, Heber Fielding Burton, of noble pioneer ancestors. My Father and Mother made a handsome pair, one I am proud of.

Our home was made of logs which had been covered by lumber. It contained four rooms: a front room, small kitchen, one good-sized bedroom where my parents slept, and one smaller bedroom. Now, for eight children that was not much room, so years later my Grandfather, Richard Alando Ballantyne, came from Logan, Utah, and made two more rooms by cutting a trap door in our parents bedroom ceiling. By putting a ladder up the wall he then created two very unfinished bedrooms in the attic. We loved climbing the ladder to our new rooms. There was an outside entrance also, up a ladder onto a platform and into the attic, but, of course, the inside entrance was much preferred, especially on stormy days and in the winter.

You may wonder, "Where is the bathroom?", a very logical question, but a bathroom as such in those days was indeed a luxury. We bathed in a round tiny tub in the kitchen in front of the wood-burning stove, using water heated on the stove and in the reservoir attached to the end of the stove. Since water was scarce, when one child finished, another added more hot water and took a bath. However, since my Mother was a very clean woman, she did not allow only the smallest ones to share the water; the bigger ones had the luxury of fresh water.

How did a family of ten manage with only four bedrooms and no bunk beds? Mother made a bed down in the front room for many years. We also doubled up in the beds, that is we shared a bed with one or more sisters. In the winter time I remember sleeping in the attic, where the wind would blow through the cracks, and snow would also come in uninvited, landing sometimes on our faces. When the weather was very cold, Mother heated her irons on the kitchen range, wrapped them in towels or some woollen cloth, and put them in our beds to keep us warm, often heating the beds before we climbed in. We also slept between cotton blankets which were not nearly as cold to sleep on as the cotton sheets which we use today. We awakened in the mornings with frost on our covers caused by our breath as we slept. It was cold getting out of bed, but Father always had a nice warm fire going in the front room, and we all hurried down there to dress. What fun to dress by the crackling wood- burning stove. Those are wonderful days to look back upon. Now my home is not nearly as cold in the mornings and I get into a bed in a bed heated with an electric blanket. Oh, the luxury of modern homes!

I have happy recollections of Mother reading to us our bedtime stories, and of singing songs around the old pump parlor organ. As I look back upon it I think my Mother played those songs, but later she would not try to play it nor the piano, as she felt shy around some of us girls who had had piano lessons and she felt that we did much better than she did. My Father happily took us "piggy-back riding," dancing around the room and on into the bedroom where he dumped us off on our beds, with a hearty kiss and a "good night, sleep tight, wake up bright in the morning light, to do

what's right with all your might." I must not forget those simple prayers at my Mother's knee before going to bed, precious, sacred moments. There I learned of the security and peace which comes from talking with my Heavenly Father.

My childhood days were happy days as I played with my brothers and sisters. Esther, Winfield, Stewart and Richard were all older than myself, but Kathryn, Minerva and Mary Ellen were younger. They were the ones I played with mostly. In the summers we made umbrellas out of rhubarb leaves, and we spent many hours playing with our dolls. We had rag dolls and dolls with china heads and cloth bodies. One time Mother went to Ogden to visit and brought us back some kewpie dolls. As I think on it, Mother went into Salt Lake to purchase these dolls. They were made of wax, with roguish eyes, dimples, and a lock of molded hair sticking up on the top of their heads. I think it was Minerva who got hers too close to the stove, and it melted. That was a sad day. Sometimes, if and when we had corn on the cob, we made corn cob dolls, making them fancy with the silk and the leaves for dresses. We also loved to float hollyhock blossoms down the ditch which ran through our front yard. I recall one day my baby sister, Mary Ellen, possibly about two years old, fell in the small ditch, and we were very happy when she was pulled out in time to survive.

We had a milk cart which Father used to haul the milk cans from the barn to the ditch to keep the milk cold. We enjoyed pushing each other around in that. One day Mary Ellen fell on it and cut her forehead quite close to the eye. Mother was able to pull the cut together, but the scar was to last throughout her life.

In the winter time we spent many hours coasting on our sleds on the hill above our home. Many neighbors and friends came to our home for coasting parties. We also had an ice-skating pond. It seemed that most of the family learned to skate, but my ankles were too weak, and I did not succeed. Maybe that was just an excuse, but I did try. To keep our eyes from getting sunburned on the bright snow, and our faces too, we wore brown or black thin veils made of cloth attached to our caps or tied around our heads. On our legs we wore leggings which were woollen cloths pulled on over our long stockings, which were usually black. Our long-legged underwear which buttoned down the front and had long sleeves also added to our warmth. How different it is now, snowsuits are so much lighter and warmer, sun glasses also add to the comfort of eye protection.

I have fond recollections of a tall wooden swing which had two seats, one on each end of the swing, which would hold several people. There was a platform on which to rest our feet. This was an excellent place for rocking our dolls, for shelling peas, and for many other activities, like just swinging. The long summer evenings were filled with baseball games, hide-and-seek, anti-I- over, kick-the-can and other fun outdoor games.

We also hiked up on the mountain which was about a quarter of a mile above our place; in fact we used to drive the cows onto the hill for summer feeding, taking them up in the mornings and bringing them home in the evenings if they did not return on time. We had to cross the canal which was divided into two streams on our place with a flume, which is a chute directing the stream downhill. It had a foot bridge across, and we

loved to stand on the bride and watch the water tumble rapidly downhill. I am sure that mother worried considerably about us on that bridge, but none of us ever fell in as the water was boiling at the bottom as it does from a large water fall. We were fortunate to have no problems because of it. We picked service berries and chokecherries from these mountains, and Mother made delicious jelly from the chokecherries. She combined rhubarb with service berries, and with sugar added they were delicious canned for the winter.

School days were exciting days. We had two bells that called us to school each morning, one at 8:30 a.m. and the other one at 8:50 a.m. We knew when we walked that we had to be leaving by the time the first bell rang or we would be late. We lived two miles from school and when the weather was good we walked. But we did have a shortcut through the fields which made it one mile. We climbed through fences and jumped over the ditches, two of them, if I remember right. One neighbor whose place I suppose we walked through was very upset when we went past her home, but somehow we just kept on walking anyway. We had a dog named Rover who used to accompany us to school then return home. He was what I would call a Collie which we loved dearly. One day he did not return home, and we felt that he may have been poisoned. That was a sad day for all of us, there was never another dog to replace Rover as far as I was concerned.

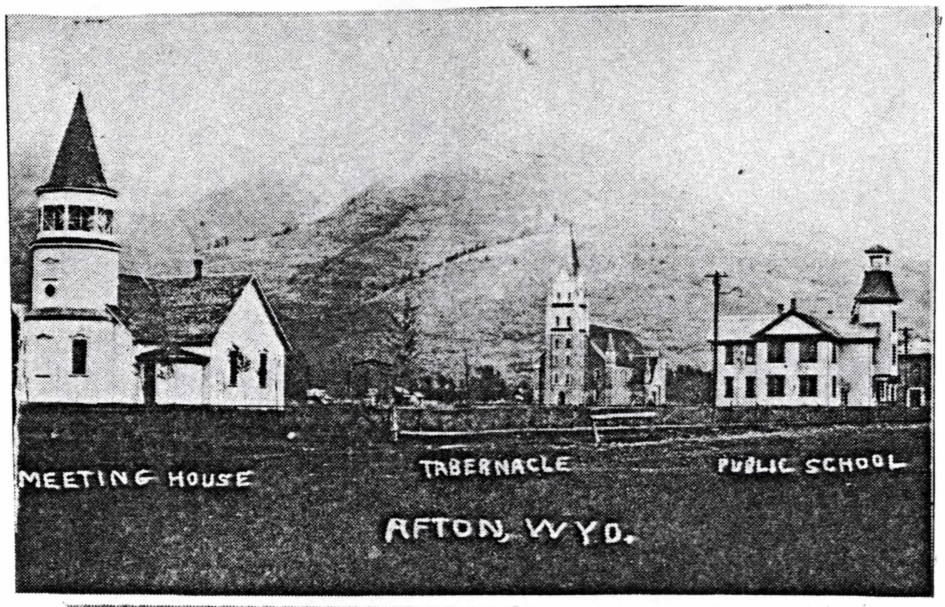
I did not tell you about the toilet part of our bathroom, it was outside in a little wooden building. Our toilet seats were wooden with three holes to fit different sizes of us. Our bathroom tissue was largely Sears Roebuck or Montgomery catalogs. My, what a luxury our modern, soft tissue is today. It does not

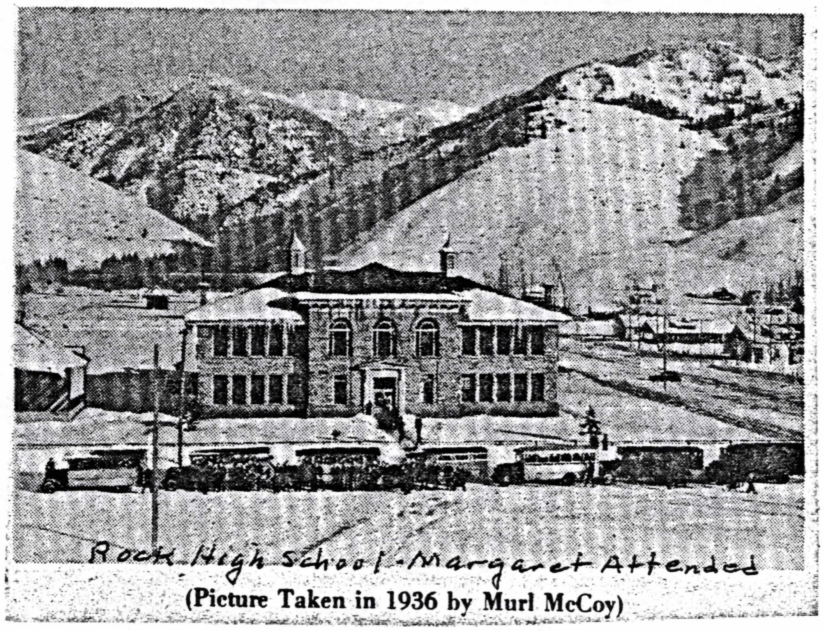
leave printers ink on our backsides, nor any colored pictures either. I recall the slop jar which was a granite or porcelain slop jar, a bucket with a bale handle on it and a lid. This we used to answer mother nature's demands when ill or in the night. Of course these had to be emptied down the hole in the "out house" during the day. In the winter the trek to the out-door toilets took real courage, but it did keep us healthy by demanding that we get out in the fresh air each day.

My Father eventually built a building up to the square and put a canvas over the top of it, which we called "the tent." This was behind our house, but was attached to it, being connected with the porch which ran the full length of our home. We used to sleep in "the tent" in the summer. I recall having to get up in the middle of the night to go to the out-door toilet, and of hearing the coyotes howling as I did so. That took courage also. We used to make ice cream and freeze it on the porch, and of course there was some salt water which spilled on the wooden porch. This attracted the skunks and porcupines, and they used to come in the night and lick and nibble on the wood to obtain the salt in it. These I feared more than the coyotes; at least the latter were on the mountain or in the fields and not around the house.

Our transportation was not by automobile, as they did not appear in Star Valley until I was about eight years old, but by horse and buggy or wagon. It would take us about thirty minutes to drive those two miles to church Sunday morning or to school. When the weather was too stormy or cold for us to walk, Father let us ride on the milk wagon as he took the milk to the creamery to be made into cheese and butter. When I was

Church & School Buildings
Attended by Margaret

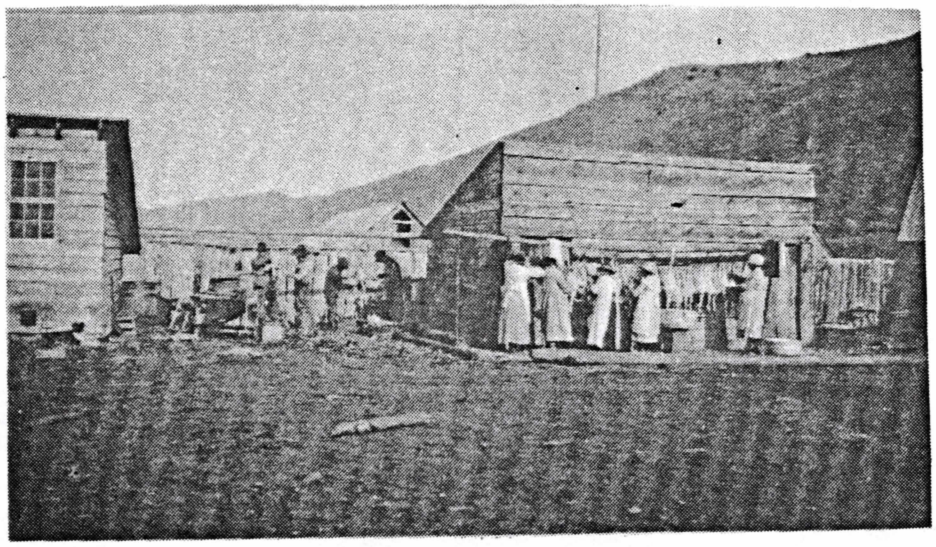




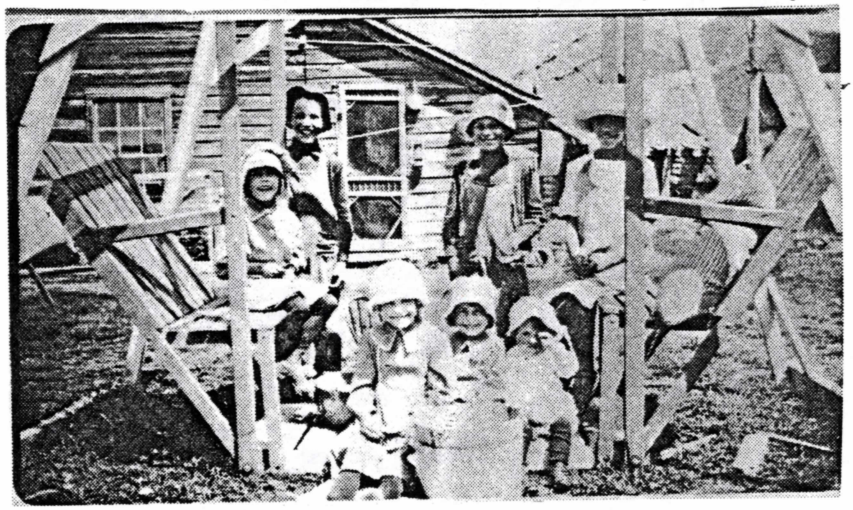
(Picture Taken in 1936 by Murl McCoy)

Our First School Bus About 1925
Notice it is Horse-drawn

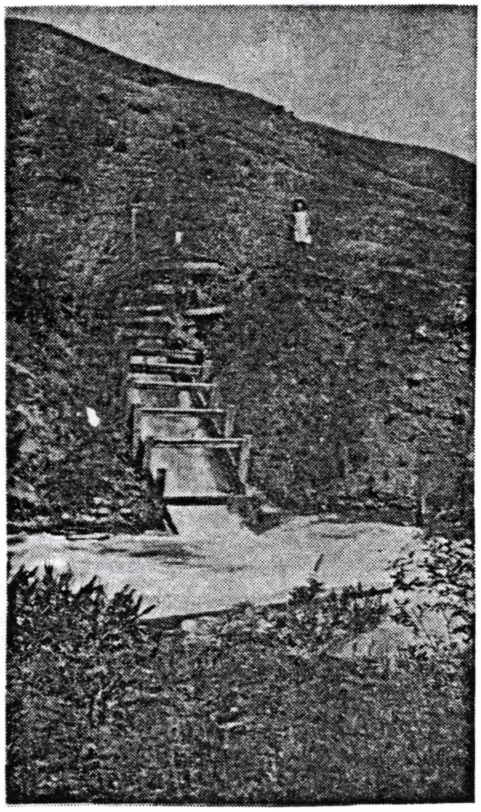
HARVESTING TURKEYS



Shelling Peas on Wooden Swing, Aug. 1916
Seated: Margaret, Minerva, Mary Ellen
Back: Kathr;n, Stewart, Richard, Mary Ballantyne



The Flume Dividing Grover Canal



in high school the school district provided transportation which consisted of a sleigh for winter or a wagon for warmer seasons. The sleigh had a canvas cover over the top to protect us from the cold. It also had a stove in which wood was burned addeding to our comfort. When we rode with Father we were covered by heavy woolen quilts. Sometimes my brothers took the team and wagon, or sleigh to school, and they put hay in the bottom of the sleigh for us to sit on, and also for the horses to eat as they waited to take us home after school. Sometimes the older school boys would hitch our team to the sleigh at noon and race the horses, or take them on an icy street corner and "cut shines," that is they would make the sleigh whirl around. I am not sure just how that was accomplished.

I do not recall the names of all of our horses, but I do recall Utah, Minnie and Socks. Utah was a beautiful black mare and a gentle horse. Minnie was a bay mare, and Socks a bay horse with white on his feet, hence the name of Socks. I think this is a three-generation group and the ones I recall with fondness. Socks was a fast pony and the one I liked to ride. We had good times together.

Once while working in the hayfield with my Father and brothers and some hired men I had a thrilling ride on Socks. My cousin Eva and possibly her sister Bernice Burton came for a visit. We decided to take a ride during our noon hour. We rode without a saddle, bareback. I was in front and Eva behind me. She was not as accustomed to riding horses as I was, and she dug her heels into Sock's flanks causing him to run. Of course the faster he ran, the harder she dug in her heels to hang on. Down the long meadow he ran, jumping several ditches and we hung on. Turning, he headed back

for the haystack from whence we started. Father called, I can hear him now, "Run him down Margaret, run him down," but someone else thought differently and ran out to try to catch him. Suddenly he stopped and we flew off over his head, landing on the ground. Neither of us was hurt, but we were a little shaken.

We lived a mile and one-half north of Afton, and one-half a mile east. Our nearest neighbors were at least one-half mile away and farther for most. Sometimes we would go to our friend's home and forget to come home on time. I especially recall just such an event which occured to my sister Minerva; she was four years younger than I. She went to see her friend, Louise Barker, about three-quarters of a mile from home and was late getting home. That is the only time I remember my father spanking one of us. Mother had a unique way of disciplining. She would send us down the lane to where some willows were growing and have us cut our own switches, which she used on our legs when we returned. She must have been gentle in that switching, as I do not recall any of them being very severe. The fact that we had to cut our own switches proved most effective.

After I started school it was my job upon returning home to push my baby sister Mary Ellen in her buggy in the fresh air when the days would permit. I thought she was such a special sister, and enjoyed doing it. My first memory of her was seeing Mother weigh her on some scales in our little kitchen when she had freshly bathed her.

Our home had a loose board over our kitchen window. Each spring a mother bluebird would come and build her nest inside of that recess. We welcomed that blue bird and watched her build the nest, and then

watched the birds after they were hatched as she came several times a day with a worm in her mouth to feed her babies. We had several cats who also watched this process, and we were very much concerned when the babies started to fly, that the cats did not kill them. We were very sad when this did happen. Now the blue birds seem almost extinct, as I have not seen one for several years and it saddens me.

My first grade teacher was a Mrs. Barstow, a non-member of our church. She was special to me, and always seemed so very kind, and taught me many songs, such as "Good Morning Merry Sunshine," "The Windmill is Whirling Away up so High," "The Teakettle Song" and others. When one of us was late coming to school we were often greeted by the "Good Morning" song which ends, "Who stayed out late to play." When we sang the last line we would all point to the tardy one. It was embarrassing and an effective method to use.

One night, an especially cold one, I was walking home alone from school. I do not recall why I was late that night and why I was alone, but I was. I was getting very cold when I say my Father coming toward me in the sleigh. He was wearing a fur coat made of bear skin. I must have been rather young, for he put me between his knees and wrapped that long coat around me while he was still wearing it. I will never forget the comfort of that coat and the joy and hope which came to me as I saw him coming for me.

School lunches in the school were unheard of at that time, and we took our lunches to school in tin honey or lard buckets with handles on. One of my morning chores as I became older was to pack those lunches for about six of us. My sister Esther went to Salt Lake City to help one of our cousins who was

married and had small sons, so she finished her last two years of high school down there. I was the next eldest sister, so my Mother depended on me for much of her help. I recall making up cooked navy beans, and adding thick rich cream to them, and putting that between slices of delicious home-made bread. We usually had cookies made of cream, and an apple to take with us. I also used to grind up cooked beef, adding some homemade salad dressing, and using that for filling. My Mother tried very hard to make the sandwiches tasty with a variety of fillings. Of course we did not have the commercial sandwich meats which we have today. Cheese was also in abundance at our home and used frequently. I recall grating that up and moistening it with cream, which makes delicious sandwiches.

Our elementary school was a tall two-story building with a stairway leading from the front door upstairs to the upper floor. The first, second and third grades were on the main floor, with other grades upstairs. The bannisters on the stairway were so much fun to slide on, and a great temptation, easier than running down the stairs. It must have been a worry and concern for the teachers, but oh how much fun for youngsters. Our heat was furnished by stoves at first, but later a furnace was installed with the heat coming up from the basement and big grated vents in the floor of the rooms. It was fun to stand on these vents and feel the warmth on our legs and whole body. I suppose the furnace was heated with coal, but before that when the big wood burning stoves heated each room, there were always blocks of wood out behind the school. These blocks were useful for playing with at recess time, as they made playhouses for us, as well as stockades and forts for the "cowboys and Indians" at play.

While I was still in the grade school the parents became concerned about what to do to provide an escape for us should the schoolhouse catch on fire while we were in school. Their solution, a slippery slide on the outside of the building from the second story. I do not recall if we climbed out of a window or opened a door, but at any rate it was a little scary for us timid ones, but fun for the adventurous in spirit. However, we were not allowed to play on them, but did have regular fire drills. We never did have a fire, thank goodness!

Our recesses were filled with the usual games of jump rope, hop scotch, marbles, and mumble peg, with the usual teasing of girls vs. boys. In the winter

forts were built with huge snow balls, then fights would ensue with snowballs for guns.

I think I was an obedient school girl, as that was taught in our home. I do recall, though, one instance when in the seventh grade my teacher gave me a good shaking. We were to memorize a poem, which I had done at home. He told us to get busy and memorize it during a certain period, and as I had it already memorized, I was doing other things. When he questioned me, I told him I knew it already, but he did not believe me, and I suppose since I contradicted him, I received the shaking. He was courting a girl that year who later became his wife, and it seemed that his patience was a little thin.

I was a good student and especially enjoyed reading, history and geography. Arithmetic was harder for me, and as I studied geometry in high school I had to struggle. I also enjoyed general science in high school. Music has always been my special love. When in high school my parents let me take group piano, which I enjoyed very much under the direction of Mrs. Thelma Brown, my teacher. I was in her advanced class. Sometimes she would let me teach her classes when she was absent. We had about six small pianos which were played at the same time using the same piece. It was a challenge to count it out and keep up with all the others. It was excellent training for me, as I became an organist and accompanist for many occasions.

My first music lessons were given me by my first grade teacher, Mrs. Barstow. They cost fifty cents a lesson. I only took them in the summer, and would ride with Father when he took the milk to the creamery. I would then walk home. My first instrument was on the parlor organ which I treadled with my feet. I suppose that is the reason why I have a good legato touch on

the organ. In high school I took organ lessons from Sidney Sperry who taught high school for a year or so. I was able to play on the organ in the stake tabernacle, and dear Conrad Schalker would come over and pump it for me. Bless his dear heart! He pumped for me as I was Sunday School and also ward organist in the Afton North Ward. I thought that the beautiful tabernacle organ was a pipe organ, but was disappointed when they remodeled the tabernacle to find out that they were wooden pipes painted gold. Well, it was a good organ, anyway.

Music has been a rewarding hobby in my life. My first church position was that of Primary organist when I was about eleven years old. I have been Sunday School organist, Ward organist, Stake organist for about nineteen years, Stake Relief Society and Stake Y.W.M.I.A. organist. When I moved to Idaho Falls I was Relief Society organist during my time in the Temple, and following our missions also. While on our missions I substituted as Relief Society organist in the wards we attended.

One of my most memorable experiences came when Sister Jessie Evans Smith asked me to accompany her as she came to our stake with her husband Joseph Fielding Smith, who was then a member of the Quorum of the Twelve. During the morning session she handed me "In The Garden" and I had to sight-read it, but was thankful that I had played it many times for funerals as I accompanied the Canto Chorus of which I was a member. She sang again in the afternoon session, but gave me the song to take home and learn. Sister Annie Hood in our stake was a beautiful soloist, and she refused to sing unless I would accompany her. I felt that a tribute to my ability as an accompanist.

ßß The Canto Chorus was a special group for ladies who were organized before I returned to Afton in 1937, and they invited me to join. In this group I sang alto and second soprano, and also accompanied for many years. Sister Lucille White Call was our conductor, and following her death, and the death of some key members, we finally disbanded. One year our chorus won an award in competition with other groups at a State Farm Bureau contest. We were invited to Kemmerer, Wyoming, our county seat to sing in a special commemorative program, I think honoring the soldiers as they returned home from World War Two. We also sang at many funerals and other programs.

I mentioned that my Grandfather William Walton Burton built creameries in Afton, Grover, and Bedford and Freedom. I have happy recollections of going often to the one in Afton, where we were allowed to eat the cheese curd before it was cured. We also drank the whey which was drained off when the curd was put into the presses for cheese. I enjoyed the whey (we called it "swill") and took it home to feed to the hogs along with bran and scraps of whatever food was at hand. The hogs loved it too. Years later the whey was dried and used in baby food. It is very nutritious.

Other church assignments have been as President of the Young Women's Mutual (Y.W.M.I.A.) also a counselor in that organization, and I have taught the Junior Girls, Gleaner Girls and Mia Maids. I have been on the stake Relief Society board for ten years and also served as a counselor in our Ward Relief Society, where I served with my dearest friend, Sarah Walker, as President. I was also Attendance Secretary in the Mutual and a leader of the Mutual Study class.

My Father, Heber Fielding Burton, was born the 6th of March, 1868, at Ogden, Weber County, Utah. He was the son of William Walton Burton and Ellen Fielding. He was their first son and third child in a family of eight children. My Grandfather William Walton Burton married three Fielding sisters, Rachel, Ellen and Sarah Ann. Their Aunt Mary Fielding became the wife of Hyrum Smith December 24, 1837, hence our relationship to two prophets, Joseph F. Smith and Joseph Fielding Smith.

My Mother, Mary Delecta Ballantyne Burton, was also born in Ogden, Utah, on the 7th of April, 1877, being nine years younger than my Father. She was the eldest in a family of nine girls and four boys. She is the oldest grandchild of Richard Ballaytyne, the "Father of the Sunday School in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day-Saints." Hence we are of a noble birthright and need to honor those great ancestors who gave so much in enabling us to become members of the true church, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day-Saints. May we ever hold them in high esteem.

My Mother's parents were Richard Alando Ballantyne and Mary Ann Stewart. Grandmother's father, Isaac Mitton Stewart, was bishop of the Draper Ward for about thirty years. Mother tells of how she met her future husband, Heber. "My Father loved to dance; he danced until he was seventy-two years of age and just enjoyed it. This one night he came up to me and said, 'I have a young man I want you to meet; he is from a good family, the family of William Walton Burton.' So I met him, and we started to go together. He was secretary of the Ogden Tabernacle Choir, and also secretary for the Shurtliff Coal Company." They were married December 14, 1898, in the Salt Lake Temple, by President Joseph

F. Smith.

Why did they move to Afton, Wyoming, a very small isolated village many miles from home? My Grandfather Burton, being a polygamist, had to go into hiding when the U.S. Marshalls were hunting down that group of men with more than one wife.

Let me quote from a book, 1968 - A Memoir Honoring William Walton Burton and His Three Wives, Rachel, Ellen and Sarah Ann Fielding and Their Families, "In 1885 our enemies started a raid on the polygamists, and the men who would not renounce their plural wives were put in prison, so William and Ellen and I (Sarah Ann) had to leave home. Soon after this we decided to move to Star Valley, Wyoming. We left Ogden July 25, 1986, and arrived in the Valley in August. It was a hard trip, as the roads were new and poor. We chose to take up a place in the southeast end of the valley, now Smoot, and we all worked hard to homestead this place. We were told how deep the snow got, and were advised to move to Afton, where more people lived, to spend the winter. John and Arthur, (Sarah Ann's sons) came in October, also Ellen and family, and Heber and Thomas went back to Ogden to school..."

"We kept some store goods on hand in one of the rooms of the house -- kind of a little store - the beginning of the Burton Mercantile business."

The following quotes from Ellen F. Burtons history written by her daughter Mercy. "In 1885 she (Ellen) and her husband made a trip to England to escape the persecution of the Saints on account of their practice of plural marriage. It was after coming back from there that they went north and finally settled in Star Valley, having met a Brother Eggleston who told them of this valley. The town of Afton in Star Valley played

an important part in her life and the lives of her children from then on."

"Besides the land and cattle interests of the Burton Ranch, the Burton family established a successful general merchandise business in Afton and Freedom. Its departments included men's clothing and women's millinery. They also built and operated the Star VAlley Creamery. Both of these thriving industries provided employment for a number of the sons and daughters, as well as for other community members for many years."

Her granddaughters Edith Barlow Menser and Rae Barlow Barker had this to say about her, Ellen. "Her gentility, dignity and aristocratic bearing stirred in us the response of love and respect." "Remember that your back is the aristocratic member of your body," she would say, in order to correct in us a slouchy posture. Immaculate in her personal care and dress, and meticulous in sewing and laundering, she would, when occasion called for it, remind us that 'nothing less than your best will do.'"

I thought this comment by her son John interesting and unusual. "With her whole heart she entered into the Church's promoted project of "Silk Culture." She devoted to it one entire room, the walls being lined with shelves for raising the silk worms. The worms were fed on mulberry leaves gathered from the trees on her own yard. LIke a tiny factory, the necessary processing was carried on there, reeling the silk fibers from the hot soaked cacoon onto the reels ready for the shuttles." This must have been while living in Ogden, Utah.

The Star Valley Stake was organized on August 14, 1892. Grandfather William Walton Burton became the

first counselor to President George Osmond. He served in this position until June 1, 1913, when his son-in-law Clarence Gardner became president and served until 1940, twenty-seven years. A son, Arthur Fielding Burton, served as a counselor to Uncle Clarence Gardner these many years.

Quoting from a sketch of the life of Arthur Fielding Burton. "During those years many trips were taken, visiting the various wards of the stake with team and buggy or sleigh, as season or weather demanded. Later cars and roads became better and cars were used for their travels. He recalled that when he was on his mission he saw a horseless carriage, or gasoline buggy. At that time he wrote to his mother describing it, and said he was doubtful that the contraption would ever amount to anything. He often quoted this as an example of gross misjudgment and the inability to foresee the future."

The first home my Father and Mother lived in in Afton was close by the Burton family, in one built for Grandmother Ellen Burton, who moved back to Ogden in 1889. Stewart was born there. I think Richard was the first one born in the old home which now stands by my brother Stewart's home. This home I lived in until I graduated from high school in 1927. At this time my father purchased the old creamery building, the first one the Burtons built near our meadow property on Salt River. He used some of it and built us a new home, the one now occupied by Stewart. I stayed home from college that year helping the family paint and complete that home. Mother had planned the home and received some recognition from the County Home Economics people for her excellently planned kitchen. It was indeed a beautiful home. We kept it immaculate, Mother's sisters

used to say, "Even the frames above the doors are dusted."

When I was about ten years old I started helping in the hay field, at first driving the stacker team, then graduated to the gleaning rake, buck rake, side delivery and the mower. One summer my cousin Ethel Burton Miller and I moved all the meadow hay, the harvest from several hundred acres. This included our meadow and Uncle Christopher's (Chrissy) land, too. When visit we recall the many times we had to get off our mowers and clear the mouse nests from the mower knives.

Each summer we would most of us move to the meadows, north and west of Afton, and stay there until the hay was put up, usually just before school started in the fall. We would go to our home in Afton Saturday nights so we could attend our meetings on Sunday, then return Monday morning. Here we lived in a little two-room log house with grey factory, (a cotton cloth) with a little white design in it, covering our walls. Often the windows would be broken out during the winter, and we would find mud swallow nests on the walls, which had been occupied by the birds, but now abandoned. Under the house skunks would also make their home. Father would set traps for the skunks and when one was caught he assigned me to jump on the horse and drag it to the river and drown it. As long as the skunk is kept moving there is not danger of it spraying. I should say that Father had a long rope on the trap with which to drag it.

In the summer I would help milk the cows by hand, became a fast milker and could keep up with my brothers. I did not help in the winter unless I was

bribing one of my brothers to take me to a dance or a picture show (movie).

Our July 4th's and 24th's were festive occasions, and we looked forward to them with eager anticipation. We would dress in our beautiful white embroidered dresses. We did not see our friends very often, and this added to our pleasure to be with them. The church and school bells would ring early in the mornings. We would ride to town in our black-top buggy. Seemed we always had a pioneer parade, hose racing, and the valley brass band played. (This band was organized by Uncle Thomas F. Burton, and played for special occasions for many years; one was in 1918 when the first World War ended). I remember being in a pageant held down by Swift Creek; we had pioneers and Indians in it as we "crossed the plains."

I recall that my Father was on the committee to help raise funds for the Stake Tabernacle. The committee built a race track out in back, which is now used as a football field. Here we held races and had our fairs. One special feature at the fairs was trying for the largest garden vegetables, also an ironing competition, women ironing the stiffly starched men's detachable shirt collars. There was fierce competition in this, as well as in embroidery and sewing. They also built a merry-go-round which I recall riding. I was only one year old when the Tabernacle was completed in 1909, so it must have been used several years, as I remember riding on it.

Living close to the mountains we always had A Christmas tree which father cut and brought home. This was decorated with paper chains, tinsel, strings of popcorn and little wax candles in holders, clipped to

the boughs of the tree. These were only lighted under strict supervision and allowed to burn but a short time. The one Christmas without a tree was while we were living in Ogden, and we hung our stockings on the knobs of our dresser drawers and chairs. Father had a unique way of hanging our stockings after filling them, by inserting a stick through the loop on the stocking. Our Christmas stockings were made for us by Aunt Mercy Burton Stevens out of red and white outing flannel, with a different number of stripes on to distinguish one from the others, and also were adorned with little bells. Mine I have used until 1984, when it became so thin that I used Father's. Our gifts were largely candy and nuts, with occasionally an orange, a doll, tops for the boys, and always handkerchiefs pinned onto the boughs of the trees. I do recall a wagon and sleighs and a wire doll buggy which Kathleen now has. My senior year in high school I began to wonder if I had anything, until Mother suggested I look in my stocking. There I found a Waltham wrist watch, which still works, 1988. I am not using it because the threads on the stem have become too worn to use.

Threshing days were memorable days. A threshing machine was owned, as I recall by William Gardner, a neighbor. He would take his machine from farm to farm when the oats and wheat were ripe, and for a fee partly paid with produce, thresh the grain. These threshers were not run by gasoline, but by horse power. Horses were hitched to a machine which causeed them to walk in circles which in some mysterious way caused another machine to separate the grain from the stalks. The kernels were then dropped into a chute and caught in

burlap sack. The grain when cut in the fields was tied into bundles, and these bundles when dry were fed into the threshing machine. The stalks and chaff were separated into another chute and forced by air onto a stack to be used for bedding by the cows and horses. These machines created work for several men, and Father would get the needed help. I recall that the women and girls worked hard to feed the hungry men. It was exciting for us to be a part of it. Meat, potatoes, vegetables, and often delicious pies, with homemade bread and homemade butter was the usual fare. We had our own meat, as well as the other food which we raised on our farm. Mother sometimes was worried about coffee which was never served in our home, but some men grumbled because she would not serve it. My encyclopedia says that the amount of wheat threshed in a day was fifty bushels, that five hundred bushel made a good day's work for the horse-power machines." I do not know how many bushels were threshed, but it often took more than one day to complete the threshing.

How many of you have ever used home-made soap? It made dishwashing hard, as it was hard to get a good lather in the hard water we had. My mother used to make it, and I did also. Here is a quote from Aunt Rachel F. Burton's history as told by her granddaughter Ina Poulter Hunt. "All drippings, bacon rinds of any kind were always saved to make soap. The grease was put into a big iron boiler with the water and lye and boiled to a light consistency, then strained into wooden tubs or buckets to set and harden. As soon as it could be handled, it was cut and put out onto boards to dry and get hard. Soap-making was a big event in our lives as children, because Grandma fixed us a picnic lunch to eat in the orchard." It really did a good job of cleaning clothes. Some women put the soap through a

grinder so it would dissolve more quickly. My Mother Delecta cut hers up, put it in a cloth bag, dropped it into the washer, and when there were enough suds in the water, she took it out. Since the same water was used for all of the batches of clothes, often the soap bag was returned to the hot water to add the needed suds. The first detergent I, Margaret saw was during the Second World War. What a joy to use, as there was no grease left on the top of the dishwater, and glasses would come out sparkling clean. Mother always had us wash the glasses and silverware first, then the plates, and last of all the kettles. This is still my way of doing them. I cooked my soap on the electric stove in a large five gallon honey can. Many cooked them over a bonfire outside, which I think Grandmother Rachel must have done.

Many people scrubbed their clothes on a corrugated washboard, then boiled the whites. They were then put in a tub of water to which "blueing" was added to make them whiter. Mother did not scrub on the board, unless it was when she was first married, but by the time I came along we had a washer which we turned by hand. I do not remember the number of times, but it must have been more than a hundred; to a small girl it seemed that. There was a wringer on the washer with two rubber rollers. We would turn a handle, and the rollers would squeeze the water out, and the clothes were dropped into a tub of rinse water, to be put through the wringer again. Mother was up early Monday morning so we could run several batches of clothes through the washer before we left for school. This was a slow process, and it would take her most of the day to complete the washing. When my family were all home I had an electric washer. Even then, with babies

interrupting, telephone calls, meals etc., I would take that long also. I first had my automatic washer and dryer when we moved to Idaho Falls in 1970. There was one in the home we lived in. To use water for one batch seemed like an extravagance to me, especially remembering my childhood when we had to carry all of our water from the ditch and heat it on the wood-burning stove. After we were married, a used washing machine was the first thing we purchased. I have scrubbed clothes a few times, but not many, thanks to living in a modern world and having a choice husband who was able to purchase me a washer.

Living close to the mountains afforded us the opportunity to have coasting parties. We would invite our friends and go coasting early in the mornings before the sun began to soften the snow. Even today my cousin Bernice Burton Holmes often reminds me of those parties. She said that mother fed us all cooked oatmeal (mush) with thick cream on it. We had several sleds, and our company would bring their own; we also had a toboggan which would hold about six. That really sped down the hill fast with that heavy load. We also had an ice-skating pond in a small pasture where we spent many happy hours. I never learned to skate, maybe if I had had shoe skates to support my ankles I could have done. Our skates clamped onto our shoes. My, the luxuries of today's society!

I attended high school in the new rock high school, which has now been declared obsolete and torn down. A special Closing House Program sponsored by High School P.T.A. was held Saturday, June 2, 1979, at 8:00 p.m. before demolition began. It has been replaced by a more modern structure. This was used for sixty-three wonderful years. I was in the grade school

when the rock building was constructed, and since it was across the street from the elementary school, we watched with interest its progress. My brother Winfield attended high school in a large home built by A.V. Call, later used as a high school. Stewart attended the new school and graduated from it.

I enjoyed my high school days and took an active part in them. I was the first president of the Home Economics Club, assistant editor of one of the first yearbooks, "Our Star," and Vice-President of the Senior Class. I was also a member of a ladies trio which sang at many assemblies and other functions. I participated in the operettas, always trying for a lead part, but ended in the chorus; however, I enjoyed that very much.

When graduating from high school, I received the four-year scholarship to the University of Wyoming. At one time I had thought of becoming a nurse and going to Ogden for training, but since the scholarship would pay my tuition, I abandoned my plans. I entered as a Freshman in September 1928, and lived in Merica Hall, a dorm for freshmen. The next two years I lived at Hoyt Hall and roomed with Charlotte Patch, a non-member of the church from Buffalo, Wyoming. We loved each other and got along well. She had an older brother Charles who would often take us out for rides. I wish now that I had had a better knowledge of the gospel so I could have helped her into the church. She had had spinal meninghitis. Her mother had passed away from the same disease while caring for Charlotte. Charlotte was not left a cripple, but was not very strong. She was usually cheerful and easy to get along with.

The Burton Mercantile was a fascinating place to go to, so very different from the modern store of today. It was located on the east side of main street,

about where the furniture store stands today near the north end of the block. On the south wall were bolts of cloth, lace, buttons, quilt bats, etc, also coats, dresses, beautiful hats, underclothes as well as mittens, boots, etc. The north wall had shelves with rows of canned goods. The counters went the entire length of the building, behind which stood one or more clerks. We told the clerk what we wanted and he picked it up for us. There were also wooden barrels of hoarhound candy also hardtack, etc. I also remember the barrels of pickles and corned beef. In the rear of the store were saddles, harnesses, barrels of nails, bolts, etc., hammers, saws, all things the farmer would need under one roof. They even had plows, and farm machinery.

From an article in the Star Valley Independent, "Looking Back," dated October 23, 1986 is this note: From the May 6, 1927, issue, "There is also a full page ad in that paper telling of the closing of the Burton Mercantile that had been in Afton for so long. 'The entire stock of Burton Merc. consisting of dry goods, notions, shoes, rubber footwear, gent's furnishings, overalls, hardware, groceries, etc. must be sold, Sale starts Saturday, May 14." The article goes on to say, "It was the beginning of the end of that general store era where everything was found in one store." It had operated for forty years.

Oh, the joy of living when life was uncomplicated: riding behind the horses as they jingled the bells on their harnesses as they pulled us through the snow; the candy pulls with taffy and other kinds; oyster soup following an hour of sleigh-riding. Our parties were in our homes with games of Old Maid, Flinch, charades, musical chairs, checkers etc. My Father made whistles for us out of the limb of a willow, by skinning it and

making slots just right. When my cousins came to visit from Utah, it was fun to sleep in the hay loft on the beautiful sweet-smelling alfalfa. We also slept under the stars at the home of my cousin who was our Bee-Hive teacher, under the trees and listening to them singing as the breeze moved through the branches. We did not have trees on our yard, in fact we did not have a lawn either. The ripple of the nearby streams would finally lull us off to sleep. Looking into the heavens on a beautiful clear night, taught me of the majesty of God and his mighty works. Our dear neighbor Ozro Gardner had a large red barn in which we played in the hay, also swinging on the long rope swings he had hung for us to use. How sad that the TV has replaced all of those wonderful opportunities for us to expand our imaginations as we played happily together.

When I was a junior in college I moved into the home of a lawyer, the Corthell, they were good to me. I did their ironing, dishes and housework for my room. My meals were eaten at the cafeteria on campus, where I waited tables and eventually became head waitress. My sister Kathryn roomed with me that year and when Mary Ellen began college, she also roomed with Corthells. They had three young daughters, Amy, Harriet and My senior year I lived with a Catholic family who had one daughter. I somehow never did feel as comfortable

around them as I did at Corthells. I know the missionaries stopped in sometimes at Corthells as I would notice some tracts on the hall table. They had an elegant brick home. Her mother lived with them. When we were married she gave me a lovely linen luncheon table cloth and napkins with Chinese motifs on them, also a tray with a wooden crumb scraper in teakwood. She had taken a trip to China while I was with them.

I think it was meant for me to attend the University of Wyoming, as that was the school where I found my sweet husband. He was poor, had no car, often went without a meal so we could go to the ice cream parlor for a sundae, or attend a movie. I was the only girl he had ever had. I could look out of the dorm window and see him walking up the sidewalk with his own special bounce. It made my heart beat a little faster.

And now my beautiful family, four daughters, Allene, Kathleen, Mary and Margaret Ann, along with my five handsome sons, Burton, Evan, John, Bruce and Wayne. I tell you of my pride which I have for you and the wonderful, righteous grandchildren and great grandchildren which have come to enrich and bless our lives. At the present 1989 our family includes 51 grandchildren and 23 great grandchildren.

Francis and Margaret Winters

Let it be counted one of God's choice blessings to live and grow with your companion over a span of fifty years, years which have marked steps of service - from personal, family, community and Church, to service in God's Holy Temples.

The personal growth at the beginning of your union must have been enshrouded in very tender feelings, because you were both so shy. But behind that quiet demeanor was the strength and courage of stalwart forebears. Mastery of self would be achieved.

The growth of a family is benevolently gradual - one at a time - with distinctive personalities to love, to guide and to work with. Your goals of education, music, spiritual roots and missions were always high, and the souls which graced your family found such goals most compatible. Now each one has a special place in your crowns.

Service to your community and Church was as natural to you as to your progenitors, who placed their all on the alter of God as they left their homeland for Zion. Long years of service, first as Star Valley Stake President and second as Stake Patriarch, blessed this part of the Lord's vineyard with your special talents, your insights and your sincere dedication.

Sculptored by the steps of your service, you were prepared for the call to three of His Holy Temples. The hours were long, the contacts many, but the work was sweet in close companionship with the Holy Spirit.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

The last branch of the original Winters family, Elizabeth Winters Tueller, wrote the following.
"The Winters name is held in high respect in Bear Lake and Star Valley. It carries an aura of trust and responsibility. We have not accomplished spectacular things in our family; rather our strengths have been in service and in the day-to-day solution of our problems."

By Roma Tueller Winn, daughter of Elizabeth Winters Tueller, cousin of Francis.

A Few Glimpses Into the Life of Margaret B. Winters by her husband, E. Francis Winters

We often chuckle about the time I asked Margaret's father for permission to marry her. He praised her as a wonderful farm hand, a great horsewoman. He told me how she could handle a team in the hayfield, particularily on the buckrake. Well he gave permission, but we have never owned a horse since we were married, for her to demonstrate her abilities. We used to keep one or more cows to furnish milk for the family, but she has never milked a cow since we were married. If approached on this she would say, "What do I have a husband and sons for?"

My wife is a good cook; she was a home economics major, but I think she acquired much of her cooking ability under the direction of her mother. But like all good cooks, she has had her bad days. I recall the day we invited the Congregational Minister to dinner when we were living in Pinedale, Wyoming. We evidently made a poor buy on the chicken; it was tough and off flavor, and her ego dropped down. (He forgot, my parents had sent it to us, and it was too long arriving).

We used to have an ice cream freezer, and it was a great day at the Winters home when we made ice cream. Recently our son Evan, who lives with his family in Alaska, wrote home for the ice cream recipe that mother used when he was a child. He said he wanted to see if that recipe was as good as he remembered it to be.

Sister Winters brought music to our home. She was always available on the piano. She helped the little

children learn to sing, and we had many happy times singing together.

She didn't enjoy camping and sleeping on the ground too much, but we did quite a lot of it with our first children. Later on after most of our family were here, we made a trip through Yellowstone Park. We were really packed in the car. The Ranger counted us at the entrance and remarked to himself, loud enough so we could hear, "incrediable!" He apparently could not figure out how we could get so many in one car.

Ann's Mother's Day Tribute given in Sunday School
May 14, 1972

When I was a child my Mother gave me many gifts. But I have had to reach womanhood and motherhood to understand the price and value of those gifts.

Materially I don't have much from her, but my Mother taught me to love God's great out-of-doors-- the wonder of the seasons, the miracle of a seed, the song of a brook, the return of a bird...the song of a bird.

She understood and taught that great law of obedience and respect -- not only for parents but for the Lord.

My Mother had an appreciation for good music and taught me to love it.

Our home was never without music -- it was either filled with the somewhat disturbing sounds of a beginning piano student, the loud blast of a trombone, or a squeaky clarinet, or flute.

However, beyond this there was what I thought and still do think the most beautiful of music -- our family choir, and that's truly what it was when eleven of us gathered to sing.

It was during these precious moments I felt and learned of the beauty of the family and the gospel.

Yes, many gifts my Mother has given me, and though I have mentioned only one or two, in each has been a mother's love -- which only mothers seem to understand.

Afton, Wyoming
June 9, 1960

Dearest Margaret,

Your birthday and wedding anniversary will be on the morrow. I pay tribute to you as your husband. Tomorrow we will have been married twenty-eight years. Previous to our marriage, I knew you approximately four years, and most of this was a courtship period. So your life has touched my life almost thirty two years. I am grateful for you.

I am so grateful that we were married in the temple. It was a lovely day at Logan, Utah, as we entered the Logan Temple on the morning of June 10, 1932. President Shepherd performed the ceremony, uniting us as man and wife for time and all eternity, depending, ofcourse, upon our keeping the covenants made that day. It was a beautiful ceremony.

I wish to thank you for our love and companionship over the years. You have been a wonderful helpmate and inspiration to me. Children came into our home, and you were a wonderful mother to them. You were devoted to them when they were babies, and a faithful mother as they were growing up. I attribute much of the credit to you that they each have the goal of a temple marriage. Those who have been married thus far have reached that goal. You have instilled in our sons a desire to fill missions for the Church. I am sure that each one will reach that goal.

I am grateful for a good and lovely wife. You have been lovely to me in spite of my failings. I am thankful for my good and intelligent children. I convey this brief message as a token of love for your birthday and our wedding anniversary.

Signed: Francis

An excerpt from his journal of May 26, 1976 - Wednesday (Los Angeles)

"I woke up before getting-up time. These thoughts came to my mind as I reflected how blessed I was to have such a wonderful wife. (This is the only poetry I know of which he composed.)

O, Margaret, wife of my bosom,
I feel the very beating of thy heart
As I press thee gently to me.
Thou art mine for all eternity.
I thank the lord for thee.

I spoke these words to her as she wakened and told her she became more beautiful each day."

He took time to write these beautiful lines. Why did I take his love and kindness so lightly!

Spiritual Experiences

When I was three and one-half years of age, my sister Minerva was born in Afton, Wyoming on th 6th of February, 1912. My Mother developed what they called "child-bed" fever, and became very ill. Dr. Groom, her physician, delivered the baby in our home, as was customary. He had been caring for a Mrs. Chadwick who also had the same fever and had died. He had not been careful enough and had transmitted the infection to Mother. Her life was despaired of. All of us children were taken to live with a Mrs. Call. Esther, the eldest in our family was 11 years of age, and was charged with helping take care of the family, three brothers and two little sisters. My sister Kathryn recalls hearing that she fussed too much, and Esther tried so hard to give her comfort and solace, but being only two years old, Kathryn was the one who was able to return home first. Mother always felt that Esther, being so responsible and loving her brothers and sisters so much, overdid, and was probably not as strong after that. She was a truly loving and tender sister.

Father and Mother lived one and a half miles north and a half mile east from Afton. The snow was very deep, and the only means of travel was by sleigh or on horseback. The Elders came every night to administer to Mother. My Grandmother, Mary Ann Ballantyne, came from Ogden, Utah, a long and strenuous trip in those days, especially in the middle of winter, to care for Mother. Each time she was administered to she would rally, but progress was very slow. Dr. Groom recommended that she take a dose of epsom salts each day to help draw out the poisons in her system. It was difficult for her to

take, but she was promised that if she would try, it would become sweet to her taste, which it did.

She was so ill that she cared not whether she lived or died. One night she thought she was dying, and called for Father; he jumped up and gave her another blessing. She dreamed that she had died, and she saw her coffin in the sleigh going down the lane to the main road. Father and all of us children were in the sleigh weeping as we traveled. When she saw our grief she gained the strength and determination to try and live.

One night during her illness she saw Grandmother Ellen Burton, who had died several years previous standing by her bed. She looked at Mother and said that it would be through Mother that she would receive her greatest posterity. That has literally been fulfilled. One daughter, Mary Ellen, was added to her family, May 25, 1914. At the time of Mother's passing on October 10, 1968, she had 45 grandchildren and 115 great-grandchildren. She lived to the righteous age of 91 years, 6 months, and 4 days. Because of the great faith exercised in her behalf, she lived to bless the lives of not only her family, but gathered thousands of names for temple work. I am sure she was greeted by the multitude of people who opened their arms to her because of the blessings she brought to them.

When I was in the second grade in school, I was riding to school in the sleigh drawn by a team of horses; Father was driving. My brothers and sisters were also in the sleigh. As we neared the schoolhouse we climbed out of the sleigh to ride the runners. In doing so I slipped off the back runner, lighting on my right knee. It was February, 1916, and the road was icy and snow-packed. As a result, my knee cap was broken in three pieces.

I remember that Father carried me into the school house and seated me by the big wood-burning stove. After examining my knee he decided that I should see a doctor. There were two brothers who were practicing physicians in Afton, LaFayette and Byron Reese. The hospital was on the second floor of a tall two-story building. The doctors said that they would have to do surgery and wire my kneecap together. Operations in those days were rather rare and even more frightening than now, especially to a seven-year old child. It was very comforting to have my Father and my bishop, Osborn Low, administer to me. Father went home and brought Mother to be with me also. I do not recall if I stayed overnight in the hospital or not, but think I went home with a big cast on my leg. It was so heavy that sometimes in the night I would turn over in my sleep, but could not turn back in the morning without help.

Of course I missed several months of school, probably nearly three, and in time was able to walk on crutches. My how fun that was to try to run races with my sisters. I recall hiding behind the front door and jumping out to scare my brothers and sisters as they returned home from school. They brought my school books home so I could study. I did pass my grade that year.

Our Heavenly Father really does answer the prayers of little children. I have had no trouble with that knee except that at times when climbing the mountains it became tired more easily.

I seem to be the one in the family who has had broken bones. After Mother recovered from her severe illness we moved to Ogden, Utah, for a short time, as the doctor felt it would be best for her. Her illness

had left her with a heart problem. While there I was playing on the back steps with one of my cousins and fell off, breaking my collar bone. I recall how it hurt as we returned home in the spring or summer, because of the bouncing and jostling of the buggy or wagon in which I was riding. A bed never felt better than that one in Afton when we arrived that night. Following my knee surgery, maybe a year or so later, I recall one of my brothers saying, "If Margaret had not broken her knee, we could have had a new buggy by now." O me! The problems little sisters make for older brothers.

My 8th birthday dawned beautiful and sunshiny bright. This was the day I was to be baptized. I had looked forward to it for a long time. All baptisms then were performed in the rivers and pure streams of water; mine was to be no different. Early in the afternoon I went skipping along with my Father, Mother and younger sisters to the Grover Canal which flowed through our farm. There were beautiful willows along its banks. We walked up through the alfalfa field south and east to a secluded spot. Here my father performed that sacred ordinance. The next Sunday I was seated on a chair in front of the congregation assembled for Sacrament Meeting and my dear Bishop Osborn Low confirmed me. That was my first experience with the feelings of the Holy Ghost. As he said, "receive ye the Holy Ghost," a thrill went through my body, and I knew I had indeed been given the companionship of that special member of the Godhead.

Before I left home to attend the University of Wyoming I decided I wanted to have my Patriarchal Blessing. Bishop Ray S. Thurman was the stake patriarch, and also the bishop of the Grover, Wyoming ward. He held these two positions for 24 years. He

was given a special recognition by the Church for having served the longest period of time as a patriarch, 55 years. He was truly a spiritual representative of our Heavenly Father. I have felt that father (Francis) was much like him. On Sunday, September 9, 1928, my parents took me for my blessing. Sister Thurman was the scribe. Brother Thurman would say a sentence then wait for her to write it down, so it took a little period of time to complete it. There was a rich outpouring of the Spirit during this time, and I feel that it was inspired of the Lord.

I have been greatly blessed to be reared in a home where my father and brothers were worthy holders of the Melchizedek Priesthood, and then to have a husband who was thus able to give blessings to our children and myself as they were needed. My Mother, during the period of time while she was living with us, would ask Francis to give her a blessing when she was not feeling as well as she wanted to feel. For the many years I have struggled with cancer Francis has exercised his priesthood in my behalf. I recall one such blessing when we were about to depart from our family reunion that I was surrounded by my husband, sons and sons-in-law as they united their prayers in my behalf prior to my undergoing a hip replacement. The Spirit was so strong that we were all in tears at the completion of it. Our Heavenly Father did indeed answer our petition, as the surgery went well, and my new hip has caused me no problems.

A year or so following my mastectomy, I was discouraged and not gaining my strength as I felt I should. The Stake Presidency and wives went to Logan to attend a Seminary teachers conference. Elder Harold B. Lee was in attendance, so I had Francis ask him if he

would give me a blessing, which he did. I think that our Heavenly Father answers our prayers by guiding us to the right people who will help us, and this he has truly done for me; that was 33 years ago.

During this period of time I dreamed that my Father came for me. He had been gone for about 20 years, but my Mother kept "jamming" the lines, I am sure because of her prayers, that finally my Father turned sadly away. In 1961, five years later my sister Esther passed away. I always felt that she was taken in my place. She had three children, and they were grown, and I still had a family of little ones to care for. I truly am grateful for her sacrifices for me. She was 60 years of age.

I did not know some of my Father's older brothers, particularly Uncle "Jodie," or Joseph Fielding as he was named. He lived in Salt Lake City. The main thing I recall about him was that we were always praying for him. Some of my special memories are of the Burtons gathering at the church or in one of the homes to hold "prayer circles" for one of the family members who were ill. We went fasting, and sang some favorite songs, some of which Grandfather Burton had written the words for. Uncle Thomas or Uncle Arthur accompanied them on the organ or piano. One which seemed to be a favorite was "Communion." Another one written by Grandfather William Walton Burton and published in the green Deseret Sunday School Song Book was "Don't Worry," also a favorite "God Moves In A Mysterious Way His Wonders To Perform." I must not forget "Hard Times Come Again No More." This is found in the Daughters of Utah Pioneer Song Book. I can truly understand why they would sing that after the trials they had gone through and now were living in warm comfortable homes with plenty of food to eat.

I recall my Father telling us of a time when his baby sister Lucy died when but 8 days old, and he dreamed that he accompanied her to heaven. Here he seated her in a school room behind a desk and left her. Father was 7 years old then. I think that following her death they held what they called a "comfort" meeting in one of the homes. As they were singing they were joined by a choir of heavenly voices which seemed to come from one corner of the room. That was indeed a comfort to them.

This next incident I will copy from the life story of Aunt Sarah Ellen Burton Fouger, who was commonly called "Tellie."

"Father, (William Walton Burton) was a school teacher in Ogden...and was paid in supplies, sugar, flour, potatoes, hay...anything people could spare. It was a time of great scarcity, and the people just did not have food they could share with us. One day in desperation he decided to make the rounds of the parents again, but at noon he came home with nothing. That afternoon he went again. Toward evening Aunt Ellen (our Grandmother) and Mother (Aunt Rachel) took the small remaining bit of grain and cooked it on the stove. Each of us children crowded around the stove with a cup, and they put several spoonfuls of the cooked wheat in each cup with a dribble of milk on it. Just at that time someone knocked on the door and Mother opened it. A man with an iron gray beard stood there. He said, "I have some flour for William W. Burton." I was standing by Mother, and when he turned to get it, I followed him out and watched him take the 100-pound sack of flour from the wagon gears. (There was no wagon box). He carried it into the house and put it down by the old green cabinet. Mother was dusting the floor with a cloth, and he asked her if she

would like a broom. Mother told him that she did not have one, and that she had no money to pay for one. He said, "I'll get one for you, and you won't have to pay for it until I come back." I stood there watching him and the horses. One was white and one bay. Then he came back with the broom. She thanked him, brought me in, and closed the door. Then she said, "Which way did he go?" and opened the door to see. It had only been a second, but nowhere in any direction could we see the wagon and those horses. There were no houses or trees to block the view.

When Father came home he found us eating scones. He was much surprised to see us eating and asked, "Rachel, where did you get the flour?"

"Didn't you send it?" she asked in amazement.

"No," he answered sadly, "I have been to see everyone and haven't been able to find a thing."

"The man asked for William Burton, and I don't know any other William W. Burton, so I am sure it was meant for you. We will surely find out shortly who sent it." But we never did, and the mystery has never been solved. We all believed it was one of the three Nephites sent to help us in our trouble.

There is one more incident which I wish to relate from Uncle Thomas F. Burton's life story.

Thomas was a prayerful man, and turned to the Lord for help in all his labors and problems. In the spring of 1890 he had an experience which remained in his memory as a faith-promoting incident...Spring was late that year, and the snow was still deep in the canyon. There was no access to any source of supplies, as the road to Montpelier was closed. Seventeen men with teams had worked for days to open the road, but had gone only about half way. Thomas, determined to meet

his father and brother Heber at Montpelier, as he had promised, on April 10th, he had to make his way alone and tramp and shovel his own road from that point on. He was riding on the singletrees, urging his tired team on, when his sleigh box with all his provisions tipped off the bobs and slid down the mountainside. He followed and tried to push the heavy box back up the hill. Realizing that he was alone, with no one to help him but his guardian angel, all he could do was pray and push. He became exhausted with the struggle, and sank unconscious into the snow. It was very dark when he revived. He could not see the sleigh box. Moments later he rejoiced when he found that it was back on the bobs, and his team was waiting for him to go on. He knelt and thanked the Lord for this evidence of his protecting care. He was twenty-eight years of age.

Random Thoughts

In Tribute To

Margaret Burton Winters

By Her Son

John B. Winters

20 July 1988

In this short tribute to Mother, I am impressed by how much her presence influenced the five senses: sound, smell, taste, sight and touch. Following are some rather random thoughts on the senses and her association with them.

Sounds of Home

I well remember coming home from school and entering the front door and hearing the sounds of music lessons in the living room. Or often, Mother was practicing to accompany a soloist in church or some civic event. What about the sounds of her visiting with Sister Sarah Walker or Sister Violet Astle? Often I would hear the hiss of the pressure cooker in the kitchen. Sometimes, I would hear the tap-tap sound of the typewriter as she transcribed letters of Father from the wire (and later the tape) recorder. I still can hear the unique sounds of the sewing machine as she would be working on some project. Finally, the echoes of her singing or humming in the kitchen are still in my mind.

Smells of Home

Ah, the smells of canning crabapples, raspberries, jams and jellies can still be recalled. And what about the smell of stews cooking on the stove? Nor could I ever

forget the smell of homemade soap or the permanents for Allene and Kathy which permeated the whole house. On each Monday, the smell of the soap and water from the wringer washing machine filled the house. Then there were the pleasant smells of Thanksgiving dinners in the living room when we had to add the extra leaves in the table to accommodate everyone. Nothing smelled quite the same as fresh corn-on-the-cob cooking in the large pot or the subtle smell that comes from shelling peas.

Tastes of Home

The tastes of home associated with Mother begin with the never duplicated rhubarb pie, rhubarb pudding, rhubarb juice or anything else you could make with rhubarb. I still can imagine the taste of venison after being cooked by Mother. When friends brought us fresh fish, the smell lingered long after the dinner was over. The memory of the taste of mutton with grease sticking to the top of my mouth is still fresh in my mind. More pleasant tastes include fresh homemade bread/biscuits, hot cookies with a glass of raw milk, and the occasional dish of homemade ice cream. Quite unique tastes which can still be recalled vividly include alfalfa or mint tea, cod liver oil, dandelion greens, beet greens and chokecherry jelly.

Sights of Home

There are numerous memories associated with Mother and the sights in our home. How well I remember crawling under the quilting frames which were often in the living room. Many times, I would see sewing projects in various stages of completion. When sent to the basement to get some canned food, I would often find a

maze of clothes hanging up in the basement during rainy spells. With amusement, I still recall seeing Mother take the frozen clothes off the line in back of the house in the winter and "standing" the pants upright. Countless times, I would see her mending clothes and washing dishes after a meal. In my minds eye, I can see her sitting with a lap full of green beans in her apron as she would snap the ends off. Then there was that endless pile of stockings which she would so patiently darn for re-cycling.

Touches of Home

Mother's touches are most memorable. I remember the tender touching and caring of Ann when she had pneumonia and the caring of Mary and Bruce with their broken limbs. There were the countless hours spent touching and caring for Grandmothers Burton and Winters. There was the touching necessary to separate boys in a squabble and the occasional firm swat on the bottom as the need demanded. In the dark and sometimes scary nights, I recall the touch of her hand when I would climb into her bed in the middle of the night. Best of all, though was the good night hug and kiss which usually completed the day.

Summary

This great, kind, and noble woman has left indelible impressions upon me through the senses of sound, smell, taste, sight and touch. I would hope the legacy I leave with my children can approach that which she so lovingly left with me.

Pedigree Chart

Chart number _____

Number 1 on this chart is the same as no. _____ on chart no. _____

Mark (X) boxes when ordinances are completed.
- [B] = Baptized
- [E] = Endowed
- [S] = Sealed to spouse
- [P] = Sealed to parents
- [F] = Family group record (Mark [X] this box when this person appears on a family group record as a parent.)
- [C] = Children's ordinances completed (Mark [X] this box when all ordinances are completed for all children of this couple.)

Write places as: Tryon, Polk, NC or St. Martins, Birmingham, Warwick, Eng.

Write name as: Robert Thomas MEYERS
Write dates as: 4 Oct 1986

1 Erastus Francis WINTERS
[B] [E] [S] [P] [F] [C]
Born/Chr 10 Jan 1907
Place Otto, Big Horn,
Married 10 June 1932
Place Logan, Cache, Utah
Died 08 July 1984
Place Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Idaho

Margaret BURTON
(Spouse of #1) [B] [E] [S] [P] [F] [C]

2 Niels Erastus WINTERS
(Father of #1) [B] [E] [S] [P] [F] [C]
Born/Chr 20 March 1874
Place Montpelier, B-Lk, Idaho
Married 18 Apr 1906
Place Salt Lake City, S-Lk Utah
Died 17 June 1945
Place Basin, B-Hrn, Wyoming

3 Esther Leona DALLEY
(Mother of #1) [B] [E] [S] [P] [F] [C]
Born/Chr 24 Oct 1880
Place Summit, Iron, Utah
Died 13 Dec 1965
Place Afton, Lincoln, Wymng

4 Frantz Martin WINTERS
(Father of #2) [B] [E] [S] [P] [F] [C]
Born/Chr 16 May 1844 Den.
Place S-Kongerslev, Jytland,
Married 11 July 1868
Place
Died 29 Oct 1915
Place Ogden, Weber, Utah

5 Johanne Kirstine LARSEN
(Mother of #2) [B] [E] [S] [P] [F] [C]
Born/Chr 22 Aug 1950 Den.
Place Vester Hassing, Albrg,
Died 28 Aug 1939
Place Ogden, Weber, Utah

6 James DALLEY
(Father of #3) [B] [E] [S] [P] [F] [C]
Born/Chr 20 Dec 1822
Place Leominster, Heref, Eng.
Married 09 Oct 1861
Place
Died 03 May 1905
Place Summit, Iron, Utah

7 Petrine BERTELSEN
(Mother of #3) [B] [E] [S] [P] [F] [C]
Born/Chr 31 Aug 1840
Place Højslev, Viborn, Den.
Died 31 Jan 1914
Place Summit, Iron, Utah

(WINTHER)

8 Niels Christensen, WINTERS
(Father of #4) [B] [E] [S] [P] [F] [C] Cont. on chart ____
Born/Chr 27 Sep 1772
Place N Kongerslev, Denmark
Married 1833
Place
Died
Place

9 Maren PEDERSEN
(Mother of #4) [B] [E] [S] [P] [F] [C] Cont. on chart ____
Born/Chr 12 Jan 1804 Chr
Place of S. Kongerslev, Aalbrg, Den
Died 12 May 1883
Place

10 Niels LARSEN
(Father of #5) [B] [E] [S] [P] [F] [C] Cont. on chart ____
Born/Chr 21 Mar 1819
Place Vester Hassing Albrg Den.
Married 17 Nov 1848
Place
Died
Place Montpelier, B-LK, Idaho

11 Sine JENSEN
(Mother of #5) [B] [E] [S] [P] [F] [C] Cont. on chart ____
Born/Chr 19 Mar 1825
Place Storvorde, Albrg, Denmark
Died Aug 1876
Place Montpelier, B-LK Idaho

12 William DALLEY
(Father of #6) [B] [E] [S] [P] [F] [C] Cont. on chart ____
Born/Chr 1792
Place Malvern, Wrchst, Eng.
Married
Place
Died 10 July 1832
Place

13 Ann DAVIS
(Mother of #6) [B] [E] [S] [P] [F] [C] Cont. on chart ____
Born/Chr 31 Mar 1791
Place Vowchurch, Hrfrds, Eng.
Died 21 Mar 1875
Place Pleasant Grove, Uath, Utah

14 Niels Pedersen BERTELSEN
(Father of #7) [B] [E] [S] [P] [F] [C] Cont. on chart ____
Born/Chr 15 May 1808
Place Lundø, Viborg, Denmark
Married 01 Dec 1831
Place Lundø, Viborg, Denmark
Died 20 Sep 1875
Place Mt. Pleasant, Sanpete, Utah

15 Maren (CHRISTENSEN) DAM (?)
(Mother of #7) [B] [E] [S] [P] [F] [C] Cont. on chart ____
Born/Chr 19 Aug 1807
Place Lundø, Viborg, Denmark
Died 03 Apr. 1894
Place Summit, Iron, Utah

Person Submitting Pedigree Chart

Name
Margaret Burton WINTERS

Address
40 N State St. Apt. 7F

Salt Lake City, Utah 84103

Telephone number
(801) 531-8820

Date prepared
August 1988

Published by The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (8½" x 11", with ordinance boxes) PFGS3093 2.5M Printed in USA

Maren Pedersen
PC Index Card #230022
Birth Place of S. Kongerslev, Aalborg Denmark
Francis has in his research she was born in
Eising, Ringkobing, Denmark

Father OLSEN (Smed), Peder
Mother NIELSEN, Karen

Maren married Niels CHRISTENSEN (WINTHER)

Pedigree Chart

Chart number _____

Number 1 on this chart is the same as no. _____ on chart no. _____

Mark (X) boxes when ordinances are completed.
- [B] = Baptized
- [E] = Endowed
- [S] = Sealed to spouse
- [P] = Sealed to parents
- [F] = Family group record (Mark [X] this box when this person appears on a family group record as a parent.)
- [C] = Children's ordinances completed (Mark [X] this box when all ordinances are completed for all children of this couple.)

Write places as: Tryon, Polk, NC or St Martins, Birmingham, Warwick, Eng.

Write name as: Robert Thomas MEYERS
Write dates as: 4 Oct 1986

1 Margaret BURTON WINTERS
[B] [E] [S] [P] [F] [C]
Born/Chr 10 June 1908
Place Afton, Lincoln (Uinta) Wyo.
Married 10 June 1932
Place Logan, Cache, Utah
Died
Place

Erastus Francis WINTERS
(Spouse of #1) [B] [E] [S] [P] [F] [C]

2 Heber Fielding BURTON
(Father of #1) [B] [E] [S] [P] [F] [C]
Born/Chr 06 March 1868
Place Ogden, Weber, Utah
Married 14 Dec. 1898
Place Salt Lake City, S-LK Ut
Died 16 March 1943
Place Afton, Lincoln, Wyoming

3 Mary Delecta BALLANTYNE
(Mother of #1) [B] [E] [S] [P] [F] [C]
Born/Chr 07 April 1877
Place Ogden, Weber, Utah
Died 10 Oct. 1968
Place Ogden, Weber, Utah

4 William Walton BURTON
(Father of #2) [B] [E] [S] [P] [F] [C]
Born/Chr 23 March 1833
Place Bradford, Yorks, Eng.
Married 02 Nov 1862
Place Salt Lake, S-LK Utah
Died 27 Jun 1918
Place Ogden, Weber, Utah

5 (2) Ellen FIELDING
(Mother of #2) [B] [E] [S] [P] [F] [C]
Born/Chr 09 Feb 1841
Place Preston, Lnchsr, Eng
Died 08 March 1906
Place Ogden, Weber, Utah

6 Richard Alando BALLANTYNE
(Father of #3) [B] [E] [S] [P] [F] [C]
Born/Chr 08 June 1848
Place Omaha, Dgls, Nebr.
Married 27 Dec 1875
Place Salt Lake S-LK, Utah
Died 28 Sep 1926
Place Logan, Cache, Utah

7 Mary Ann STEWART
(Mother of #3) [B] [E] [S] [P] [F] [C]
Born/Chr 04 March 1858
Place Draper, S-LK, Utah
Died 03 April 1925
Place Logan, Cache, Utah

8 James BURTON
(Father of #4) [B] [E] [S] [P] [F] [C]
Born/Chr 06 July 1800 Cont. on chart ___
Place Gail, Yrkshre, Eng.
Married 05 March 1825
Place Haws, Yorks, England
Died 18 July 1848
Place Bradford, Yorkshre, Eng.

9 Isabella WALTON
(Mother of #4) [B] [E] [S] [P] [F] [C]
Born/Chr 07 April 1802 Cont. on chart ___
Place Dent, Yrkshre, Eng.
Died 31 March 1863
Place Kaysville, Davis, Utah

10 Joseph FIELDING
(Father of #5) [B] [E] [S] [P] [F] [C]
Born/Chr 26 March 1797 Cont. on chart ___
Place Honidon, Bedford, Eng
Married 11 Jun 1838
Place Preston, Lncshr, Eng
Died 19 Dec 1863
Place Salt Lake City, S-LK Utah

11 Hannah GREENWOOD
(Mother of #5) [B] [E] [S] [P] [F] [C]
Born/Chr 04 Sep 1808 Cont. on chart ___
Place Bolton, Lanchr, Eng
Died 09 Sep 1877
Place Ogden, Weber, Utah

12 Richard BALLANTYNE
(Father of #6) [B] [E] [S] [P] [F] [C]
Born/Chr 26 Aug 1817 Cont. on chart ___
Place Whitridgebog, Rxbg, Scot
Married 18 Feb 1847 (1)
Place Council Blff, Pitwtt, Iowa
Died 08 Nov 1898
Place Ogden, Weber, Utah

13 Huldah Meriah CLARK
(Mother of #6) [B] [E] [S] [P] [F] [C]
Born/Chr 26 Oct 1823 Cont. on chart ___
Place Genesco, Lvngstn N.Y.
Died 02 April 1883
Place Ogden, Weber, Utah

14 Isaac Mitton STEWART
(Father of #7) [B] [E] [S] [P] [F] [C]
Born/Chr 03 Feb 1815 Cont. on chart ___
Place Chesterfield, Brlngtn, Eng
Married 08 March 1857
Place Salt Lake, S-LK Utah
Died 13 March 1890
Place Draper, L-LK, Utah

15 Elizabeth WHITE
(Mother of #7) [B] [E] [S] [P] [F] [C]
Born/Chr 22 Feb 1838 Cont. on chart ___
Place London, Eng.
Died 07 May 1917
Place Salt Lake, S-LK, Utah

Person Submitting Pedigree Chart

Name
Msrgaret Burton Winters

Address
40 North State St. Apt. #7F
Salt Lake City, Utah 84103

Telephone number: (801) 531-8820

Date prepared: August 1988

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Family Group Record

Page of

LDS ORDINANCE DATA
B = Baptized E = Endowed
S = Sealed to spouse P = Sealed to parents

Husband's name Niels Erastus WINTERS

		Date	Temple
Born 20 Mar 1874	Place Montpelier, Bear Lake, Idaho	B 10 Sep 1882	
Chr.	Place	E 18 Apr 1906	SL
Mar. 18 Apr 1906	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	S 18 Apr 1906	SL
Died 17 June 1945	Place Otto, Big Horn, Wyoming	P BIC	
Bur. 20 June 1945	Place Otto, Big Horn, Wyoming		

Father Frantz Martin WINTERS — Mother Johanne Kirstine LARSEN

Husband's other wives

Wife's name Esther Leona DALLEY

		Date	Temple
Born 24 Oct 1880	Place Summit, Iron, Utah	B 30 Oct 1888	
Chr.	Place	E 18 Apr 1906	SL
Died 13 Dec 1965	Place Afton, Lincoln, Wyoming	P BIC	
Bur. 16 Dec 1965	Place Otto, Big Horn, Wyoming		

Father James DALLEY — Mother Petrine Bertelsen

Wife's other husbands

Children List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth

			Date	Temple
1 Sex M	Name Erastus Francis WINTERS	Spouse Margaret BURTON		
	Born 10 Jan 1907 — Place Otto, Big Horn, Wyoming		B 19 Sep 1915	
	Chr. — Place		E 10 Jun 1932	LG
	Mar. 10 Jun 1932 — Place Logan, Cache, Utah		S 10 Jun 1932	LG
	Died 08 Jul 1984 — Place Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Idaho		P BIC	
2 Sex F	Name Leona Dalley WINTERS	Spouse Reginald Levi STEWART		
	Born 11 July 1909 — Place Otto, Big Horn, Wyoming		B 04 Aug 1917	
	Chr. — Place		E 21 Jun 1935	SL
	Mar. 01 July 1940 — Place Provo, Utah, Utah		S 04 Dec 1940	SG
	Died — Place		P BIC	
3 Sex F	Name Arlene Dalley WINTERS	Spouse Alfred Russell FINDLAY		
	Born 04 March 1912 — Place Otto, Big Horn, Wyoming		B 07 Aug 1920	
	Chr. — Place		E 08 Jun 1938	SL
	Mar. 08 June 1938 — Place Salt Lake City, S-LK, Utah		S 08 Jun 1938	SL
	Died — Place		P BIC	
4 Sex F	Name Marian Dalley WINTERS	Spouse William Vernal SHAKESPEAR		
	Born 27 Apr 1914 — Place Otto, Big Horn, Wyoming		B 01 July 1922	
	Chr. — Place		E 13 Jan 1942	SG
	Mar. 13 Jan 1942 — Place St. George, Washington, Utah.		S 13 Jan 1942	SG
	Died — Place		P BIC	

☑ Check here if additional children are listed on reverse side.

Write places as: Tryon, Polk, NC or St Martins, Birmingham, Warwick, Eng.

Write name as: Robert Thomas MEYERS
Write date as: 4 Oct 1986

Additional Information

Record on the back:
- **Sources of information**
- **Other marriages, sealings, and explanations**

Check the box for one of the following options (applies to all names submitted on this form):

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☐ **OPTION 3 — ANCESTRAL FILE** Send all names to the Ancestral File.
(You must include a pedigree chart or required form.) No ordinances will be done.

Name and address of person submitting form

Phone ( ) | Date prepared

Stake/Mission | Stake/Mission unit no.

Relationship of above to:
Husband_____ Wife_____

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Husband's name
Niels Erastus WINTERS

Wife's name
Esther Leona DALLEY

CHILDREN List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth

			Date	Temple
5 Sex M	Name: Donald Dalley WINTERS	Spouse: Alveretta JENSEN		
	Born: 23 Nov 1916	Place: Otto, Big Horn, Wyoming	B: 02 Aug 1925	
	Chr.	Place: Burlington, Big Horn, Wyoming	E: 05 Jun 1952	IF
	Mar. 15 May 1952	Place: Burlington, Big Horn, Wyoming	S: 05 Jun 1952	IF
	Died	Place	P: BIC	
6 Sex F	Name: June WINTERS	Spouse: Obie Stalworthy		
	Born: 01 Aug 1919	Place: Otto, Big Horn, Wyoming	B: 07 Aug 1927	
	Chr.	Place	E: 17 Dec 1945	SL
	Mar. 17 Dec 1945	Place: Salt Lake City, S-LK, Utah	S: 17 Dec 1945	SL
	Died	Place	P: BIC	
7 Sex M	Name: Un-named - Still born			
	Born: 28 Jul 1921	Place: Otto, Big Horn, Wyoming	B	
	Chr.	Place	E	
	Mar.	Place	S	
	Died 28July 1921	Place: Otto, Big Horn, Wyoming	P: BIC	
8 Sex M	Name: Harold Dalley WINTERS	Spouse: Annie Minnie AAGARD		
	Born: 31 Aug 1922	Place: Otto, Big Horn, Wyoming	B: 02 Aug 1931	
	Chr.	Place	E: 27 Sep 1950	IF
	Mar. 27 Sep 1950	Place: Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Idaho	S: 27 Sep 1950	IF
	Died	Place	P: BIC	

☑ Check here if additional children are listed on another Family Group Record and attach the record to this form. Include parents' names.

Sources of information (add further information on attached sheets as necessary)

1. Photostatic copy of Marriage Certificate, Salt Lake City, Utah
2. Photostatic copy of Index Card, Salt Lake Temple, #2009, Book C Living, Page 75
3. LDS Church Records, 3rd Generation Family Group Sheets, Film #58016, Pt. 543 Idaho Falls Branch Library.
4. LDS Church Records, Patriarchal Blessings, Film #50673, Pt 65
5. LDS Church, Logan Temple Index Card #17350, Book A-2, Page 668
6. State Vital Records of Wyoming, Delayed birth certificate, File # 1907, Reg. No. D-2-107
7. Montpelier Idaho Ward Records - Film #2401, Pt. 16, Genealogical Library Salt Lake City

Other marriages, sealings, and necessary explanations (add further information on attached sheets as necessary)

☐ Check here if any female listed on this form was sealed to another husband **in her lifetime.** (Give details below.)

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Family Group Record

Page of

LDS ORDINANCE DATA
B = Baptized E = Endowed
S = Sealed to spouse P = Sealed to parents

Husband's name Niels Erastus WINTERS

	Place	Date	Temple
Born		B	
Chr.		E	
Mar.		S	
Died		P	
Bur.			

Father | Mother

Husband's other wives

Wife's name Esther Leona DALLEY

	Place	Date	Temple
Born		B	
Chr.		E	
D.		P	
Bur.			

Father | Mother

Wife's other husbands

Children List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth

			Date	Temple
1 Sex F	Name: Elaine Dalley WINTERS	Spouse: Bruce William WARREN		
	Born: 04 May 1926	Place: Otto, Big Horn, Wyoming	B: 03 Jun 1934	
	Chr.	Place	E: 01 Aug 1950	LG
	Mar.: 01 Aug 1950	Place: Logan, Cache, Utah	S: 01 Aug 1950	LG
	Died	Place	P: BIC	
2 Sex	Name	Spouse		
	Born	Place	B	
	Chr.	Place	E	
	Mar.	Place	S	
	Died	Place	P	
3 Sex	Name	Spouse		
	Born	Place	B	
	Chr.	Place	E	
	Mar.	Place	S	
	Died	Place	P	
4 Sex	Name	Spouse		
	Born	Place	B	
	Chr.	Place	E	
	Mar.	Place	S	
	Died	Place	P	

☐ Check here if additional children are listed on reverse side

Additional Information

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Name and address of person submitting form

Phone ( ) | Date prepared

Stake/Mission | Stake/Mission unit no.

Relationship of above to:
Husband_____ Wife_____

Write places as: Tryon, Polk, NC or St Martins, Birmingham, Warwick, Eng

Write name as: Robert Thomas MEYERS
Write date as: 4 Oct 1986

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Husband's name

Wife's name

CHILDREN List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth

				Date	Temple
5 Sex	Name		Spouse		
	Born	Place		B	
	Chr.	Place		E	
	Mar.	Place		S	
	Died	Place		P	
6 Sex	Name		Spouse		
	Born	Place		B	
	Chr.	Place		E	
	Mar.	Place		S	
	Died	Place		P	
7 Sex	Name				
	Born	Place		B	
	Chr.	Place		E	
	Mar.	Place		S	
	Died	Place		P	
8 Sex	Name		Spouse		
	Born	Place		B	
	Chr.	Place		E	
	Mar.	Place		S	
	Died	Place		P	

☐ Check here if additional children are listed on another Family Group Record and attach the record to this form. Include parents' names.

Sources of information (add further information on attached sheets as necessary)

Other marriages, sealings, and necessary explanations (add further information on attached sheets as necessary)

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Family Group Record

Page of

LDS ORDINANCE DATA
B = Baptized E = Endowed
S = Sealed to spouse P = Sealed to parents

Husband's name Heber Fielding BURTON

			Place	LDS Date	LDS Temple
Born	06 Mar 1868	Place	Ogden, Weber, Utah	B 03 Aug 1876	
Chr.		Place		E 14 Dec 1898	
Mar.	14 Dec 1898	Place	Salt Lake, Salt Lake, Utah	S 14 Dec 1898	SL
Died	16 Mar 1943	Place	Afton, Lincoln, Wyoming	P BIC	
Bur.	19 Mar 1943	Place	Afton, Lincoln, Wyoming		

Father William Walton BURTON Mother Ellen FIELDING

Husband's other wives

Wife's name Mary Delecta BALLANTYNE

			Place	LDS Date	LDS Temple
Born	07 Apr 1877	Place	Ogden, Weber, Utah	B 09 Aug 1885	
Chr.		Place		E 14 Dec 1898	SL
Died	10 Oct 1968	Place	Ogden, Weber, Utah	P BIC	
Bur.	12 Oct 1968	Place	Afton, Lincoln, Wyoming		

Father Richard Alando BALLANTYNE Mother Mary Ann STEWART

Wife's other husbands

Children List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth

					LDS Date	LDS Temple
1 Sex F	Name	Esther BURTON	Spouse	Warren Hughes SWAINSTON		
	Born	07 Aug 1900	Place	Afton, Lincoln, Wyoming	B 07 Aug 1908	
	Chr.		Place		E 04 Jun 1931	
	Mar.	10 Jun 1932	Place	Logan, Cache, Utah	S 10 Jun 1932	LG
	Died	16 Feb 1961	Place	Bountiful, Davis, Utah	P BIC	
2 Sex M	Name	Winfield Ballantyne BURTON	Spouse	Harriet Almira PETERSON		
	Born	26 May 1902	Place	Afton, Lincoln, Wyoming	B 26 May 1910	
	Chr.		Place		E 02 Jul 1926	
	Mar.	24 Sep 1930	Place	Logan, Cache, Utah	S 24 Sep 1930	LG
	Died	04 Apr 1973	Place	Afton, Lincoln, Wyoming	P BIC	
3 Sex M	Name	Stewart Ballantyne BURTON	Spouse	Cora Leona SWAINSTON		
	Born	02 Sept 1904	Place	Afton, Lincoln, Wyoming	B 02 Sep 1912	
	Chr.		Place		E 16 Jun 1932	SL
	Mar.	16 June 1932	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	S 16 Jun 1932	SL
	Died	24 Dec. 1989	Place	Rexburg, Madison, Idaho Bur. Afton, Wyo.	P BIC	
4 Sex M	Name	Richard Ballantyne BURTON	Spouse	Elma Ida JANSON		
	Born	30 Oct 1906	Place	Afton, Lincoln, Wyoming	B 19 Sep 1915	
	Chr.		Place		E 09 Jan 1931	
	Mar.	05 Dec 1935	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	S 05 Dec 1935	SL
	Died	28 Oct 1948	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	P BIC	

☑ Check here if additional children are listed on reverse side

Write places as: Tryon, Polk, NC or St Martins, Birmingham, Warwick, Eng.

Write name as: Robert Thomas MEYERS
Write date as: 4 Oct 1986

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- **Other marriages, sealings, and explanations**

Name and address of person submitting form

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Phone ( ) Date prepared

Stake/Mission Stake Mission unit no.

Relationship of above to:
Husband_____ Wife_____

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Husband's name
Heber Fielding BURTON

Wife's name
Mary Delecta BALLANTYNE

CHILDREN List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth

			Date	Temple
5 Sex F	Name: Margaret BURTON	Spouse: Erastus Francis WINTERS		
	Born: 10 Jun 1908	Place: Afton, Lincoln, Wyoming	B 10 Jun 1916	
	Chr.	Place	E 10 Jun 1932	LG
	Mar. 10 Jun 1932	Place: Logan, Cache, Utah	S 10 Jun 1932	LG
	Died	Place	P BIC	
6 Sex F	Name: Kathryn BURTON	Spouse: Edward FIELD		
	Born: 05 Jan 1910	Place: Afton, Lincoln, Wyoming	B 22 May 1918	
	Chr.	Place	E 06 Sep 1939	SL
	Mar. 06 Sep 1939	Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	S 06 Sep 1939	SL
	Died	Place	P BIC	
7 Sex F	Name: Minerva BURTON	(1) Newell Hyrum HADLEY		
	Born: 06 Feb 1912	Place: Afton, Lincoln, Wyoming	B 05 Feb 1921	
	Chr.	Place	E 06 Feb 1936	SL
	Mar. 06 Feb 1936	Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	S 06 Feb 1936	SL
	Died	Place	P	
8 Sex F	Name: Mary Ellen BURTON	Spouse: Kendrick WORKMAN		
	Born: 25 May 1914	Place: Afton, Lincoln, Wyoming	B 03 Jun 1922	
	Chr.	Place	E 07 Jun 1937	SL
	Mar. 07 Jun 1937	Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	S 07 Jun 1937	SL
	Died 18 Dec 1982	Place: San Salvador de Jujuy, Argentina	P BIC	

☐ Check here if additional children are listed on another Family Group Record and attach the record to this form. Include parents' names.

Sources of information (add further information on attached sheets as necessary)

#7 child, Minerva married (2) Floyd STANGER, 28 July 1947 following the death of Newell HADLEY 31 Oct 1939. (2) marriage was a time marriage.
Sources of Information: Birthdates & Baptisms (GSF034,537 Ser # 8258 pt. 1)
Husb, Birth, baptism, endowmnent, sealing - GSF184067 SL p. 253 Afton Cemetary Records
Wife same as above. Death DMR CR 298-7 #61 1941-74
Esther: Birth, baptism, endowment - GSF 184081 SL, Marr. -GSF 178054
Winfield: Birth, baptism, endowment, marriage - F TIB 1262759 Logan #11777 BK A-2 pp 44
Stewart: Birth, Baptism, endowment, marriage - F TIB 1262759 SL #3134 BK H pp 135
Richard: Birth, baptism, endowment, marriage - F TIB 1262759 SL #1058 BK H pp 45
Margaret: Birth, baptism, endowment, marriage - GSF 178054 Logan
Kathryn: Birth, baptism, endowment, marriage - F TIB 1262759 SL #21246 BK G pp 854

Other marriages, sealings, and necessary explanations (add further information on attached sheets as necessary)

Minerva: Birth, baptism, endowment, marriage - GSF 184081 SL
Mary Ellen: same as above.
Kendrick Workman, spouse of #8 married (2) Ruth MUSSER, 6 April 1983 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah sealed to Kendrick Workman 6 April 1983

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